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THE PASSING OF A GREAT RAILROAD DYNASTY

by BURTON J. HENDRICK

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GEORGE GOULD ON HIS FAVORITE POLO PONY

ONE of the most significant phases of the present railroad situation is the extent to which the children of Jay Gould are losing control of the family properties. Of the dozen railroad lines that make up what is commonly known as the Gould system, only one is now paying dividends. The backbone of the Gould financial power, the Missouri Pacific Railroad, has been running for several years under a heavy annual deficit, and last year did not earn all the interest on its bonds. Since 1908 five Gould railroads have gone into the hands of receivers. The family has given up control of the Manhattan elevated lines in New York City, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and of practically all of its railroads east of the Mississippi River. In financial circles George J. Gould, the family head, is commonly referred to as the "Sick Man of Wall Street," and already the great powers of that section are planning the dismemberment of such dominions as he still retains within his somewhat unsteady grasp.

The Goulds a Close Corporation

All this is especially remarkable because the Goulds have shown the utmost tenacity in holding on to their railroad power. None of

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the great railroad families of America have exercised so complete and unified a control over a great railroad system. In his will Jay Gould resorted to all possible expedients to assure this unquestioned domination. He left his fortune, generally estimated at $75,000,000, as an intact whole in the hands of trustees. The trustees were his four eldest children: George, Edwin, Howard, and Helen. The Goulds have done all in their power to carry out his intention in spirit and in fact. All four sons, George, Edwin, Howard, and Frank, personally assumed control of the family properties; they elected themselves and their representatives directors of the Missouri Pacific and other allied systems, parceled among each other the presidencies of affiliated lines, and jealously arrogated all the details of management.

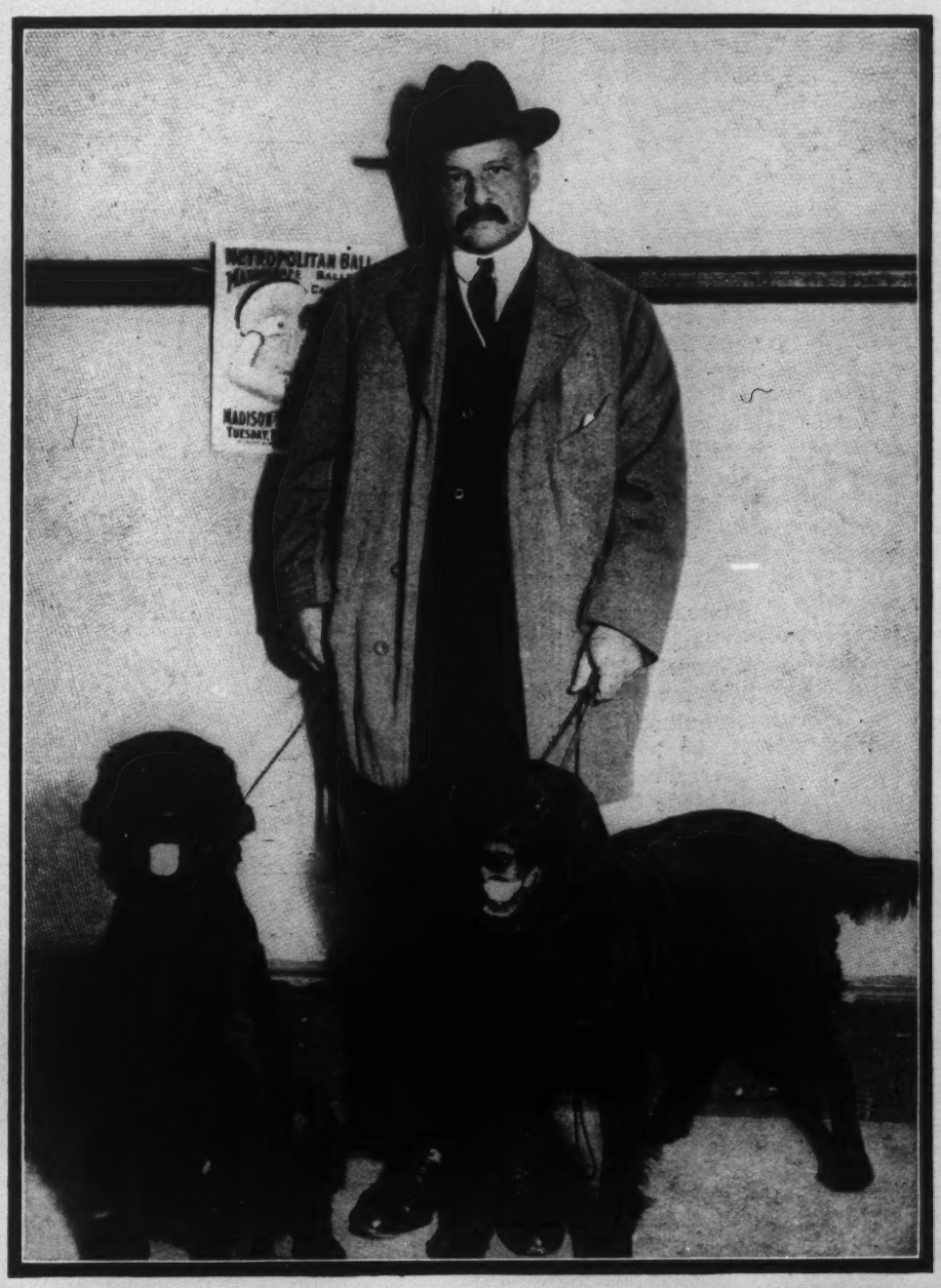
And the railroad "empire" over which the Goulds for many years maintained this unquestioned supremacy was a wide and fruitful one. It extended from Detroit in the East to Ogden (Utah) in the West — from Chicago, Omaha, and Kansas City, to New Orleans and El Paso. There was hardly a great railroad "gateway," or center of traffic, which the Gould system did not reach. There was not an important station on the Mississippi River, from Keokuk to New Orleans, from which the Goulds did not extract their share of business. Beginning at Detroit, the Wabash took the Gould railroads across northern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to the great grain and cattle market at Omaha and Kansas City, diverging on its way to push into the heart of the corn belt in Iowa. From St. Louis the Missouri Pacific carried them across Missouri, spreading out into an all-penetrative network in Kansas, one spur pushing up into the productive southeast corner of Nebraska, while the main line, crossing the eastern plains of Colorado, brought up at the foothills of the Rockies at Pueblo. From this point the Denver and Rio Grande, climbing or tunneling the hills and winding through the mountain gorges, carried the Gould system across the irrigated farms of Mormondom to Salt Lake City and Ogden, whence the newly constructed Western Pacific, in an almost unbroken line of nearly a thousand miles, deposited it at San Francisco. Going back and taking up the trail again at St. Louis, the Iron Mountain, the Texas Pacific, and the Southwestern made accessible to the Goulds the cotton-fields of Arkansas, Texas, and Mississippi. There it was — the Gould system, nineteen thousand miles of railway, the greatest single mileage ever controlled by any one railroad power. It comprised possibilities of development such as have opened upon the vision of no other American railway "magnate." It was one of the few railroad systems west of the Mississippi River which had gone through the panic of the nineties without a receivership; and it was the one which, with the dawning of better times after the Spanish War, seemed destined to reap the heaviest harvest.

MRS. GEORGE GOULD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST BEFORE HER MARRIAGE, WHEN SHE WAS MISS EDITH KINGDON, A YOUNG NEW YORK ACTRESS

George J. Gould Ambitious as a Young Man

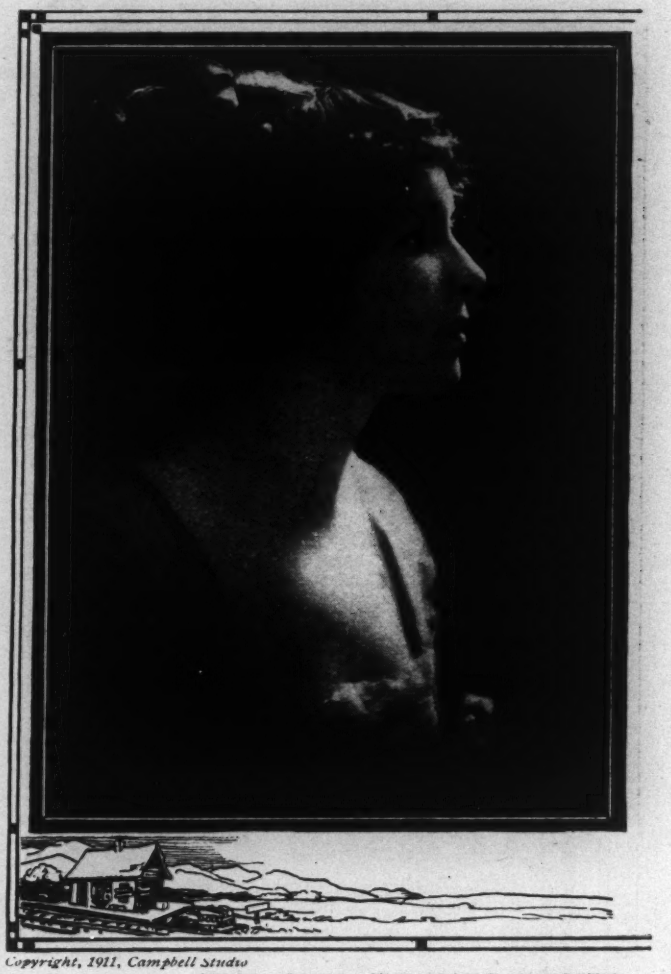
The Goulds are losing control of their ancestral domains because, like the Vanderbilts, they have attempted to do two incompatible things — live lives of idleness and luxury, and at the same time personally control great enterprises. Only one of Jay Gould's six children, Helen Miller, a woman distinguished for philanthropy and patriotism, has aroused wide public esteem. Jay Gould, however, evidently entertained the highest opinion of the abilities of his eldest son. "My beloved son George," he says in his will, "having developed a remarkable business ability, and having for twelve years devoted himself entirely to my business, and during the past four years having taken entire charge of my affairs, I hereby fix the value of his services at $5,000,000."



GEORGE GOULD WITH TWO OF HIS
PRIZE DOGS AT THE DOG SHOW
IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

In addition to this honorarium, Jay Gould gave his son voting power upon the family estate, in case of a disagreement among the trustees, thus virtually making him the dictator. In 1892, when Jay Gould died, the opinion of Wall Street hardly indorsed the judgment of this remarkable will. George Gould was young,—only twenty-eight,—retiring in disposition, soft-voiced, unaggressive, and consequently not widely known. It was generally believed, however, that he was no idler, that he aspired to earn a reputation for himself, and that, in particular, he was ambitious of removing the stigma from the Gould name. The outside public probably knew him best for his romantic marriage to Miss Edith Kingdon, a charming New York actress of high personal character. There was a general disposition to "give the young chap a chance," a feeling heightened by the serious interest which he soon manifested in his railroad properties.

In these early days George Gould regularly made trips over his roads; he formed important and useful banking alliances in Wall Street; he took a prominent part in the reorganization of other lines, and even made large plans for the extension of his own interests. In 1899 or 1900 the financial district had revised its early estimate and had begun to look upon George Gould as the future dictator of the railroad situation. About this time, however, he began to manifest less promising traits. "Society," with all its distractions, now laid heavy claims upon his attention.



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VIVIEN GOULD, THE SECOND DAUGHTER TO WHOM SHE WAS

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GEORGE GOULD AND LORD DECIES AT A STAG DINNER GIVEN BY THE FORMER ON THE EVE OF LORD DECIES' MARRIAGE TO VIVIEN GOULD

Gould's Fondness for Yachts, Dogs, and Polo

The sacred Knickerbocker portals, which had been closed to his father, opened wide to George Gould and his delightful family. He spent several millions on an elaborate country place at Lakewood, New Jersey. He leased hunting preserves in England, and displayed a marked interest in horse-racing, dogs, and polo. He spent a large part of his time on yachts, and the George Goulds began to be known as among the most lavish entertainers in New York. For the last few years the newspapers have been filled with stories of their country homes, their jewels, their dinners, their balls, their

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OF GEORGE GOULD, AND LORD DECIES, MARRIED IN 1911

yachting trips, and their "coming-out parties." The entertainment that "introduced" the eldest daughter, Marjorie Gould, was an occasion of the utmost grandeur. According to the circumstantial newspaper accounts, several continents were ransacked to make the celebration an ostentatious success. America furnished banks of roses, England some five thousand orchids,— solemnly appraised by the newspapers at one dollar each,— the South Seas sent Kentia palms, while the southern part of France was levied upon for its choicest wines.

Roads Managed by Telegraph and Cable

Undoubtedly, George Gould's inattention to business in recent years has been due, in no small part, to the fact that he is a good father; that he has wished to exercise and associate with his growing sons, and, being a rich man, has been able to choose between home life and office work. Unfortunately, he has always been extremely jealous of delegating his official power. He developed the habit of suddenly going to Europe and leaving nobody behind with authority to make a business move. If his subordinates assumed such authority during his absence, they frequently suffered the humiliation of having their ideas overruled. Gould, from the first, manifested the family characteristic of looking upon the Gould railroads as family perquisites. "Ramsey, can't I own my own property as I want to?" he once testily remarked to the president of the Wabash, who had entered a protest against certain of his acts.

Although nearly all of the so-called Gould railroads operated in the Western States, with their official headquarters at St. Louis, Chicago, and Salt Lake City, the actual offices were always at 195 Broadway, at London, Paris, or wherever George Gould happened at the moment to be. He transacted important corporation business, not on the ground, but by cable and telegraph. This inevitably meant demoralization in the personnel. Strong, energetic, ambitious men will not submit to dictation and irresponsibility of this sort, and consequently Gould's subordinates have not been the country's ablest railroad executives.

LORD AND LADY DECIES
FROM A RECENT SNAP SHOT TAKEN OF THEM ON SHIPBOARD

His entourage developed into a petty court, constantly filled with jealousies, bickerings, and scandal-mongerings. Gould became surrounded with sycophants and flatterers, the general means lacks ability; he is capable of forming great, even grandiose plans; he is a good deal of a dreamer, but he lacks the physical force, the "nerve," to see his operations through.

MRS. GEORGE GOULD WEARING HER CELEBRATED PEARL NECKLACE, WHICH IS VALUED AT MORE THAN HALF A MILLION

desire being not so much to further the interests of the Gould properties as to "stand well" with the head.

The Hamlet of the Railroad Situation

Had Gould been an aggressive, masterful person, he might, in spite of these somewhat demoralizing surroundings, have made his mark. On the contrary, his preëminent characteristic is indecision of character. He by no According to the Wall Street estimate, he is always saying one thing and doing another; the last persuasive talker who gets his ear is generally regarded as the one who carries the day. Naturally suspicious, and never sure of himself, he labors under the impression that some one is trying to overreach him, that certain Wall Street interests are "out to get" him, and in every business deal he feels himself perpetually ambushed. In his early days Gould had excellent banking connections; in

the last few years he has been unable to establish any permanent associations. He does business with one house to-day, with another to-morrow, and consequently he is on bad terms with practically all. In the last few years George Gould has been a solitary figure — the Hamlet of the railroad world: a man of paralyzed action, making no progress toward his goal, distrusted by all his associates, and even more distrustful of himself.

The Matrimonial Larks of Howard and Frank

Edwin, the second son, has more steadiness of purpose and more industry, but he has not participated largely in the management of the Gould roads. The other sons, Howard and Frank, though nominally forming part of the Gould close corporation, have given themselves up almost entirely to money-spending and pleasure. Their flamboyant personal behavior has filled many columns of newspaper space in recent years. Howard first sprang into notoriety through his marriage with Kathrine Clemmons, an actress who had once conspicuously figured in the retinue of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. She signalized her entrance into the family by plunging into all kinds of extravagances. She sent architects to Ireland, with the idea of reproducing Kilkenny Castle on the shores of Long Island Sound, and spent several million dollars in its actual construction. The cat-and-dog life which the Howard Goulds led in this unfinished structure — their quarrels, their rows with their servants and their dressmakers — Howard Gould has himself described in his legal proceedings against his wife.

The matrimonial escapades of Frank Gould, the youngest son, have also become a household word. The testimony in the suit in which his first wife divorced him pictured Frank Gould as the typical rich roué; and hardly had he recovered from this adventure when a well-known dancer sued him for breach of promise.

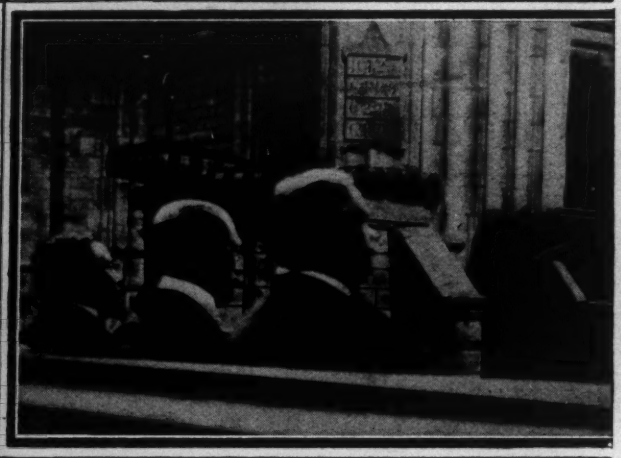
Count Boni Gets Away with $10,000,000 of Gould Money

Unfortunate as the younger Gould boys have been in their marriages, the youngest daughter, Anna, has been more unfortunate still. She has also exceeded the family record as a spendthrift. When her father died, Anna Gould was only seventeen years old. As the heir to $20,000,000 and an annual income of nearly $1,000,000, she naturally became a center of interest to the usual horde of trans-Atlantic fortune-hunters. Perhaps the most unblushing of these was a little curly-headed, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed, faintly mustached Frenchman, popularly known on the boulevards as the "Powder-Puff," but recorded in more dignified fashion in Parisian social circles as the Count Paul Marie Boniface de Castellane. Count Boni's claim to membership in the Castellane family, one of the most illustrious in French history, has been seriously questioned; but he created something of a stir when he appeared in New York, in 1895, as the active suitor of Anna Gould. He was so penniless that the money-lenders of Paris had to finance his courtship. The Gould-Castellane marriage marked the first conspicuous appearance of the Goulds in New York "society."

Hardly had the marriage ceremony ended when Boni's famished creditors pounced upon him. The Gould millions were levied upon to pay his gambling debts and to provide allowances for his needy relatives. Count Boni, who had previously had no occupation in life, now evidently regarded himself as having been set apart for a definite mission. This was to dissipate the entire Gould fortune in the shortest possible space of time. He bought an expensive site on the Bois and began the erection of a new Castellane Palace — a building that was intended to be a reproduction of the Petit Trianon at Versailles. Boni ransacked Europe for curios and suitable furniture, even buying, at great cost, the Palazzo della Scala at Verona, merely because it contained several ceilings by Tiepolo, which Boni transferred to Paris. On this building he spent $3,000,000, and he also purchased, from the Duchesse de Noailles, the historic Château de Marais. In these places the Count and the Countess gave the most expensive entertainments Paris had known in years. Boni was a violent royalist,— in 1899 he created a sensation by leading a riotous mob in a personal assault on President Loubet,— and the spectacle was now presented of this American girl figuring in Parisian society as one of the leading hostesses of the *ancien régime*. She entertained the King of Portugal, several German princes, now and then a Russian grand duke, and smaller potentates without number — the money, of course, all derived from 195 Broadway.

Though Anna Gould had an income of nearly $1,000,000, Boni spent it all long before the payment fell due. He ran into debt, and resorted to his old friends the money-lenders. A year or two after her marriage, Anna Gould, in spite of the fact that she was one of the richest women in the world,

ANNA GOULD, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF JAY GOULD, WHO MARRIED THE COUNT DE CASTELLANE, WAS DIVORCED FROM HIM, AND LATER MARRIED HIS COUSIN. THE PRINCE DE SAGAN



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE MARRIAGE OF ANNA,

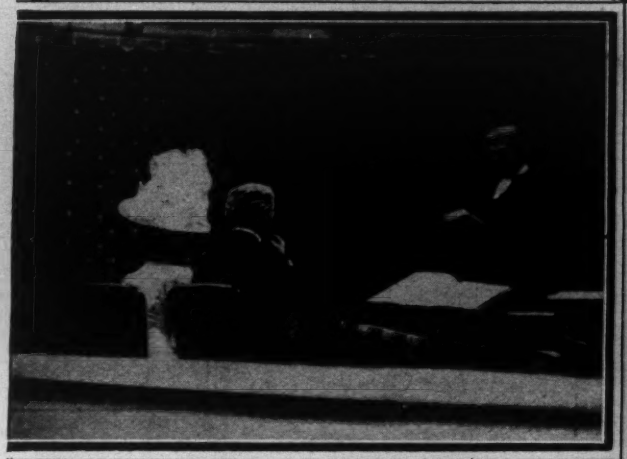
was constantly pestered by duns. Once, while she was giving an entertainment in her new palace, several bailiffs broke in and personally demanded money. Count Boni, in desperation, made several trips to New York, in the hope of getting an increased allowance. The creditors became so insistent that receivers — George and Helen Gould — were placed in charge of Anna's income and arranged a gradual settlement.

The legal proceedings showed that in less than six years Count Boni had got away with nearly $10,000,000 of the Gould money. The little Countess stood all this, however, until she learned that her husband was spending large sums in his scarcely concealed intrigues with other women. The Goulds finally offered the Count $200,000 down and an income of $30,000 a year if he would leave them alone. In the divorce proceedings that followed the testimony proved a sensation even to jaded Paris. The story of how Madame Gould, soon after freeing herself from Boni, married his cousin, the Prince de Sagan, is generally known.

The Other Side of the Picture — A Rack-Rented Family Estate

There would be no reason why a serious writer should rehearse these family details, were it not that they have a decided public importance. The Goulds are public, not private personages. Upon them the four million people of America's largest city were for many years dependent for such a necessary of life as rapid transit. Upon these six citizens ninety million Americans and their enormous financial and mercantile enterprises were largely dependent for telegraphic communication. And, finally, upon them the people of certain large areas of such States as Missouri, Colorado, Kansas, Arkansas, and Texas look for the prime essential to their existence — railroad transportation. Clearly, the manner in which the Gould family fulfilled these obligations would be regulated largely by the manner in which they spent their own lives.

And, having had a glimpse at one picture — the chorus-girls, the balls, the royal entertainments, the castles, — the other picture — the elevated railroads, the telegraph and cable services, and the Western railways — is precisely what one would expect. For many years the Gould management of the New York elevated lines was a metropolitan scandal. The crowded cars, the little kerosene lamps, the filthy stations, the small puffing engines,— used long after electric transit had been a demonstrated success in other cities,— these conditions sufficiently expressed the Gould idea of



COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE, TO THE PRINCE DE SAGAN

BONIFACE, JAY, AND GEORGE, THE THREE CHILDREN OF ANNA GOULD AND THE COUNT DE CASTELLANE, WITH THEIR FRENCH TUTOR

management. In other words, instead of spending part of the earnings in decent maintenance and needed improvements, the Goulds were simply diverting them into their own pockets in the shape of dividends. Meanwhile they were ignoring the greatest opportunity in city transit ever known. Year after year the people of New York appealed in vain to the Goulds to build the subway. In fact, there is a prevalent belief that it was largely their opposition that for so many years delayed this great undertaking.

The Gould management of the Western Union Telegraph Company told exactly the same story of indifference and dividends. For twenty-five years this property paid the Goulds an annual revenue of more than $1,000,000; the explanation was found in the high charges, the wretched service, and the neglected opportunities. Two years ago, when the Western Union ceased to pay dividends, the Goulds surrendered the property to the American Telephone Company; and the manner in which this new management has galvanized it into life, placed its facilities, for the first time, at the service of the American people, and increased its earnings, sufficiently attests the demoralization of the preceding quarter century.

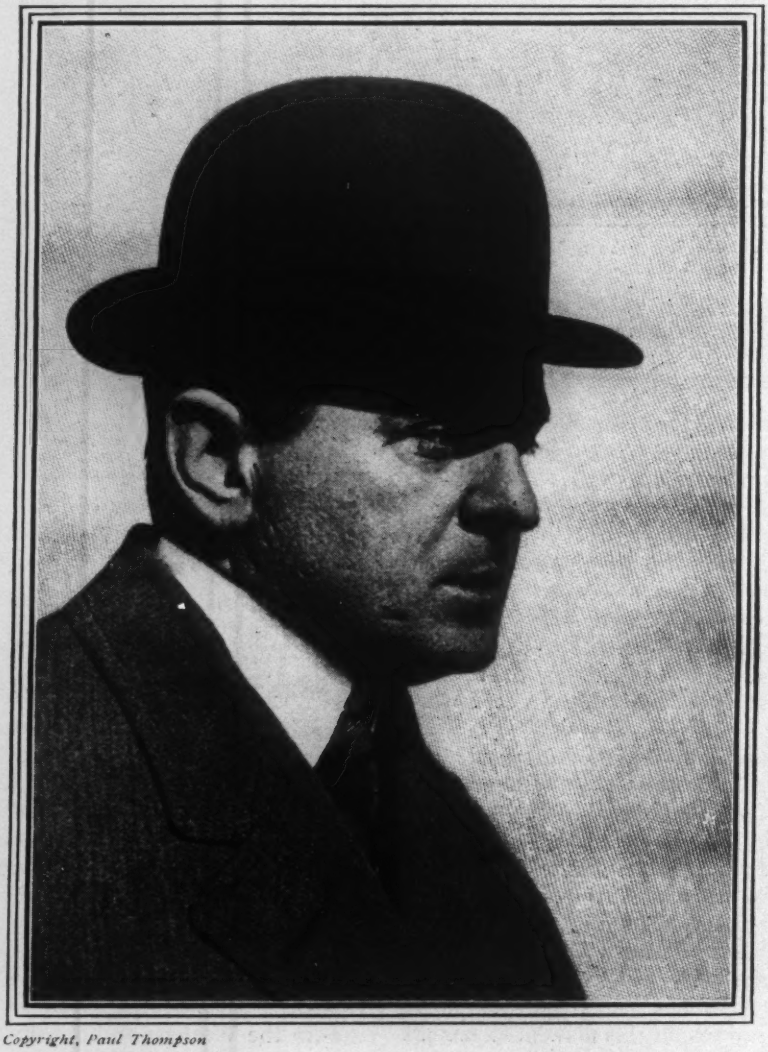
The "Starving" of Railroads

And in all their Western railroads the Gould family policy has been the same — the policy known to railroad men as "starving." This simply means that the controlling owners have appropriated their earnings in dividends and let the railroads go largely to decay. The whole so-called Gould railroad system, from Toledo to Salt Lake City, from Omaha to New Orleans and El Paso, is a great neglected estate. Thin, used-up rails, rotten ties, inadequate ballast, wheezy locomotives, dirty stations, passenger and freight cars in disrepair — these things are found so commonly on nearly all of the Gould lines as to be fairly characteristic. The years from 1900 to 1907 were the great boom years in the Western and Southwestern States; the Goulds utilized this prosperous era chiefly for the purpose of what Commodore Vanderbilt used to call "skinning the roads." Unlike the great competitive lines in the same section, the Gould lines have not "taken on fat"; they have been living on their own flesh, with resultant emaciation and general ill health. The railroad expert of the *Wall Street Journal*, analyzing the finances of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, declared that for eight years it had been paying five-per-cent dividends merely by a process of "pauperizing its subsidiaries," and that, as a result,

it would require $100,000,000 to put the system in physical condition to handle its traffic.

A Great Railroad Power Rises Against Gould

Railroad management like this can go on for several years, but not indefinitely. All the time that the Goulds were rack-renting the family estate, the gigantic railroad and financial power that was ultimately to cripple and perhaps to destroy them was growing up along their side. In 1897 the Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb-Rockefeller combination began, with the reorganization of the Union Pacific Railroad, the development of the most comprehensive railroad system the world has ever known. This combination had all the essential qualities that the Gould family conspicuously lacked. While George Gould was spending his time in polo-playing, in European trips and "society," Harriman was giving all his time strictly to the business of constructing and managing railroads. While the Goulds spent minimum amounts in maintenance and equipment, Harriman was spending $250,000,000 in upbuilding his system — in laying new and heavy rails, in straightening curves, in double-tracking, in building new stations, and in purchasing new cars, locomotives, and general equipment. The emergence of this active, nervous railroad genius was especially unfortunate for Gould, inasmuch as Harriman was his nearest com-



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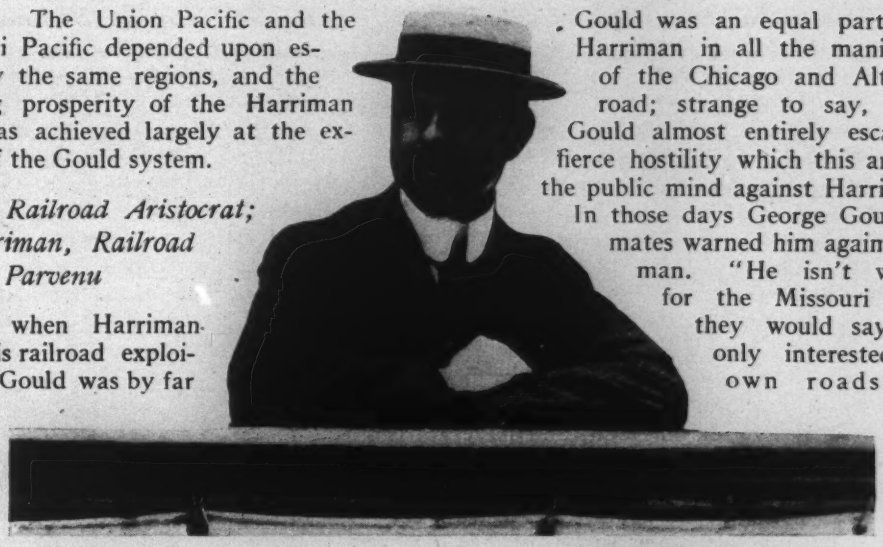
HOWARD GOULD, THE THIRD SON OF JAY GOULD, WHOSE MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURES HAVE BEEN THE SENSATION OF TWO CONTINENTS

petitor. The Union Pacific and the Missouri Pacific depended upon essentially the same regions, and the amazing prosperity of the Harriman lines was achieved largely at the expense of the Gould system.

Gould, Railroad Aristocrat; Harriman, Railroad Parvenu

And, when Harriman began his railroad exploitations, Gould was by far the more important man. He controlled fifteen thousand miles of railroad before Harriman got his grip upon a single rail. In 1897 Gould was one of the most influential members of the group of capitalists and railroad men who were afterward to wage war upon him. Gould and his associates, indeed, rather looked down upon Harriman. He was a railroad parvenu — something of a railroad adventurer. Gould and his associates did not invite Harriman into their counsels; they admitted him only when his batterings at the door could no longer be ignored. In a year or two, however, Gould and Harriman had established a business association. Gould became a director in all of the Harriman lines; Harriman became a director in the Denver and Rio Grande and in the Western Union.



EDWIN GOULD, JAY GOULD'S SECOND SON. HE IS AN ABLE AND ENERGETIC BUSINESS MAN, BUT HE HAS PLAYED AN UNIMPORTANT PART IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THE GOULD RAILROADS

Gould was an equal partner with Harriman in all the manipulations of the Chicago and Alton Railroad; strange to say, however, Gould almost entirely escaped the fierce hostility which this aroused in the public mind against Harriman.

In those days George Gould's intimates warned him against Harriman. "He isn't working for the Missouri Pacific," they would say; "he's only interested in his own roads. He'll wipe you off the map the first chance he gets."

But Gould was not affected by this talk. He was a far richer, a far "bigger" man than Harriman. "I'm in there on the Union Pacific board," he would answer, "and nothing can happen that I don't know about."

MRS. EDWIN GOULD

A slight reference to the railroad map discloses in what a precarious position Gould stood about the year 1900. This was before the Union Pacific purchased the Southern Pacific Railroad. The diagram on page 498 conveys an accurate idea of the position of these two men with reference to this property.

Thus Harriman, with his connections, had a line from Chicago to Ogden, Utah. Gould, with his connections, also had a line to the same gateway. At this point, however, both the Gould and the Har-

riman systems ended abruptly in the desert. Neither could get to the Pacific coast points except by way of a third line, the Southern Pacific. These Pacific points were the "gateways" of an enormous freight traffic, not only that large business which "originated" in the Pacific States, but the enormous accumulations piled up on the Pacific docks from the Orient. They were the great objective points of both the Gould and Harriman lines; it was for this business that both Gould and Harriman were painfully crossing the desert and climbing the Rockies. If, for any reason, the Southern Pacific should refuse to do business with the Harriman lines and turn all its business over to Gould, or if it should turn its back on Gould and have relations only with Harriman, it could infinitely cripple either road. The Huntington management, however, treated both Gould and Harriman impartially. Both systems turned over a large freight business from the East to the Southern Pacific at Ogden, and, on its part, the Southern Pacific divided its traffic from the Pacific coast equally between Gould and Harriman.

Collis P. Huntington was an old man, and his death might precipitate changes in the railroad map. Clearly, the greatest calamity that might happen to either Gould or Harriman would be to have the other man get possession of the Southern Pacific. In such an event, the fortunate rival would have an unbroken line of his own from Chicago to the Western coast; he would be absolute master of the Pacific, and could shut off the other from this fruitful hinterland. And, as Gould and Harriman were natural competitors, the chances were that either man would do just that very thing. That was precisely what the friends of George J. Gould meant when they warned him against Harriman.

MARJORIE GOULD, THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF GEORGE GOULD, WHO WAS MARRIED IN 1910 TO ANTHONY DREXEL, AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE

Harriman Constantly at Huntington's Coat-tails

Gould was apparently little disturbed, but Harriman spent sleepless nights over the fear that some one, very likely Gould, would capture the Southern Pacific and "bottle up" the Union Pacific in the Utah desert. If that had happened Harriman's career as a railroad monopolist would have ended then and there. If Gould had done what Harriman feared that he was trying to do, Gould, instead of Harriman, would have become the leading American railroad "magnate."

Certain signs seemed to indicate that Gould was trying to do this; the situation in the latter part of 1900, as Otto Kahn, one of Harriman's associates, recently said on the witness-stand, was "alarming." Gould, however, declares that he was making no effort to acquire the Southern Pacific. "I would have regarded it as disloyal to my associates in the Union Pacific," he adds. But Harriman had no such scruples. He made the last days of Collis P. Huntington miserable with his importunities. He haunted the old man's office, and chased his coat-tails all over Wall Street, persuading and imploring him to sell the Southern Pacific. Huntington, however, absolutely refused. Harriman tried to make an agreement with Huntington guaranteeing him perpetual access to the Pacific, but Huntington refused to do even that.

Harriman Gets the Southern Pacific: Gould Wakes Up

And then, when the tension had become acute, Collis P. Huntington died. In two months a majority interest in the Southern Pacific stock

MRS. FRANK GOULD (IN BLACK), WITH HER TWO DAUGHTERS, DOROTHY AND HELEN. FROM A SNAP SHOT TAKEN ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO IN NEWPORT

lay safely in the Union Pacific treasury. Harriman, Jacob H. Schiff, and Otto Kahn had purchased the whole thing from Huntington's widow!

George Gould now woke up. He dropped in on Harriman. "I think you ought to let me have half of that Southern Pacific stock," he said, "or, if you don't want it, I should be willing to take the whole thing off your hands."

Harriman merely smiled at this naïvè suggestion. He was somewhat ruffled, however, at Gould's next move — the purchase of the Denver and Rio Grande. This line, at that time a very profitable one, articulated with the Missouri Pacific at Pueblo, and formed the Gould connection with Salt Lake City and Ogden. Gould's purchase of this road looked like a threat. With this link in his own hands, Gould, by building a line over the Sierra Nevada to San Francisco, would have a through system, all under his own control, from Chicago to the Pacific coast.

It was now Harriman's turn to drop in on Gould.

"You bought the Rio Grande for both of us, I suppose?" he said innocently.

But Gould, on his part, only smiled.

"Oh, not at all."

"Well, I should like to have a half interest in it," insisted Harriman.

Gould replied that he preferred to keep the whole road himself.

Harriman "Bottles Up" the Gould Lines

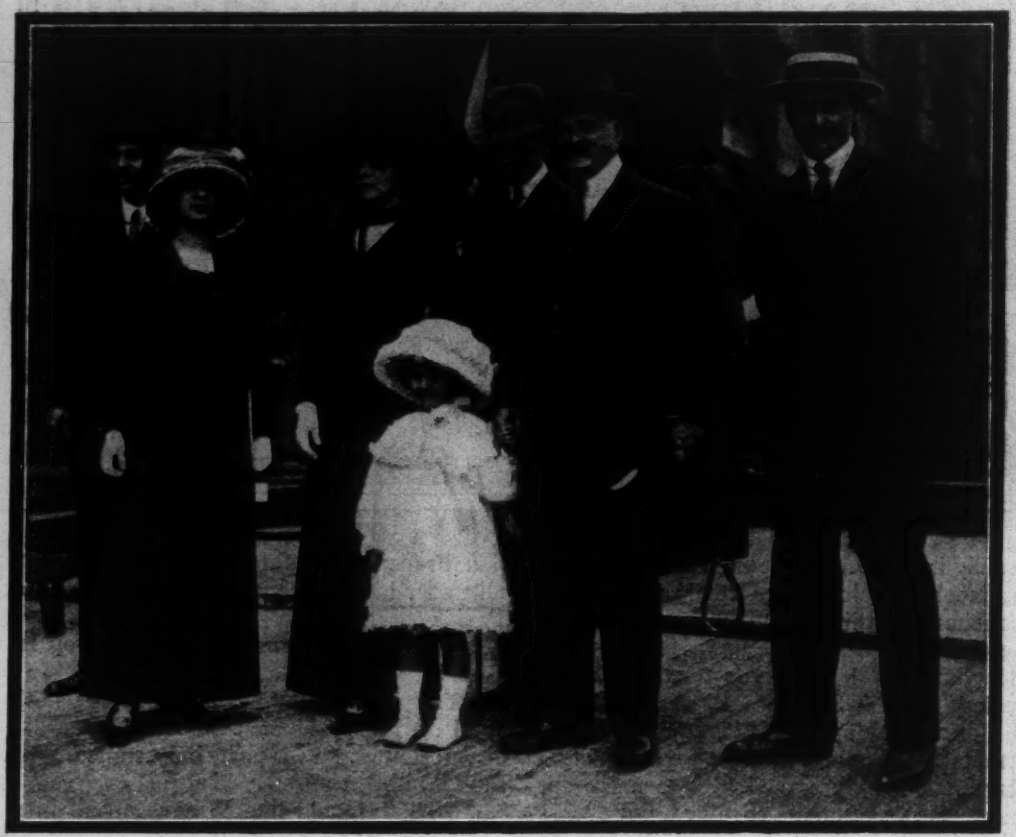
Harriman did not wait long to retaliate. He did to Gould precisely what he feared

that Gould had intended to do to him. Gould's system, which, through his amicable relations with Collis P. Huntington, had formerly had access to the Pacific coast and the Orient, now ended at Salt Lake City and Ogden. The Southern Pacific, under the new Harriman control, no longer delivered half its Pacific business to Gould at Ogden; instead, Harriman sent it East by way of his own Union Pacific. The Gould Texas lines had also for years obtained a large business from the Southern Pacific at El Paso; Harriman likewise cut that off. Gould had also exchanged business with Harriman at Omaha; Harriman similarly stopped that. In other words, as a result of these several moves, the Gould railroads lost an enormous amount of business. They were effectually "bottled up."

"If You Build That Railroad I'll Kill You!"

Gould now had one of his characteristic spurts of energy, and proceeded to fight the devil with fire. Upon the railroad chessboard he now had only a single move. That was to build an entirely new line from Salt Lake City to San Francisco. News came to the ears of Harriman and his associates that there were surveying parties out, and there were other unmistakable signs of a sensational railroad development. Gould did not appear officially in connection with this proposed new railroad,— the Western Pacific,— but suspicion indicated him.

One day, after a directors' meeting of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Harriman and Jacob H. Schiff forced Gould into a corner. Was he backing the Western Pacific road? Gould replied that he had then no con-



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE GOULD AND THEIR CHILDREN: KINGDON, VIVIEN, GLORIA, GEORGE, JR., AND JAY. MR. GOULD IS CARRYING THE FAMOUS HANDBAG RUMORED TO CONTAIN MRS. GOULD'S JEWELS, VALUED AT A MILLION AND A HALF. FROM A SNAP SHOT TAKEN ON A NEW YORK DOCK

nection with it. If at any future time he should take part in the new construction, he added, he would at once notify his colleagues on the Union Pacific board.

The relations between Gould and Harriman now became bitter. "If you build that railroad," Harriman once shouted at him, "I'll kill you!"

Soon after this Gould notified Harriman that he had in fact acquired an interest in the Western Pacific. He left it to Harriman to decide whether he should resign from the Harriman lines.

"I think you have settled that question for yourself," replied Harriman.

Gould retired from the Harriman railroad boards and Harriman severed his connection with the Rio Grande. The war was now fairly on.

The Gould Transcontinental System

The Western Pacific extension was certainly a splendid conception; had Gould showed sufficient energy in working out the details and in keeping everlastingly at his purpose, the enterprise would not have ended disastrously. But by the time Gould began it he was heavily involved in other railroad schemes. He planned the Western Pacific not only as a counter-stroke against Harriman, but as the completing link in what was to be the triumph of his career. This was to be a transcontinental Gould system, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. To get upon a Gould railroad train at Baltimore, or perhaps New York, and to ride without a single change on Gould roads until one got off at San Francisco — many an American railroad man had dreamed of such a system as this, but George Gould was the first seriously to attempt its realization.

When Gould conceived his transcontinental scheme, about the year 1900, he was still young — only thirty-six. His properties were especially well situated for such extensions as he planned. Of all the great centralized railroad systems, the Goulds' was the only one that extended both east and west of the Mississippi River. The Wabash ran from Toledo to Kansas City, the Missouri Pacific from Kansas City to Pueblo, the Denver and Rio Grande from Pueblo to Salt Lake City. By building a line from Salt Lake City to San Francisco — a plan subsequently realized by the construction of the Western Pacific — and another from Toledo eastward to some port on the Atlantic seaboard, Gould would be able to complete his transcontinental enterprise. All this looks simple enough on paper, but the practical details involved enormous difficulties, physical and financial. European and far Eastern diplomacy comprises no more nicely balanced relations than the American railroad situation. Railroads, like European nations, have their preëmpted empires, their self-governing dependencies, their crown colonies, their protectorates, their "spheres of influence." There are situations so explosive that the merest spark can produce enormous convulsions. Only a man possessed of great courage and resourcefulness, or of enormous folly, presumes to interfere with them. A strong man — a Harriman, a Hill — may boldly lay his hands upon the railroad map and appropriate large slices to himself. A weak man who tries to disturb the balance of power only throws things into general confusion and brings destruction to himself.

Gould Attacks the Pennsylvania Gibraltar, Pittsburgh

And now George Gould outlined a program in the Eastern States that only preëminent genius could have successfully coped with. In seeking his Atlantic connection, he took issue with no petty foe — a corporation no less significant than the Pennsylvania Railroad itself. And not only this, but he assailed the Pennsylvania at its most sensitive spot — Pittsburgh. He did precisely what a European nation would do if, in making an assault upon the British Empire, it should first train its guns on India. Pittsburgh "belonged" to the Pennsylvania. This stronghold was largely the cause of the Pennsylvania's greatness. It is the richest railroad "gateway" in the world. It is the headquarters of the great iron and steel industry, and as such it "creates more business" than New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago combined. One by one, the Pennsylvania had acquired nearly all the roads which penetrated this region. Every valley leading to the city was already occupied with a line which the Pennsylvania owned or controlled. The high hills encompassing the town made it a veritable Gibraltar protecting the Pennsylvania from invasion. A new railroad entering this area would be so grotesque an architectural phenomenon and would entail such enormous expenditure that most practical men dismissed the idea as absurd.

Nevertheless, Gould decided to extend the Wabash Railroad from Toledo to tide-water at Baltimore, and to take in Pittsburgh on the way. In the West, as has been described, he did not hesitate to try issues with E. H. Harriman, any more than in the East did he quail before A. J. Cassatt. He was likewise

making a move hostile to his own Missouri Pacific bankers, Kuhn, Loeb & Company, who were also the bankers for the Pennsylvania. However, he found valuable allies in the Equitable Life. For life-insurance companies to participate in speculative railroad finance was then no particular crime; it was the era of "syndicates" and underwriting profits and the like. And so, to provide money for the Pittsburgh enterprise, George J. Gould formed a syndicate composed of himself, James Hazen Hyde, Louis Fitzgerald, and other men closely identified with the Equitable. This syndicate raised $20,000,000, a considerable part of it Equitable and other life-insurance money. Gould also found an ally in Andrew Carnegie, who was then engaged in one of his periodical feuds with the Pennsylvania. Carnegie and other steel and coal interests contracted to furnish the new railroad eight million tons of freight a year as soon as it was built. This in itself would go a long way toward paying operating and interest charges.

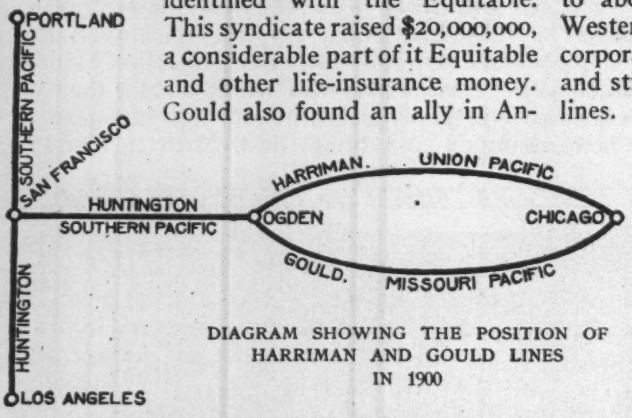


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE POSITION OF HARRIMAN AND GOULD LINES IN 1900

Gould and Cassatt at a Dinner Party

Gould's first move was to purchase the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad — a poverty-stricken, disconnected line extending from Toledo to the little town of Jewett in Ohio, an acquisition that brought him within sixty miles of Pittsburgh. The city of Baltimore owned a line extending from Baltimore westward to Cumberland, a place about one hundred and twenty miles east of Pittsburgh. About 1902 there were certain indications that some mysterious person was trying to purchase this road. Just as Harriman's suspicions were aroused against Gould in the Western Pacific matter, so were Cassatt's now directed against the same quarter, and, like Harriman, he attempted to quiet his apprehensions in the same way — by a direct appeal to Gould.

The two men met at a dinner-party. Cassatt asked Gould point-blank if he were trying to purchase the Western Maryland. According to the story that Cassatt always told, Gould declared that he did not have the slightest intention of making any such attempt.

Six months later Gould publicly announced that he had acquired a controlling interest in the Western Maryland.

Cassatt Destroys Gould's Telegraph-Poles

The passions of the average railroad president are as active, as easily aroused, as those of the plug-ugly on the Bowery; and Cassatt, in seeking vengeance against Gould, descended to about the level of primitive man. The Western Union Telegraph Company, a Gould corporation, for many years had built its poles and strung its wires along the Pennsylvania's lines. Its contract with the Pennsylvania was soon to expire. Cassatt notified Gould that the Pennsylvania would not renew this contract on any terms. Gould dallied, and appealed to the courts for protection against the Pennsylvania. Cassatt promptly answered this challenge: he sent forces of men all along the Pennsylvania lines, armed with axes. These men for thirty-four hours hacked away at the Western Union poles. Huge forest masts, carrying hundreds of wires, came crashing down all along the edge of the Pennsylvania road. Cassatt sweetened this pill by giving the right of way along the Pennsylvania road to the Western Union's rival, the Postal Telegraph Company.

Gould spent four years in building sixty miles of railroad from the terminus of the Wheeling and Lake Erie at Jewett, Ohio, into Pittsburgh. Having exhausted the $20,000,000 provided by the life-insurance syndicate, he shifted the additional financial burdens upon the Wabash Railroad, which, under the management of Joseph Ramsey, was rapidly becoming a valuable property. In all, the Wabash became committed to nearly $20,000,000 in the Pittsburgh enterprise — a burden that ultimately broke its back. The several Gould properties spent not far from $45,000,000 upon the Wabash Pittsburgh terminal. The sixty miles of track, when finished, was the nine days' wonder of railroaddom. Such a jumble of viaducts, tunnels, bridges, cuts, fills, arches, trestles, and culverts civilization had never before seen. In the whole sixty miles there was hardly a stretch of level road; there were twenty tunnels and nearly sixty bridges; the engineers had to go through one mountain a mile long, and had to turn several rivers from their courses. The Wabash Pittsburgh Railroad was one of those undertakings which, had it succeeded, would have made its projectors immortal.

The Gould Disaster at Pittsburgh and Breakdown All Along the Line

From the first, however, man and nature seemed to have combined to make this the most grotesque calamity in American railroad history. The Pennsylvania brought against it the full force of its political influence. All kinds of accidents attended its construction: part of its bridge across the Monongahela collapsed, killing twenty men; one of the biggest tunnels caved in — it had been built over an abandoned coal-mine. There were floods and landslides, strikes and labor riots, and even an epidemic of smallpox broke out among the workmen. Against all these things Gould might have triumphed had it not been for the blunders made in construction. In spite of the fact that the new line was almost exclusively a freight road, he spent $1,000,000 on an elaborate passenger station in an unfrequented part of Pittsburgh. The road came into Pittsburgh on an elevated track, conditions under which it is extremely difficult and expensive to handle freight. Most unfortunate of all was the fact that the Wabash Pittsburgh terminal, as well as the Wheeling and Lake Erie, was not double-tracked. After the $45,000,000 had been spent, and not another dollar could be raised, Gould found that he had a railroad into the world's greatest traffic center, but had no facilities to handle traffic. Although the Carnegie Company and others had their eight million tons of freight ready for him to transport, Gould was unable to take the business. If a hotel man should buy a Waldorf-Astoria site and erect upon it a two-story building, he would exactly duplicate Gould's mistake at Pittsburgh; that is, he would have plenty of business at his door, but no facilities to handle it.

These episodes in the history of the Gould roads — the war with Harriman in the West and the difficulties in the East — extended over a period of eight years. The year 1908 signalized the breakdown of Gould all along the line. Under Gould management his Atlantic seaboard connection, the Western Maryland, became bankrupt and went into the hands of receivers. The Wabash Pittsburgh line, a $45,000,000 enterprise, had practically no business. Its expensive Pittsburgh station was receiving no passengers; its million-dollar bridges, unpainted for four years, were perishing with rust; its tunnels, with the supporting timbers rotting away, were a constant menace to human life. In 1908 this railroad monstrosity passed into the hands of receivers. Almost simultaneously the Wheeling and Lake Erie officially declared its insolvency. The Wabash had reached that point of physical and financial demoralization which finally ended, only a few months ago, in a receivership. The Missouri Pacific had degenerated in the manner already described. The International and Great Northern, a Gould Texas line, was in receivers' hands. The Denver and Rio Grande, formerly a great dividend-payer, had been mulcted and crippled to build the Western Pacific. In financial circles the Goulds were unwelcome. All their roads needed money badly, and no great banking house stood ready to provide it.

Gould, pressed on all sides, was frantically looking about for some one to come to his assistance. The man who finally stepped forward to perform this office was his early associate and friend, his later competitor, and now his bitterest enemy — Edward H. Harriman.

What Harriman Intended to Do with the Wabash

These eight years had been as wonder-working for Harriman as they had been disastrous for Gould. And all this time Harriman had had his eye upon the Gould properties. He had definite plans for the entire Gould system east of the Mississippi River. He intended to dismember the Wabash, to make it a kind of railroad Poland, distributing certain appropriate slices among the great neighboring railroad systems. He had mentally assigned sections to the Union Pacific and other sections to the Missouri Pacific, the Baltimore and Ohio, and perhaps the New York Central. Harriman had also discovered certain valuable uses in the unfortunate experiment at Pittsburgh. He had already had surveyed a line and acquired many franchises for an entirely new railroad from Pittsburgh to New York City — a road which, if ever built, would have spelled trouble for the Pennsylvania; and, with certain modifications in construction, Gould's Pittsburgh terminal would give him his essential entrance into that stronghold.

Harriman Gets a Mortgage on Gould's Eastern Lines

When, therefore, in the summer of 1908, Gould needed extrication from his troubles, Harriman was ready to "save" him. The rescue, it goes without saying, was to be accomplished entirely on Harriman's own terms. The particular crisis in Gould's affairs was caused by the fact that an issue of $8,000,000 in notes on the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad was coming due. The holders of these notes virtually dominated the whole Gould situation east

of the Mississippi River. As security the Wheeling and Lake Erie had pledged $12,000,000 of its First Consolidated gold bonds, practically the entire issue, and nearly all its rolling stock. The Wabash was involved because it had guaranteed the payment of these notes. As the time approached for the redemption of this mortgage, it became apparent that neither the Wheeling and Lake Erie nor the Wabash would be able to pay it off. The credit of the whole Gould system had reached such a low ebb that Gould was unable to raise this money.

In the whole financial section there was only one place where this $8,000,000 could be obtained. Harriman and Kuhn, Loeb & Company formed a syndicate, paid off the notes, and deposited them in their own strong boxes. They are still reposing there, and as a result the Kuhn-Loeb-Rockefeller financial power occupies the position of vantage in the reorganization which is now taking place in the Eastern Gould lines. Out of this "situation" the Gould family is now eliminated. When the Western Maryland emerged from its receivership, a year ago, John D. Rockefeller was found to be in control. A reorganization committee has recently taken the bankrupt Wabash out of the Goulds' hands, with Kuhn, Loeb & Company as the bankers.

Harriman's death gave George J. Gould a respite, but every day the lines are growing closer about him, especially in the West. He has just resigned as chairman of the Board of the Denver and Rio Grande, which carries the control of the Western Pacific. And last spring the beginning was made in edging him out of the control of the Missouri Pacific.

Kuhn, Loeb & Rockefeller versus Gould

For many years John D. Rockefeller had held a large interest in the Missouri Pacific, which, in the years from 1907 to 1911, he materially increased. The Deutsche Bank of Berlin, representing a large number of substantial German investors, was also a large minority stockholder. Kuhn, Loeb & Company had purchased largely at the panic prices of 1907 and 1908 and had greatly increased its holdings in 1910. That was the year which witnessed the collapse of the so-called Pearson-Farquhar syndicate, another group of capitalists which had conceived the idea of a transcontinental line. As part realization of this ambition, this syndicate had made considerable purchases of stock in the Denver and Rio Grande, the Missouri Pacific, the Wabash, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Lehigh Valley. When, in 1910, the Pearson-Farquhar group found themselves unable to maintain their campaign, Kuhn, Loeb & Company became the residuary legatee of most of their securities, including their holdings in Missouri Pacific. These three forces combined — Kuhn-Loeb, John D. Rockefeller, and the Deutsche Bank — thus held an extremely large interest in this property, amounting, in all probability, to nearly as much as the twenty-five per cent upon which the Goulds themselves maintained their control. In the spring of 1911 these three forces pooled their interests with the generally advertised purpose of definitely eliminating the Goulds.

Gould Gives Up the Fight

With these forces against him, Gould's position, in an openly contested election, was hopeless. Unquestionably, if the situation were left undisturbed, he might command more actual votes at the annual election than his adversaries. But the Kuhn-Loeb combination did not propose to leave the situation undisturbed. They intended openly to enter the field for proxies to use in the election of a directorate of their own. And in such a contest they would, in all likelihood, win. Under ordinary circumstances the average stockholder does not give proxies unfriendly to an existing management. In spite of the fact that the Vanderbilts have had only a small minority interest in the New York Central for twenty-five years, they have had little difficulty in retaining in their own hands its nominal control. The reason is plain: under the Vanderbilt management the New York Central has never passed a dividend. The average stockholder simply does not care to disturb this eminently satisfactory arrangement and experiment with his investment. On the other hand, the Missouri Pacific stockholders were disgruntled with Gould because there had been no dividends for four years, and no likelihood of their early resumption. When it is considered that the people who were about to ask for their proxies were the most successful railroad financiers in the country, the people who had taken the bankrupt Union Pacific and put its dividends up to ten per cent, the eagerness of the minority holders to make the change may be imagined.

Above all, however, Gould's difficulties were financial. The Missouri Pacific would never be made a dividend-earner until millions were spent on improvements and equipment. For four years Gould had avoided difficulties in the Missouri Pacific only by paying its current bills out of his own pocket (or rather that of the Gould estate), to the extent of nearly $9,000,000. Clearly this could

not go on much longer. Money must be raised soon for improvements, or the road would go to ruin. And the bankers who should advance the money to rehabilitate the system would control the property. Plenty of financiers stood ready to furnish the money, on one condition: that the Goulds retire from the management. Kuhn, Loeb & Company now proposed to furnish all the money needed to make the Missouri Pacific a modern profitable railroad, and, as an essential preliminary, they proposed to bring to a close the Gould régime.

George Gould saw the hopelessness of his situation, and surrendered. He agreed to retire as president and hand over the directorate to representatives of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, John D. Rockefeller, and the Deutsche Bank. Henceforth the Goulds would be simply large stockholders. They would find their compensation in the fact that the new managers, in modernizing the property and in once more placing it on a dividend basis, would benefit the Goulds more than any one else, as they were the largest stockholders. The only affront would be to their prestige, and that, it must be admitted, would be a considerable one. This surrender meant the giving up not only of the Missouri Pacific, but of practically every remaining vestige of the Gould system. For the Missouri Pacific, besides operating its own lines, was the Gould holding company, through which the family controlled the Iron Mountain, the Texas and Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande, the Western Pacific, and the Wabash.

As a result of this capitulation there was no contested election. The Kuhn-Loeb-Rockefeller-Deutsche Bank interests made no attempt to collect proxies against Gould.

James Speyer to the Rescue

However, when the time came to surrender the Missouri Pacific Railroad, Gould refused to do it. When he felt the whole Gould power definitely slipping through his fingers, the temptation to hold on, to gain another respite, even for a brief period, proved too strong. Whatever he might do, Gould realized that the time had come to surrender the substance; there would be a slight satisfaction, however, in holding to the shadow. In his desperation, he turned to a banker who had hitherto had no relations with the Gould properties — James Speyer. The firm of Speyer & Company is one of the most powerful and conservative institutions in New York. The cordial hostility that has prevailed in recent years between this establishment and Kuhn, Loeb & Company has added much to the picturesqueness of life in the financial district. The fact that Otto H. Kahn, the man who has been so largely responsible for the sudden rise of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, was once associated with James Speyer, has not detracted from the warmth of this situation. George Gould, therefore, was not lacking in shrewdness when he invited Speyer to take the place of Kuhn, Loeb & Company as bankers in the proposed rehabilitation of the Missouri Pacific.

Tempting as the proposition was, however, James Speyer refused to enter the situation except under certain conditions. He insisted that George Gould resign the presidency of the Missouri Pacific and turn the management over to an expert railroad man; the offices must be moved from New York City to St. Louis, and the Goulds must make no attempts to control or interfere with the management. As a beginning in the modernization of the property, Speyer & Company agreed to provide $23,000,000. The Goulds, however, were to have nothing to do with the expenditure of this money, which the new president, under the supervision of the bankers, was to control.

The End of the Gould Régime

And so George Gould, at the eleventh hour, apparently turned the tables upon the enemy. He elected a new Gould board of directors, James Speyer taking the place occupied by a representative of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. This coup, however, hardly represented a triumph in which a really ambitious, energetic man would take much satisfaction. Technically, perhaps, Gould still controls the Missouri Pacific; in reality he does not. B. F. Bush, the new president, manages the road in absolute independence of the Gould family. The slightest attempt to restore the old Gould despotism would be disastrous to even the nominal power it still retains. Exceedingly rich the Goulds may be; but, unless some genius should arise in the third generation, their influence as a railroad power will grow slighter and slighter. It is perhaps not strange that certain observers should see in their humiliation the workings of the "money trust." The real explanation, however, is more simple. It is found in the character of the Goulds themselves. The complex forces controlling modern American industrialism have proved too much for them.

THE WHITE MOLE

by Henry Sydnor Harrison

Author of "QUEED"

WHEN confined in a waistcoat that went suitably with shaded candles, Mr. William Costello's conversational battery was limited, I have heard, to three blind guns, *viz.*: "That depends," "Yes, and no," and "Well, circumstances alter cases, as they say." If married, you have guessed that it was Mrs. Costello who ordained and commanded this model group of field-pieces. She was extremely *avez vous* (as the French say), especially in regard to grammar, though rumor does mention a prehistoric time when she knew, just like you or me, how to lock a door, open a window, and shirr a cold-storage egg over the gas.

How many wives really know their husbands? The William Costello I knew was no imbecilical mummer over a demi-tasse, but an enthusiastic conversationalist with a fancy of high horsepower and a fluent past. For me he unbuckled himself, joyfully reverting to type; language joined hands with memory and together they leapt lawlessly from the stays where the decorous Society of the Prosperous imprisoned them; grammar was scornfully kicked back to its proper place in the human economy. I confess to enjoying Mr. Costello's illicit talk. Moreover, I have always acknowledged the possibility that some of the things he has told me were strictly true.

Costello left his office every afternoon at four, went home to a place called his "study" (on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle), took off his shoes, took off his collar, took three drinks of grand old Scotch whisky, and played single Canfield till rubber-heeled menials tripped him from behind and dragged him off to incarcerate him in a "full-dress" shirt. When I accompanied him homeward (Mrs. Costello drove out on fine afternoons), Canfield was passed up, but otherwise the order of exercises was undisturbed.

In reply to his query where I had been the previous afternoon, I one day imparted to Mr. Costello the intimate information that I appeared to be developing a mole on the back of my neck. So, quoth I, I had left the office early in order to consult a wise physician.

"Is that so?" said he, interested, having taken two of his three drinks. "Not a white one, I'll bet."

"It certainly was," said I warmly. "While I try not to be an ass on the race question, I have never yet found it necessary to call in a colored doctor."

"I was alloodin' to the mole," said Mr. Costello dreamily, and unconfined his neck with a practised gesture.

"Oh, the mole. I have never had a good view because of its peculiar location, but I understand the mole is starting and blossoming in purple and red, like the fellow's heart in the poem."

"Never heard of him," said he. "But did you ever see a white mole? — not a pink-white mole, nor a flesh-white mole, but a dazzling dead-white mole, say of the complexion of a pair of waterproof attachable cuffs?"

I thoughtfully marshaled in review all the moles that I had seen, and gave him a negative response.

"First girl ever kissed me had one," he offered introspectively. "Segregated in captivity behind her left ear where only the inner circle would ever see it. And, Lord! how it sort of shone up and twinkled under the Morrisania electric light that night."

He dispensed himself a third drink, intentionally dropped a match on the floor, and stretched a tan-stockinged foot that needed darning on a red table worth $850. I was glad that Mrs. Costello could not see him now.

"Oh, have no fear," said he, catching the look in my eye. "All's quiet along the Potomac. The missus is out driving somewhere in her Victor-Victoria."

So we all but openly recognized that I was a contraband acquaintance, meet for the unstudious study only. I had met Costello in the freer altitudes downtown. In fact, I had fought my way into his sanctum in the wild hope of selling him about a ton of life insurance. He was, he has since told me, instantly captivated by my nerve. We became cronies. But I have never, as yet, had to decline any dinner invitations on the ground that I was going to the Costellos'.

"Be that as it may," said Costello. "I was a young fellow then, and office-man and bill-clerk for Malloy & Co., plumbing, gas-fitting, and leak-repairing, with double charge for going back to the shop for tools. I had kind of a lit'ry turn in those days, and after supper nights I'd repair to my little skylight room, where the view was so praised by artists, weather men, and others, and sit and peruse the works of Cap'n Mayne Reid or maybe Champ Clark Russell. Them two could write great yarns, considering they wrote before the department-store was invented. And then other nights I wouldn't read at all, but sortie out looking for trouble, and find it come loping up before I turned the corner.

"Well, about bedtime one hot summer, as I sat forging ahead toward some finis or other, my attention was attracted by a noise close by, like somebody was walking in his sleep inside a wall. I stepped out into the hall, and opened the door where the ladder ran down from the roof, and there on the steps sits a young girl crouched down in the dark, shaking like in eye-sterics. I was some surprised.

"'There, there!' I says to her, soothing. 'I know how it is. You was taking the air on the roof and didn't see the trap-door was open. Don't cry,' I says. 'Your ankle won't hurt so when you get some bandages and lineaments on it.'

"She took her face out of her hands, and I saw she was whiter'n rice-powder.

"'Oh,' says she, kind of moaning, 'save me! Oh, save me!' says she.

"'While I don't set up for a life-station, with medals, miss,' I says, 'my hopes are high that I could save you, if you'll only be so kind to step down from that there shaky ladder, and eliminate to me what I'm going to save you from, and who, and whom,' I says.

"She stepped out in the hall, with coöperation by me, and she was a slim slip of a girl, no more than seventeen by the look of her. And she had eyes as big as silver dollars and lips that reminded you of scarlet sage in a window-box and a skin you couldn't hardly help from stroking, it was so like this here dull-finished white sateen they line opery sacques with.

"'Now tell Uncle Dudley your drawbacks,' says I, coaxing.

"She was so scairt that pronounciation come hard to her, but soon she blabbed it all out, talking in quick, gaspy little dissertations, same as one of Brisbane's editorials, with stops to listen every minute. Seemed like a tray of diamond rings had turned up missing at closing-time down to Nagelhoffer's, where she worked. She was white goods herself, but by unfortunit sociality had dropped into joolry an hour before, to pass the time of day with her friend Sadie Dittelbacher, and, being a new girl, the other clerks had right away fastened the larceny on her. She seen she was suspected by the looks handed her before she left the store, and then just now there come a loud ring on her door-bell,— seemed she roomed next door but one,— and, leaning over the bannisters, she seen cops down in the hall. Scairt half crazy by not knowing how to prove her innocence, she'd took to the roofs and ——

"'Oh, listen!' says she, stopping dead.

"I had to pass an arm or two round her to keep her from sinking to the floor right then. For, sure enough, we heard a noise aloft that was unmistakable for such a noise as is made by the feet of cops stepping out upon tin roofs.

"Quick conduck was requisitioned, or that little pretty was the same as in the matron's room, being investigated for jools. My hand and heart was for the persecuted and them in

need of bail-money in those days, and few were the guardeens 'r minions of the law I kept on my visiting-list. I leant my lady-friend against a wall, skipped up the ladder and fastened the ketch of the trap-door, all the time thinking to myself where, oh, where could I put my foot into a boat. Then I turned out the gas in my room, groped around in the dark for the girl, and took hold of her hand. It was cold and wet, like a bottle of Pillsbury just out the ice-box.

"'Feel that grip,' I says. 'That's me. You needn't be afraid. Now,' I says, 'this is no place for you and me. I ain't snobbish, but this crowd of Buttinskis out on their Noo Year rounds is a little too strong for my taste. Follow me,' I says, 'and don't say nothing, whatever happens.'

"You must know that, of all ways of eluding the telescopes of onlookers, the rowboat by night is the best approved, since it leaves no track, and pushes along to a destination and points south without reference to waiting-rooms, ticket-punchers, and popcorn boys. As I skipped my girl down four flights of stairs, I was racking my head for where a boat might be embezzled for the nonce, yet not forgetting to turn out all lights we passed, out of respect for the gas bills of Mrs. Lieutenant O'Connor, my widow landlady, whose husband was shot by gorillas under Max Miller, the Prince of Australia, down to Mexico.

"We slipped out into the dark back yard, and beat it fast to a little gate there was there, debauching upon an alley. And then bad luck soaks us from behind. One of the cops bottled up in Santiago Bay on the roof makes out the girl's white dress, and then hellabaloo breaks out. Such yellings and thumpings with clubs upon tin was never heard, outside maybe of a tom-tom dance in some of them barbarious countries that eat up the missionaries. 'Stop in the name of the law! Stop thief!' shouts they oft in the silly night, and all such-like.

"I'm a man of peace by my nature, and I never yet saw any practicable use in starting up arguments and disputations with strangers. So I passes over the cops' side-remarks. Besides, we was out in the alley by this time, and hugging the fence close where they couldn't see us. And, lemme tell you, that scairt girl could run like sixty pounds of young venison on the hoof. In no time we came out of the alley, and turned into Thirty-seventh Street, with the river four blocks in front of us.

"However, the disorderly conduck of them cops kept going on, one of them mistaking himself for the third act of 'Shenandoah' and shooting off his gun regardless of expense. Me and my little friend longed for quiet, like Henry Cabell Lodge in a vast wilderness, as the poet says, yet we dassen't run now for fear of inciting attention from bystanders. No; we had to walk along slow and unconcerned in the midst of them alarms, salutes, and ovations, never knowing when some pedestrian or chauffeur might step up and try to interest us in conversation, like by asking if we could tell him the address of his married sister in Hackensack.

"On the second block down, we all at once come upon a nice half-way house, or temp'ry rest-haven. And not a soul was looking at us either, and the cops' noise deceasing through the gloaming. I dodged into a basement area that was like a thousand other basement areas, only different. The girl squeezes my arm.

"'This house is boarded up,' says she.

"'Maybe that's the reason why a light is shining through the boards,' says I, back.

"In fact, the lock of that basement gate had been twisted loose by some hasty one, and we willingly passed within and I fastened the inside door behind us. So now we was house-breakers and liable for the full penultimates of the law. The hall we stepped into was black as a switch-back cave, and I started feeling my way for the stairs. My lady-friend holds back.

"'Oh, no, no, no!' she gasps. 'Can't we just hide here in the dark a few hours, and then maybe you'll give me your clothes and I can slip off and stow away on a fruit steamer to Val-p'riso, or Charleston, South Carolina, or some place like that where there ain't no law. Oh, don't take me upstairs to get caught,' begs she.

"'Steady, lass,' says I, speaking into her ear. 'You ain't the villainess of one of Canon Doyle's detective stories, and all the getaway you need is to Harlem, or maybe like to White Plains. But, if we stay here, somebody'll come down from upstairs and find us, and, taken in conjugation with the loud cries of them coppers, they may think to ask our bank references and who we know in the swallowtail set up to Tuxedo. Trust me,' says I. 'To set and rest a bit, we got to scramble aloft and make ourselves solid with the family.'

"Holding to her hand, I found the steps and started up, talking in a loud, confiding tone of voice like I was perfectly at home, and all the time wishing that Providence would remind me where there was boats to be had. When we got about three steps from the top, a door off the back hall opened about quarter of an inch, and a man was standing there in a little strip of light. I couldn't see his face, but I did see there was something shiny in his hand.

"'Excuse me,' says he, in a dangerous, gentle kind of voice, 'but my butler's just stepped out, and I didn't hear your ring. Might I adventure

"I WAS SITTING AGAINST THE WALL SIDE BY SIDE WITH THAT SCAIRT GIRL"

to inquire the reasons for me being so honored?' says he.

"'Why, excuse us, Mister,' I says, talking slow and uncertain, like one habituated to getting his seed catalogues by rural free delivery. 'We knocked at your door downstairs, and when no answer come, we was libertine enough to walk in, same as in the rectory back home. Fact is,' I says, kind of sheepish, 'we're looking for the parson, and if you are him, sir, why, me and Hazel here would thank you kindly for to splice us.'

"The fellow opens the door a little wider, and when he sees the girl there on the steps, he lowers his gun and scratches his head a while.

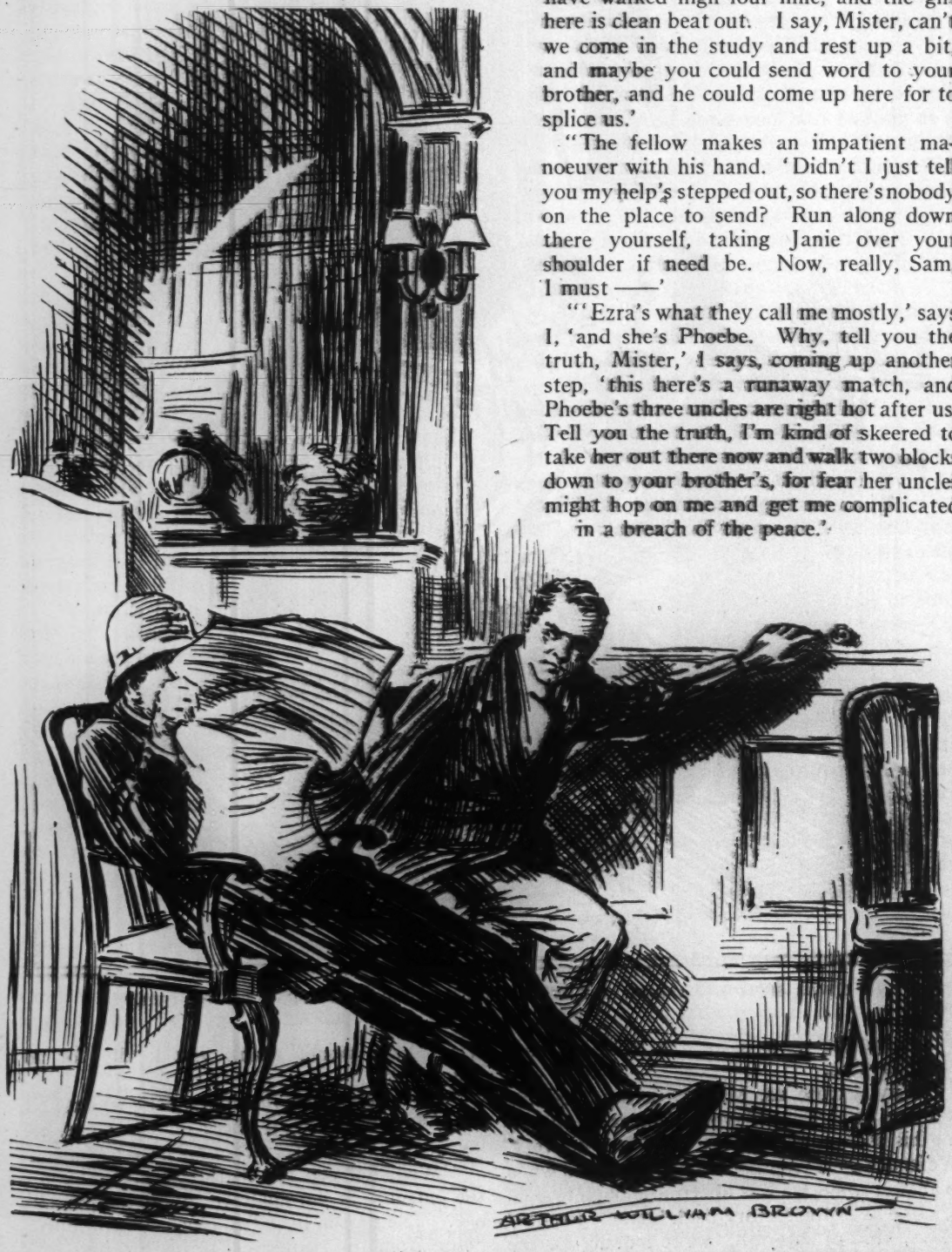
"'Well, tell you the truth,' he says, 'I ain't the parson, nor yet again this ain't the parsonage. The parson lives two blocks down, fourth house from the corner,— I'm his brother, so I ought to know,— and, the hour being kind of

late for matrimony, maybe I better not detain you. In fact, you and Hazel had better hurry, Hiram.'

"'Janie,' says I, taking hopes and coming up a step. 'And my name's Sam. Why, that's mighty funny the parson don't live here, Mister,' I says. 'Me and my girl are just off the train from Germantown Junction, and a street-car conductor calling on the lady cashier of the White House restaurant up by the depot, he ups and tells us the parson lives here, and puts the number down on a piece of paper. We must have walked nigh four mile, and the girl here is clean beat out. I say, Mister, can't we come in the study and rest up a bit, and maybe you could send word to your brother, and he could come up here for to splice us.'

"The fellow makes an impatient manoeuver with his hand. 'Didn't I just tell you my help's stepped out, so there's nobody on the place to send? Run along down there yourself, taking Janie over your shoulder if need be. Now, really, Sam, I must ——'

"'Ezra's what they call me mostly,' says I, 'and she's Phoebe. Why, tell you the truth, Mister,' I says, coming up another step, 'this here's a runaway match, and Phoebe's three uncles are right hot after us. Tell you the truth, I'm kind of skeered to take her out there now and walk two blocks down to your brother's, for fear her uncles might hop on me and get me complicated in a breach of the peace.'



"HIM ENGROSSED IN A WRITE-UP OF SHOULD WOMEN RIDE ASTRIDE IN AN EVENING PAPER"

"At that the fellow bursts out laughing, like a funny idea had just struck him, and throws open the door.

"'Advance, Sam Ezra,' says he. 'You'll do very well. Proud I am to have you and Gertrude (if I caught her name aright) walk into my little parlor.'

"I thanked him kindly, and we stepped into the room,— the dining-room of a pretty good house it was,— me leading the girl by the hand. The fellow slapped to the door behind us, and then jumped over and gave the parlor curtains, or porch-chairs, an extry yank together. He was a tall young fellow with yellow curly hair and a laughing kind of face; and, being an inveterinary reader of the newspapers, I made a pretty good guess to his autobiography.

"'You two set right down and rest yourselves,' says he, looking at me and laughing, 'and I'll go on with my arjus duties here. And excuse my seeming inhospital reception, but fact is I'm reel nervous about burglars with all this spondulix in the house.'

"On the table was spread out more money than I ever hope to see again, before or since. Some gold there was and a little silver, but mostly it was yellow bills, tied up in bundles with little paper belts around 'em. The parson's brother seemed to be counting over these bundles kind of hasty, and scooping them into the contents of a full-dress-suit case standing open on the floor by him.

"'I see you looking at the money,' says he, laughing, 'and no wonder, for there's enough of it to-night to tempt even a Cassius. I'm treasurer at the B. V. D. railroad ticket-office,' says he, 'and to-night we run a big excursion out to Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, for a sort of a Old Home week there. Lord! look at it all, and think what 'twould buy if 'twas only mine. But my job is only to bundle it up in denominate numbers,' says he, 'and then slip out and deposit it at the All Day Bank. Kind of a touchy trip it is, too, with all the strong-arms they is about.'

"I was sitting against the wall side by side with that scairt girl, who never took her eyes off the floor.

"'Well, Mister,' says I, very innocent, 'I don't guess there's much risk of anybody spotting you f'r the treasurer when you get your mask there on and all.'

"The fellow starts and looks around, and, sure enough, there on the sideboard was a little black mask made out of a lady's lisle stocking. He slips it in his pocket, and then he gives a laugh.

"'Come, come, Sam,' says he. 'You're very observing for a guest, seems to me. You don't find me looking you over and indulging in acquisitive observances, do you? If I'd a mind to be prying, now, maybe I might dwell on the particularities of your entrance into my humble adobe along with your pretty sweetheart. You did say sweetheart, didn't you? Or maybe she's your little sister from up-State who come on to the city to get work, and your maw got nervous when her letters stopped coming.'

"'Well, she might be that, Mister,' I says. 'Or yet again she might be a foundling girl that I found crying in her sleep on the steps of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.'

"'And you?' says he, laughing and scooping money fast. 'Maybe you yourself are something other than the festal bridegroom going to run a race?'

"'Have it your way, Mister,' I says, looking, if possible, a bigger fool than I was, 'and set me down for a valedictorian and fond of walking after dewfall for the health's sake. And then sometimes I get overcome by the night air and ——'

"There come a long ring at the door-bell, and my heart hops up into my mouth. And the fellow jumps, too, and then gives his don't-care laugh.

"'That's my brother's ring,' says he. 'I'd know it among a thousand. He's apt to run in about this time of an evening and we says a little vesper together before retiring. Being hurried with my deposit ticket here,' says he, 'maybe your child-wife will be so kind to run open the door.'

"'Why, I thought I mentioned to you, Mister,' says I, thinking hard on the subject of making a dash out the back, 'that my poor little step-niece don't speak our language, having been raised from infancy among the Pennsylvania Dutch. And, besides,' I says, 'she's stone dumb, having had her adenoids pulled out by mistake by a traveling dentist from Injun Territories.'

"'Then suppose you go,' says he, kind of short.

"'Certainly, Mister,' says I, 'for I sure do want to see your brother and show him my licenses and tax receipts. And yet again, seems like nobody need trouble, for, judging by the way he's battering the door, he's coming right in anyway.'

"The fellow looks at me, where I sat not moving toward the door, and I looks back at him. Then he snaps his grip shut, flips open the window, and steps up close in front of me.

"'I been wondering which of you two was up against it,' says he, speaking fast, 'and now I see. Listen to me,' he says. 'Boat-rowing by night beats walking f'r exercise, and my boat's waiting at Dockery's dock — foot of Thirty-ninth Street and then back twenty yards toward

Thirty-eighth. You follow my remarks? One's enough to entertain my brother. Suppose you mosey to the door, Sam,' says he, 'and trust to joining us later.'

"Well, of course it was plainer'n noonday that he was offering us a bargain, me to hold the coppers from pursuit, while he and my lady-friend skipped. When he said boat he had me. It certainly grieved me to have to part company with that little girl, even though just for a time, but from the noise out front seemed as if she'd have to go with the curly-haired fellow or not go at all. And he had an eye I'd have trusted anywhere. Maybe it was honesty among thieves, like you read about.

"'Why, certainly, Mister,' I says, looking at the girl. 'And as Ellen is right fond of them quadratic sports, and not liable to seasickness, I reckon she'll gladly accept your invite. But my name's Waldo, Mister.'

"'The locks on the door should take you some time to unfasten,' he insinuates, not so laughing now, and puts out the gas.

"I bent down in the dark and said in the girl's ear: 'He'll get you away safe, but wait for me if you can.' Then I went front, and I reckon them strong door-bolts must have took me five minutes to unhitch. When at last I got the outside door open, four cops come charging through, and the front one straightaway opinions me to the wall.

"'Oh, gents, where is my uncle?' I says, looking much took back and seizing the precaution of speaking first.

"'We'll uncle you,' says the cop, holding me. 'Mind, now. We'll use you against every word you say, Mr. Smarty,' says he.

"Then the cop who was leading 'em, and therefore bringing up the rear, steps up and gives me a look.

"'Why, this ain't our man at all,' says he, with a kind of a cuss. 'We want a tall, light-headed man, and this fellow's squatty and black.'

"Then I seen these were not the cops that had done the sketch on the roof-garden for me and my lady-friend, and I had regrets I had ever let her go away from me.

"'Where's McGonnigle, young fellow?' says

the leading cop. 'Talk up fast now and extirpate yourself.'

"'Why,' says I, 'kind gents, that's just what I was asking you. I been waiting here ever since nigh after sundown for Uncle McGonnigle.'

"'McGonnigle your uncle, is he?' says he sarcastic.

"'He sure is, gents,' I answers, speaking the dialogue of life on the farm, 'and this here's his house, and I come down from up Uticky way to-night to git a place he promised me in the B. V. D. railroad, that Uncle McGonnigle's head of. Only, when I got here, seemed like he'd just stepped out ——'

"'He's either a deep one,' says the leading cop, 'or else he ain't got the sense God gave a goose. I'll retail you, Bill,' says he, 'to hold the fish-faced fool in the dining-room while we turn the place inside out.'

"One of the cops escorts me to the dining-room and strikes a light. The room was clean empty and the window shut down. The other three cops makes a sprint to the basement together. After a while they all come out, perspiring and peevish, and went upstairs. I listened to 'em moving around all over the second floor and pushing things about and cussing a few contemporary cusses. And then I heard 'em march up to the top floor, all together, like a parade.

"Me and my cop sits side by side in the silence of the dining-room, him engrossed in a write-up

"'HOP IN,' SAYS THE MAN IN THE BOAT, KIND OF SHORT. 'YOU WOULDN'T HAVE FOUND US HERE BUT FOR YOUR LADY-FRIEND WEEPING AND COAXING ME SO'"

of should women ride astride in an evening paper, and me wondering if the curly-haired fellow had got that poor little scairt innocent away. And also I was thinking that, if pinched for housebreaking, I'd never see her face again, and suffer all other modern inconveniences besides.

"Out of the corner of my eye I looks my cop over. He was middle-aged, and shaped something like a ribbon clerk. By the laws of permutation and commutation, I got some interested in the question whether or no, if I lep' upon him, I could lay him to sleep before his three confederates could ascend from the top floor. Just when I was awarding myself a verdick at the commencement of the first round, my roving eye lights on a discovery.

"On the wall, about two feet away from me, was a round black push-button.

"I had to edge and squirm some to get in jutax-position to it, and the cop he looks up.

"'Warm night, Mister,' I says, taking both hands to mop my fevered brow.

"'You'll be cooling your heels soon enough, bo,' says he.

"'Why, my feet are pretty cold already, Mister,' says I, apologetic.

"Then my finger reposes on the button, and a bell rings loud and clear throughout the premises. Uncle McGonnigle must have had a pretty deef house-girl to need such a fire-gong to summons his hot shaving-water.

"'It's Uncle McGonnigle come home!' I shouts out, jumping for the door. 'Oh, thank heavens! I'll let him in, officer!'

"The cop grabs my arm and gives it the sharp twist needed for a high incurve just around the batter's shoulders.

"'You'll give him the tip, will ye?' he hisses in my ear. 'Sit still where y'are, and if ye breathe a word I'll run back and hammer your fat head to papper mashy,' says he.

"'Excuse me, Mister,' I says, forgiving, and I sinks down in my seat again, while giving the bell a few more suitable rings.

"The cop he pulls a gun from his hind pocket, swelling with pride of the coming capture, and starts out into the hall, walking soft. One of them up aloft calls down what is it, and he answers, *'Sh-h-hh-hh!'*

"Left to my own advices, I noticed a heavy chair unoccupied against the wall, and I laid it down on its back on the threshold of the door. Then I exterminated the gas, and dropped out the window into the back yard. About the time I was climbing the second fence into Thirty-eighth Street, I heard a noise behind me like a cop engaging in mortial combat with a chair. Other rumors and commotions soon smit upon the evening air.

"The night being so hot, I got thinking how a little spin over the water, with females and mandolins, would be mighty agreeable to my momentary taste. So I ducked along the untrodden paths to Thirty-ninth Street, slipped down to the foot of it, collided with Dockery's dock, and ambled back twenty paces on a ledge outside of a shed, like. And, sure enough, a dark spot was hovering close to the offing, and took shape as a rowboat as it slides up to the ledge.

"'Hop in,' says the curly-haired fellow, kind of short. 'You wouldn't have found us sauntering here but for your lady-friend weeping and coaxing me so.'

"I stepped down into his little boat, almost falling over the full-dress-suit case, and sat down in the stern by that little girl. And her hand was still cold as ice.

"'Why, excuse me being late for the rondy-view, Mister,' I says, 'but some gents come in calling on my Uncle McGonnigle, and I had to set around a while and ack hospital to 'em.'

"The fellow laughs a little at that, and by the time he'd whipped the boat out to midstream he begun talking and asking questions, very merry and pleased with himself. And all the time he was pulling a regular Connell College stroke up the river. I felt kind of corjul to him, on account of his being proprietor of a boat just when I needed one, and then his waiting for me, and I told him all about my cop named Bill, and how he come to assault and battery a chair.

"When we come up about with Fort Lee ferry, the fellow shoots into a kind of cove on the Jersey side, tosses me the oars, and jumps out with his grip.

"'Excuse my hurry,' says he, 'but I've got an appointment with the cashier of the bank in a seclusive house near by. You two are all right,' says he, laughing, 'and I'll confess you've got me guessing completely. Anyway, good luck and the same to ye,' says he, and strikes off into the woods.

"'Thank you kindly, Mister,' I calls out, 'and what must I do with your boat when my small granddaughter gets tired of rowing about?'

"'Take it for a wedding present with my compliments,' laughs he over his shoulder, 'for it don't belong to me.'

"I pulled on up the river, the girl sitting silent in the stern, holding her head in her hands. It was a powerful dark night, and the river was smooth as black glass. And I thought what a funny old world it is, where the innocent get into trouble and weep, and the guilty laugh and go free.

"'You're all safe now, lassie,' I says, after a long while. 'So don't cry. It ain't a bit good for them pretty blue eyes of yours.'

"AND 'TWAS THEN I SAW THE MOLE BEHIND HER EAR"

"MR. COSTELLO JERKED HIS GUILTY AND UNSHOD FEET FROM THE $850 TABLE

"'They are gray,' she sobs right out, for women are as God made them, and that was the first word she had spoke to me since the basement hall at Uncle McGonnigle's.

"I pulled in on my left oar, beached and hid the boat, and we walked over to the Morrisania station. I segregated the girl on a bench, and held converse a while with agents, telephone centrals, parties, and such-like folk. And then I come out and found the girl pacing up and down the platform and biting her lip.

"'What're you going to do with me?' says she in a whisper. And I seen then that her eyes were gray.

"'There's a local going up in five minutes,' says I, 'and here's a one-way ticket reading Poughkeepsie. I have an old aunt living over a grocery in the purviews of the place, and when God made her he was thinking how them that are down on their luck need friends. I've just been talking with her by wire,' I says. 'At the station a buggy'll meet you, pulled by a roan horse with rheumatism in his nigh fore leg and blind in his off eye. He'll be drove by a freckle-faced kid with hair like a dray of new bricks and a nose forever looking up toward the angels. You will answer the kid's greetings by the name of Tommy and the horse's by the name of Timmy. And, Miss,' I says, 'don't be too hasty in judging my old aunt. She ain't had the disadvantages of a business college eddication, but I'm mistaken entirely if she ain't got the kettle boiling on the stove for you as we stand here.'

"'Them rings,' the girl answers, her voice dying down till I couldn't hardly hear it. 'You never said — Did you — think I — was guilty?'

"And then I saw what had been troubling her so all along. The poor little thing was afraid that I, though helping her, might be thinking she had hooked the sparklers.

"'That's the first time, Miss,' I says, cheerful, 'that anybody ever accused me of originating prying thoughts of what ain't my business. But, since you ask me,' I says, 'I do hope, at my time of life, I know a good girl when I see one without her having to wear a placard.'

"She looks me straight in the eye, and her under lip was shaking something pitiful.

SHE HAD JUST LOOKED IN, IT SEEMED"

"'I'm guilty,' says she, in the littlest voice ever I heard.

"I sure did feel sorry for her.

"'Guilty's a big word, Miss,' I says, 'such as God-almighty can use and none others. But I kind of allowed for the possibility you might have had to borrow that Jew man's rings, and if you want to let me take 'em and return 'em, like to-morrow, I won't deny to you that would be according to my idea of meeting the situation.'

"She slips her hand inside her dress, pulls out a little shammy bag, and hands it over. She had spirit, that little thing did, but her face was whiter'n death.

"'And what're you going to do with me now?' says she.

"I leant against a post and addressed her patient, same as you would explain the involutions of short division to a flax-haired child.

"'You'll have to excuse me, Miss, for being so unwieldy in my accents that I can't transmogrify my meaning to you,' I says; 'but, near as I can come to it, it's like this: There's a local going up in three minutes, and you got a ticket in your pocket reading Poughkeepsie, New York. I've got an old aunt living over a grocery there, and when God made her ——'

"At that she bursts out crying, like pulling a cork from a bottle, throws her arms around my neck, and begins sobbing out all her troubles on my shoulder. Some guys passing stops and rubbers, but I didn't care.

"'Well, you know enough sockology to guess what she told me. Four a week wages she got, and she lost three, the day she drew her pay, out of the hole in the ankle of her stocking. And credit was strained at the baker's, and call loans going unanswered. It was either starving or stealing, or worse. I didn't listen to her Jerry My Hat long.

"'Never you mind, poor little Daisie,' I says. 'I ——'

"'Maisie,' she sobs, retaining her half Nelson.

"'Maisie,' says I, 'day after to-morrow this'll all be like something in a dream to you. A friend of a fellow I know is somewhat acquainted with the son-in-law of Nagelhoffer's partner. And that's what they call pull. There won't be no talk of persecution when they get the jools back. And,' I says, 'you don't have to tell me this is the first and last time, and I don't need to incalculate no maw'l lessons from the sad case of Uncle McGonnigle. Smart and curly-haired and laughing he is, yes, but dodging around in empty houses like a hunted rat. And they'll have him on the inside looking out within three days.'

"And the girl she raises her head, and looks at me with them big, moist eyes, and answers my remarks kind of soft.

"'I don't want it *all* to be like a dream,' says she.

"Up through the blackness we heard the local thundering near. She drops her head on my shoulder again, with a little sigh, and settles it comfortable. And 'twas then I saw the mole

behind her ear, shining under the electric light, dazzling white, and ——"

The door opened, and Mr. Costello, halting abruptly, jerked his guilty and unshod feet from the $850 table. However, it was only the butler, or some similar pomp and circumstance. He came, apparently, to pick up the burned match that his ostensible master had dropped there half an hour before. Full under his cold and censorious eye, Costello poured out a fourth, and unlawful, nipperkin of the grand old Scotch.

"And you went up to see her the next Saturday night, I suppose," I prompted, when the door had closed again, "with one of Nagelhoffer's solitaires in the pocket of your fancy vest?"

"Oh, no — funny how things happen," said he, a reminiscent smile still in his eyes. "I never saw her again. My old aunt got work for her in a steam laundry in Poughkeepsie, but she soon got a better place in Schenectady, and afterwards she married, so I heard with sorrow, the head barber in the De Soto Hotel, Cohoes."

"And your Uncle McGonnigle?"

"Pinched him a week afterwards in a rooming-house in Thomasville, Georgia. 'Twas the All Day Bank he'd tapped, of course, the clever, lying cuss. Don't you notice how that kind never get away? I met a little smallpocked man in Ed Granger's place one night, playing auction pinochle with large moneys before him, and he says to me ——"

The observations of the smallpocked man were to be lost to me, for at that moment, such was our lot, Mrs. Costello herself rustled upon us, awe-inspiringly dressed. I rose. Mr. Costello, greatly confused, concealed as best he could his miserable dishabiliment. In the expression of his harassed countenance I sought in vain for reminders of the bold and nocturnal consort of curly-headed yeggmen. The mysteries of married life appal me.

Mrs. Costello demanded that I rid her husband instantly of my debasing society. She put it charmingly, of course, by saying that if I happened to be going on downtown, she would be *so* pleased to give me a lift in her carriage. She had "just looked in," it seemed. We understood each other perfectly.

I was on the point of defying and rejecting her ukase with equal urbanity, when I chanced to catch Costello's eye. It said, in letters a foot high: "For God's sake, do as she bids you!"

On the steps, as evidence of good faith, Mrs. Costello repeated her offer of transportation, though somewhat less cordially.

"Which way are you bound?" I asked, thinking to annoy her by accepting.

"Only down to this new Epidermic Institute," said she in her rich voice. "A friend has just been telling me of the wonders they perform. Rather odd, is it not? I have a strange little white mole behind my ear which pains me sometimes, and I am promised that they can take it out by their wonderful new process."

Well, show me that man who, having been as indiscreet as Costello, would not have invented that head barber too.

LEAVES

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

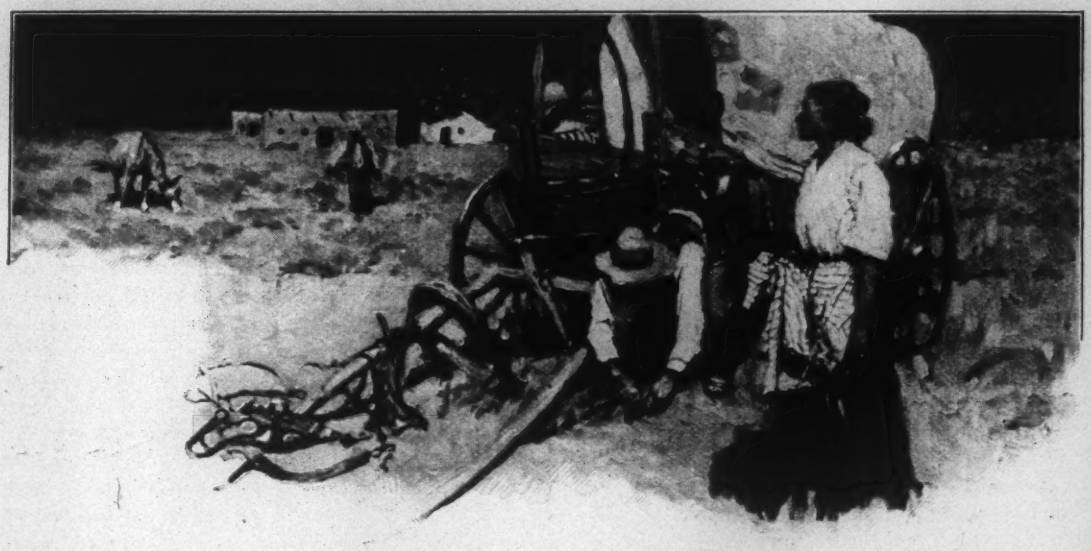
ON the dry brown bough
The withered leaves still cling
In their last desperate hold
And ceaseless murmuring.

They push the swinging branch
To beat upon the pane.
"Save us," they whispering cry;
"We shall not live again."

She laughs in pretty play,
The child beside my chair.
"Look at the linden tree!
The leaves are dancing there,

"Are swaying on the branch,
Are singing in their glee;
The little song I hear
Is, 'I am glad to be.'"

What grief within my breast
Beats to the tapping call —
Deep in my heart I hear
The rustling of their fall.



OFF THE TRAIL

by George Pattullo

Illustrations by H. T. Dunn

THERE are not in our country any of the caste distinctions which prevail, we are creditably informed, in the anemic civilization of the Atlantic Coast States. One person is as good as another, if he be not better. Yet, a man has, perforce, to be a man to win a place in the community. Small time is vouchsafed for the amenities of life, but there is, notwithstanding, a certain ceremony proper to occasions, and one does well to observe it.

Reserve is to be cultivated above all things. It bespeaks the strong nature. What more clinching proof of immunity from flightiness than squatting beside a stranger half an hour without giving utterance to a syllable, while one whittles on a stick and stares thoughtfully at nothing? Such procedure marks with sureness a man of solid judgment, one whose self-respect compels aloofness. It may lead, too, in course of time, to mutually informing dissertations, such as:

"Them clouds look like rain. Do you reckon?"

"No-oo. See those ol' dust-spurts? It never rains when they start to rollicking."

After that, if one be shrewd, he will relapse into stony gloom, still whittling. Perhaps the other's patience will not be proof against this stoicism, and he may weaken to comment on the outlook for the calf crop, or why prices for cattle do not increase with the retail quotations for meat. And then, of course, he is delivered into your hands; for garrulity is as unpardonable in a man as diffidence. One can be civil, and it is not amiss to proffer courtesy in season, albeit one must proceed warily in this direction. But woe unto diffidence! It is a step down from courtesy. It indicates an individual's sense of unworthiness, and men are prone to mistake it for a craven spirit. Now, when a man feels and tacitly acknowledges that he is not the equal of the next, what is the use of living? Diffidence usually gets in cowland what it gets and merits elsewhere — scorn and imposition.

That is why Hudspeth frowned at the stranger nervously fidgeting on the threshold of the ranch office, and employed a tone he dared not have used with one of his own men.

"No, I have no job for you. This country is overrun with nesters already. They never do any good. Good day."

He turned his back and fell to work on a cattle tally which was somewhat vague owing to his wagon boss's system of computation. Hardin never failed to put down at least half the figures of a day's count, and then, through tenacious memory of the remainder, arrived at the total by mental arithmetic. It is a serviceable method, but confusing to any one not in the secret.

"I'm right sorry, Mr. Hudspeth, sir," his caller said humbly. "We done come a powerful long ways, and Goldie is ailing."

"Uh-huh," said the cowman. "Yes."

"Could I buy some flour and bacon here, Mr. Hudspeth, sir?" His voice was high-pitched and cracked, and his gaze rested on the manager with the anxiety of a faithful dog. "We ain't got but a li'l' piece of money, but if you can spare any ——"

"No," the manager flared, "you can't. Do you think I'm running a store for this whole country? But you can go to the cook and tell him I said to let you have a side and ten pounds of flour. I'm busy. Good day."

The traveler remained where he was, staring hesitatingly at Hudspeth's back. Perhaps he wanted to thank him, and gratitude choked utterance; or it may be that he had other petitions to advance. His lips opened to speak, but he toyed with his hat instead, coughing in confusion.

"Well?" snapped the man at the desk.

"Yes, I'm a-going, Mr. Hudspeth, sir," the other cried. "Don't get mad, Mr. Hudspeth. You're shore kind to me."

He let the screen door go with a bang, and hurried toward the bunkhouse in immense satisfaction. A whole side of bacon and ten pounds of flour for nothing! Truly the brave days of the West were returning, and Mr. Hudspeth was a right kind gentleman. The manager watched his jerky progress with a grim smile. In it were revealed the man's whole life and character. How many such had Hudspeth seen — those alert, uneven steps, now advancing swiftly, now dragging in indecision — one minute firm with resolve, the next stumbling where was nothing to impede. His caller slowed visibly when he neared the quarters of the Anvil men.

The hoodlum wagon stood in the angle formed by the blacksmith-shop and bunkhouse, and into it were being loaded supplies for the outfit encamped at Blackwater on the beef round-up. Dave superintended the operations, and he was perspiring copiously. His breathing was distressing to hear.

"The boss done said as you could have a side of bacon?" he repeated, grunting over a keg of horseshoes. "Well, I swan! If Hudspeth ain't locoed — Consarn this kaig! Ain't you going to take it, Al, or do you aim to keep me holding it this way all night?"

The visitor was prompt to relieve Dave of his burden, and began to help with feverish energy. The cook only stared at him by way of thanks, being unimpressed. He had seen similar frantic outbursts of short-lived industry many times in the course of a variegated career. A naturally indolent man always goes at a set task harder than the steady workman, probably because he wants to get it over with. Dave glanced at Al and grinned.

"What's your name?" he inquired.

"Banty," was the reply. "Ed Banty."

"Is that your wagon down by the windmill, Mr. Banty?" asked Al.

"Yes, sir. Did you get a squint at that li'l' mare, Mr. Al? She's shore a dandy. She's drug us clear from Mexico without a day's rest. Never trots a step. Just walks and walks and walks. I swan, she does walk out with that ol' wagon."

They placed the last can of molasses in its niche, and Dave turned to the kitchen. If the manager saw fit to donate the ranch supplies to every tramp nester that passed, it was, of course, his own business; but, next time Dave requisitioned for more flour, Hudspeth need not throw up his hands and inquire how many extra families the cook was keeping and what intimate personal relation he bore them.

"I'll help you to carry it down to the wagon," he volunteered. "Is that your woman, Mr. Banty?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Dave, that's my Goldie. She's ailing some, but I reckon this climate'll soon set her right."

"It shore will," Dave said. "This here climate'll put whiskers on a aig."

Three of us were loafing the day at headquarters, fresh from delivery of a bunch of mixed stuff — cows and calves and steers — to a railway contractor. We had espied the wagon, but it would have been bad manners to exhibit curiosity by a call, especially during the absence of the owner. Now, however, we seized buckets and repaired to the windmill, being reminded that, at Dave's age, he should not be obliged to carry water this considerable distance.

• "'THINK OF BRINGING A WOMAN OUT HERE!'"

"What're you doing with them buckets?" he shouted at us wrathfully.

"We figured on helping you, Dave. Don't you want us to?"

"You're powerful polite, ain't you?" sneered the cook. "You-all be sure to leave them buckets in the kitchen, now. That wagon cook done stole three off'n me already."

The Bantys had the usual nester outfit — a canvas-topped wagon, some blankets, a few pots and pans, an ax, a spade, and a dog. The dog was old and wheezy and hoarse, and spent his days in diligent searching after fleas.

We were hugely surprised at sight of Mrs. Banty, having looked for a frowsy woman, vaguely rotund as to shape, with a fine, hearty voice and a carelessly gratified appetite for snuff. Yet here was a neat, timid, shrinking creature, certainly not of those fitted to bear the bludgeonings of the wilderness. Indeed,

she was nothing but a wisp of a woman — frail, with sunken cheeks and frightened eyes. One could not possibly imagine her dipping snuff, or even raising her voice above a monotone. She was gathering sticks and dried broomweed for a fire when we came up, and, instead of sitting down to watch her, as custom ordained, Dave and her husband hastened to assist. We pretended not to notice this display of extravagant politeness, and filled her buckets and pots with water. In the midst of these operations she straightened and clapped a hand to her left breast. Her lips tightened in pain, but she contrived to smile reassuringly.

"Got another spell, Goldie, girl?" Banty inquired.

"Yes," she answered faintly.

It happened that Dave knew full well what it was to have sudden alarms of the heart, because whenever Dave ate more than a few pounds of beef at a meal and then attempted with undue haste to scoop water from the spring, his vital organ would whir and flutter and perform other alarming feats. Therefore, he was deeply sympathetic and evinced a desire to discuss symptoms with Mrs. Banty.

"I find that a li'l' touch of rye, ma'am — " he began.

"We're temperance folks, Mr. Dave," her husband cut in, aghast.

"That so? So am I," said Dave, with a foolhardy forgetfulness of us. "Leastways, I ain't against temperance, so long as you don't carry it too far. But a scoot now and then won't hurt any man."

"I take a pinch of baking soda," murmured Mrs. Banty shyly. Apparently recovered from the seizure, she set herself to slicing bacon, and then mixed a pan of bread.

The mare of which Banty had boasted grazed near by, cropping the sage-grass. She was a lean, wiry animal, and showed unmistakably the effects of an unbroken haul of a heavy load. As she was nosing near me in quest of a succulent tuft, my attention was attracted to her head. Around and between the ears, the hair was eaten away in patches, evidently through the action of an acid.

"When did she have blind staggers?" I queried.

"You mean those marks on her haid? You done guessed it right. But I cured her, though she was like to die on me once. Weren't you, ol' sweetheart?"

"'Pears to me she's liable to drop any time," Reb opined. "That mare ain't cured."

"Shut up, Reb," Dave rebuked. "Shore she's cured. Don't you mind him, Miz' Banty. Reb never had much sense anyway, and since his hoss done fell on him, he's took bad at times."

"My horse never fell on me," Reb protested hotly. "Look a-here, Dave, if you say that ag'in ——"

"Where are you-all bound, Mr. Banty?" the cook resumed.

"It ain't the first time either, Dave."

"We aim to cross the desert and work over into southern California," said Banty.

"No, sirree; it ain't the first time you done said that, Dave."

"That's a mighty long ways," remarked the cook, "mighty long. It's a hard journey for you, I reckon, Miz' Banty; ain't it?"

"Oh, I'm used to that," said the little woman.

"And if you ever say it ag'in, Dave," Reb concluded, "I'll bust you wide open."

"Hello, Reb," exclaimed the cook, in pleased surprise. "When did you get in? I swan, we thought you were on the round-up."

While we dawdled in the shade cast by the wagon, the Bantys told us their history. It was that of scores of thousands of restless wanderers who constitute a never-ceasing caravan from as far east as Louisiana, wending westward and north through Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. They find a virgin country, break it, and Nature heaps her bounties in their laps. Then comes a bad year, and they have made no provision; or the spirit of the rover, that will not die, wakes once more: again their wagons take their whining way through the wilderness. Surely the goal will prove fabulously rich: always that hope — it never burns out. The memory of starvation can not dim; hardships and distance do but fan it; it fires their souls as the lure of gold tempts prospectors. And on their heels comes the plodding farmer, who goes patiently to work to wrest a living out of the claims they have abandoned, and wakes, some morning, to find that civilization is knocking at his door and he is rich.

Banty had tried raising maize close to the Nations. No; the climate did not agree with him and his wife.

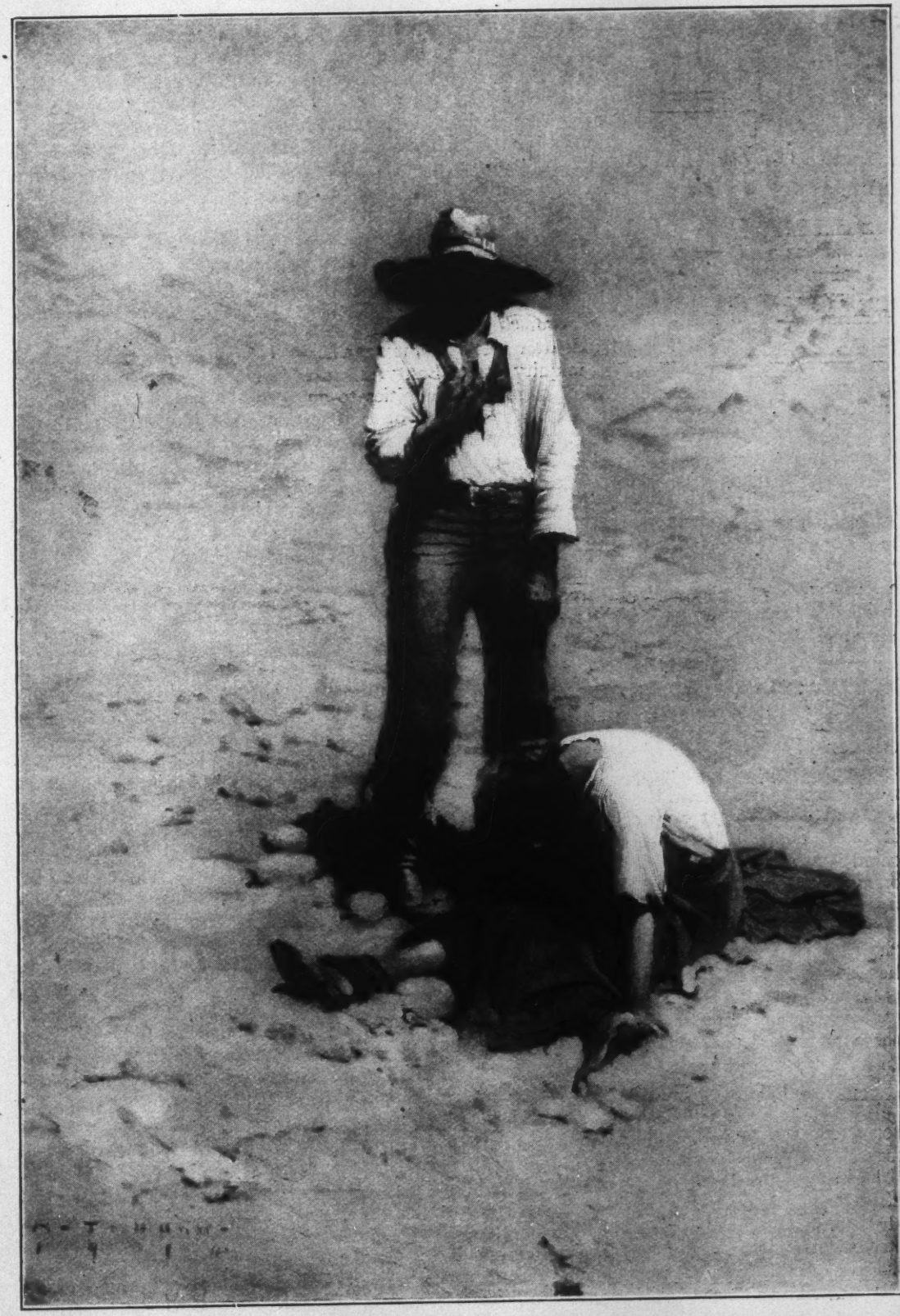
"I liked it, Ed," she protested.

"But it wasn't doing you no good, Goldie," he said. "I could see that easy."

He had nothing to say against the climate. It was a good enough climate, but its effects were far from satisfactory. In consequence, they had disposed of their acres to migrate to the Panhandle. All that was years ago.

"That land is selling at twenty dollars an acre now," I observed.

"Twenty dollars. I swan! Do you hear that, girl? This gen'l'man says they're paying



"WATER! WATER! WATER!"

twenty dollars an acre for that plains land," said Banty, his eyes glittering. "And we done sold ours for three dollars. If we'd only waited!"

"Yes," his wife sighed; "it's too bad. And we done lost that nineteen hundred dollars in New Mexico, you recollect, Ed?"

Indeed, he did. Banty waggled his head over the inscrutable ways of the jade Fortune, and murmured, "Well, well. Who'd have thought it?"

This was a worn-out tale to us, one of little meaning. Nesters came and nesters went. If they did not go soon enough we sometimes furnished the impetus; for, of course, the Southwest was intended by the Creator to be a cow country, and it is an iniquity that agriculturists should win it for corn and cotton and other mainstays of life.

Banty had fenced a quarter section near El Capitan Mountains, and, with this as a base of operations, had put his nest-egg in sheep. But the sheep had dived over a cliff on a night of rocking storm, and there was none to prove what, or who, propelled them. Much good would it have done him could he have proved it. So once more he had gathered his scant belongings into a wagon to set out for that Promised Land.

"This is the last time; yes, sir," cried Banty, in his excited cracked tones. "Where we're going now they say it's a regular Garden of Eden, like what the Good Book tells about. All you have for to do is to stir the ground some and you've got a crop. Six cuttings of alfalfa in a year; yes, sir."

"And don't forget how calm and peaceful it all is, Ed," Goldie spoke up. "Don't you mind how Brother Ducey said they were all so friendly? He said no man's hand was lifted against his neighbor, Brother Ducey did."

"Huh-huh," Dave grunted. He had given the recital his most earnest attention, and now he shook his head reprovingly.

"That's just the way it is every time — the way you done. It's what I've been telling these boys here for ten years," he declared. "Birds of a feather gather no moss."

"What's that you say, Mr. Dave?"

"A rolling stone gathers no feathers," Dave corrected sternly. "You-all know what I mean."

It was near the dinner hour, and we departed, after Reb had given the travelers minute instructions as to where they might expect to strike water in the desert. He was extremely dubious over their preparedness for the venture. Reb was convinced that Mrs. Banty could not survive it, and said as much on our way back to the bunkhouse with the buckets. At this the cook emitted a scornful laugh.

"You make me tired," he told Reb fiercely. "Of course she will. That li'l' woman is all grit, clear through."

After they had eaten, the wayfarers packed their utensils. There was no especial need for haste, and they did it slowly, Banty relieving his wife of whatever tasks he was able to perform. She appeared listless and tired, but when he insisted upon making a couch for her in the bottom of the wagon, she smiled at him brightly. He caught the mare without effort; she was never proof against the shuffling of corn in a box, though experience had taught her it was a heartless snare. While he harnessed, Banty talked to her, much as one would drawl inanities to an infant from whom a reply was out of the question. He noticed that her eyes were rheumy, but it might be only a touch of cold, and he did not care to alarm the "girl." Soon he began to quaver a cowboy night-herd song:

"Oh, bury me not on the lone per-airie,
Where the wild ki-yotes will howl o'er me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the wind blows free,
Oh, bury me not on the lone per-airie."

"Ed?"

"What is it, girl?"

"Ain't it odd that we don't ever seem able to get settled? Settled down for good and all, I mean." She was lying in the wagon.

"Don't you worry, Goldie, girl. We'll strike it rich some day," he comforted. "It's right queer, but I've got a feeling that this is the last move."

"Oh, do you think so, Ed?"

"That's what I do, girl. There must be some place where we can find rest and peace and plenty. There must be some land like that."

"A land of peace," she repeated drowsily. "It would be good to go there. I'm tired, Ed."

"Take a sleep, Goldie, girl," he advised. "And don't you fret no more. We've had hard knocks, but we've been happy, too."

"Happy?" she said, her voice deepening. "I didn't know a mortal could be so happy as I was when li'l' Ed came. And then, when he was taken from us ——"

"Don't," her husband pleaded. "Don't, Goldie, girl!"

"I can speak of him now without crying," said Goldie, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "It's sweet to think of him now, Ed."

The sun was glaring white when they started. Off from the trail, a bleary buzzard sat on the

head of a dead cow and stared at them. He rose with flapping wings and soared upward until a mere speck against the blue. Whenever Banty looked up, the bird was there, hanging effortless between earth and heaven. Behind them a mountain sulked, his shaggy sides blurred by quivering heat-waves. Before them lay browned stretches: a string of cattle moved across their front, making for water. They were thin, and shy as antelope. Far away, a gray streak against the sky-line, there appeared to be a lake. It was the edge of the desert.

"All ready, girl? Hi-yi! Giddap, sweetheart," cried Banty. "Go 'long. Go 'long."

Ten days later Reb and I made Cactus Hole. And, when our mounts had drunk their fill, we fared forth again through the desert. The sun smote the sand and blinded us. Our horses moved lifelessly, coughing. All day, and the day before, it had been the same — brown wastes and red wastes, chocolate wastes and the terrible, smarting white of the alkali. And ever the sandhills and the sage-brush and the cactus; cactus and sage-brush; or perhaps a stretch of powdery sand, with flat stones giving back the glare. We rode tight-jawed against the dust lifting about us in sullen clouds.

"What a place! What a place!" Reb muttered. "I reckon this was meant for hell, and the Lord done got merciful and changed his mind. What do you think?"

We covered another five miles in sweating silence.

"Do you recollect ol' Banty and his wife?" said Reb, again. "Think of bringing a woman out here! Do you mind how they were always talking ——"

"Talking of what?"

"Of a land of peace and plenty?" he asked, grinning through split lips. "This is a right fine country to look for it in, I swan!"

We struck a wagon trail after ten minutes' riding, and halted. No wagon should have gone that way. It was far off the track of travel, dangerously removed from water, unless one knew the desert paths as we did. Reb looked at me and then at the marks of the wheels.

"One horse," he said, clearing his throat. "Some fool has tried for to take a short cut."

"Got any water?"

He shook the canteen that was slung from the horn of his saddle: it was full. We veered to the right and followed the wanderers' trail. The skeleton of a dog lay beside a cactus, and there were buckshot in the dried skull.

"Uh-huh," said Reb. "Somebody done shot his mongrel. Bit by a rattler, probably. It 'pears to me I've seen that dog before!"

"Don't be a fool," I said angrily.

We took up the thread again. It was sinfully hot, and I was sick. We did not look at each other. Directly in our path was the carcass of a horse, the sightless eyes and bared teeth uniting in a grin at us. Buzzards had stripped it to the hide and bones. A wagon, canvas-topped, settled mournfully in the sand. Reb approached it very slowly.

"Hello, in there," he called.

There was no answer, and he called again. Then he shoved his head inside the flap — abruptly, like one who fears what he may find. The wagon was empty, save for some blankets, and an ax and a spade and a few cooking utensils. There was nothing to be said, and we went forward. Before us, very clear in the sand, were prints of feet — two pairs of them, side by side.

"There ain't any water that way," croaked my companion.

"Come on," I said.

A mile, and one set of footprints vanished. At this point the sand bore the impress of a body. But the larger marks led on; only they were deeper now. Soon we saw that they dragged — oh, so wearily. A wide indentation in a heap of dust seemed to indicate that the two had rested there; then the long, uneven footprints wound away, curving among the sandhills.

"God, he's carrying her ag'in," said Reb, in a whisper.

"Carrying who?" I snarled. "Shut up!"

They led in a huge semicircle now, and we came to another spot where the pair had been compelled to pause. Here they had lain flat. We shook up our ponies, for night would soon shut down. Suddenly Reb pulled in.

"Look," he said. "Look."

Some one had traced letters in the sand. It is a familiar story in the west country that, in the madness of thirst, the sufferer will rave and sing and scrawl appeals for help where help can not reach; but Reb and I had scoffed at such tales as old wives' gossip.

"What is it?" he mumbled. "You read it. I can't seem to see, somehow."

Slowly I spelled out the words:

"Our — Father."

They ended there. My comrade's hand clutched my shoulder and fluttered over it, pressing the muscles of my back.

"Say something," he begged. "Say something."

"I can't."

"It's all right. That's what I wanted to be sure of. You're real. You're real. Let's go on. Hurry!"

And then we found them. They were lying close to some sage-brush. Evidently they had stretched themselves there to sleep, because he had placed his coat over her to keep out the night chill. Banty had his arm under her shoulders and her head was pillowed on his breast. So calm and serene were they that at first we thought they but slept. No carrion bird or beast had ventured to disturb their rest.

"What's that in her hand?" Reb asked.

She was clasping a tiny wooden horse, a battered, foolish toy, sadly torn of limb. It had been little Ed's dearest treasure — little Ed, of whom she could think without crying.

And, as we gazed, my pity fled. For they had found what they always sought. They had gone to their Land of Peace.

THE ACCURSÈD ISLE

BY THEODORE BOTREL

Translated from the Breton by G. E. Morrison

THE old Corsair, the night he died,
Feeling the life creep from his hands,
Called his three sons to his bedside,
That they might hear his last commands.
"I know," said he, "of islands three,
And the way thither will make known;
For you at dawn must put to sea,
Each in the ship he calls his own.

"The first isle is the Isle of Gold,
With half the wealth of paradise;
The second richer fifty-fold —
It is the Isle of Pearls of Price.
The third the Isle of Love they call,
A rock sharp, terrible, and bare;
Oh! give it a wide berth, for all
Find misery who put in there."

The three sailed forth the morrow-morn,
A morn now forty years ago;
Last winter saw the three return,
Three men in rags amid the snow.
But proud and full of joy the while,
The third and second as the first;
For all had made the selfsame isle —
The Isle of Love, the Isle Accursed.

ALEXANDER'S MASQUERADE

By Willa Sibert Cather

Author of "The Troll Garden," "On the Gulls' Road," etc.

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

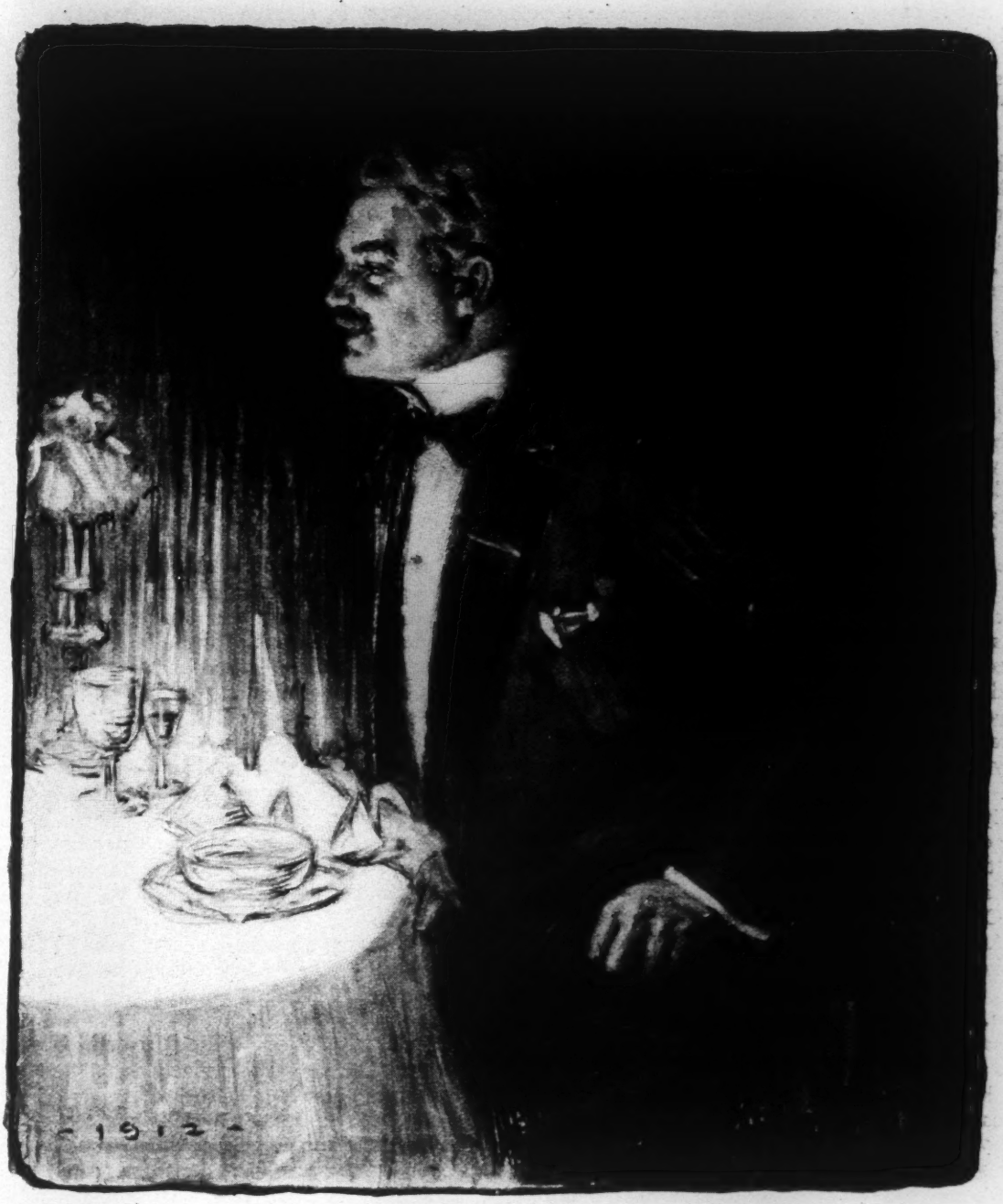
CHAPTER IV

ON Sunday afternoon Alexander remembered Miss Burgoyne's invitation and called at her apartment. He found it a delightful little place and he met charming people there. Hilda lived alone, attended by a very pretty and competent French servant who answered the door and brought in the tea. Alexander arrived early, and some twenty-odd people dropped in during the course of the afternoon. Hugh MacConnell came with his sister, and stood about, managing his tea-cup awkwardly and watching every one out of his deep-set, faded eyes. He seemed to have made a resolute effort at tidiness in his attire, and his sister, a robust, florid woman with a splendid joviality about her, kept eyeing his newly pressed clothes apprehensively. It was not very long, indeed, before his coat hung with a discouraged sag from his gaunt shoulders and his hair and beard were rumpled as if he had been out in a gale. His dry humor went under a cloud of absent-minded kindliness which, Mainhall explained, always overtook him here. He was never so witty or so sharp here as elsewhere, and Alexander thought he behaved as if he were an elderly relative come in to a young girl's party.

The editor of a monthly review came with his wife, and Lady Kildare, the Irish philanthropist, brought her young nephew, Robert Owen, who had come up from Oxford, and who was visibly excited and gratified by his first introduction to Miss Burgoyne. Hilda was very nice to him, and he sat on the edge of his chair, flushed with his conversational efforts and moving his chin about nervously over his high collar. Sarah Frost, the novelist, came with her husband, a very genial and placid old scholar who had become slightly deranged upon the subject of the fourth dimension. On other matters he was perfectly rational and he was easy and pleasing in conversation. He looked very much like Agassiz, and his wife, in her old-fashioned black silk dress, overskirted and tight-sleeved, reminded Alexander of the early pictures of Mrs. Browning. Hilda seemed particularly fond of this quaint couple, and Bartley himself was so pleased with their mild and thoughtful converse that he took his leave when they did, and walked with them over to Oxford Street, where they waited for their 'bus. They asked him to come to see them in Chelsea, and they spoke very tenderly of Hilda. "She's a dear, unworldly little thing," said the philosopher absently, "more like the stage people of my young days — folk of simple manners. There aren't many such left. American tours have spoiled them, I'm afraid. They have all grown very smart. Lamb wouldn't care a great deal about many of them, I fancy."

Alexander went back to Bedford Square a second Sunday afternoon. He had a long talk with MacConnell, but he got no word with Hilda alone, and he left in a discontented state of mind. For the rest of the week he was nervous and unsettled, and kept rushing his work as if he were preparing for immediate departure. On Thursday afternoon he cut short a committee meeting, jumped into a hansom, and drove to Bedford Square. He sent up his

"BARTLEY LOOKED AT HILDA ACROSS THE YELLOW LIGHT OF THE CANDLES AND BROKE
REMEMBER THAT FIRST WALK



INTO A LOW, HAPPY LAUGH. 'HOW JOLLY IT WAS BEING YOUNG, HILDA! DO YOU WE TOOK TOGETHER IN PARIS?'"

card, but it came back to him with a message scribbled across the front:

> So sorry I can't see you. Will you come and dine with me Sunday evening at half past seven?
>
> H. B.

When Alexander arrived at Bedford Square Sunday evening, Marie, the pretty little French girl, met him at the door and conducted him upstairs. Hilda was writing in her little living-room, under the light of a tall lamp. Bartley recognized the primrose satin gown she had worn that first evening at Lady Walford's.

"I'm so pleased that you think me worth that yellow dress, you know," he said, taking her hand and looking her over admiringly from the toes of her canary slippers to the part of her brown hair. "Yes, it's very, very pretty. Every one at Lady Walford's was looking at it."

Hilda curtsied. "Is that why you think it pretty? I've no need for fine clothes in Mac's play this time, so I can afford a few duddies for myself. It's owing to that same chance, by the way, that I am able to ask you to dinner. I don't need Marie to dress me this season, so she keeps house for me, and my little Galway girl has gone home for a visit. I should never have asked you if Molly had been here, for I remember you don't like English cookery."

Alexander walked about the room, looking at everything.

"I haven't had a chance yet to tell you what a jolly little place I think this is. Where did you get those etchings? They're quite unusual, aren't they?"

"Lady Westmere sent them to me from Rome last Christmas. She is very much interested in the American artist who did them. They are all sketches made about the Villa d'Este, you see. He painted that group of cypresses for the Salon, and the Luxembourg bought it."

Alexander walked over to the bookcases. "It's the air of the whole place here that I like. You haven't got anything that doesn't belong. Seems to me it looks particularly well to-night. And you have so many flowers. I like these little yellow irises."

"Rooms always look better by lamplight — in London, at least. Though Marie is clean — really clean, as the French are. Why do you look at the flowers so critically? Marie got them all fresh in Covent Garden market yesterday morning."

"I'm glad," said Alexander simply. "I can't tell you how glad I am to have you so pretty and comfortable here, and to hear every one saying such nice things about you. You've got awfully nice friends," he added humbly, picking up a little jade elephant from her desk. "Those fellows are all very loyal, even Mainhall. They don't talk of any one else as they do of you."

Hilda sat down on the couch and said seriously: "I've a neat little sum in the bank, too, now, and I own a mite of a hut in Galway. It's not worth much, but I love it. I've managed to save something every year, and that with helping my three sisters now and then, and tiding poor cousin Mike over bad seasons. He's that gifted, you know, but he will drink, and loses more good engagements than other fellows ever get. And I've traveled a bit, too."

Marie opened the door and smilingly announced that dinner was served.

"My dining-room," Hilda explained, as she led the way, "is the tiniest place you have ever seen."

It was a tiny room, hung all round with French prints, above which ran a shelf full of china. Hilda saw Alexander look up at it.

"It's not particularly rare," she said, "but some of it was my mother's. Heaven knows how she managed to keep it whole, through all our wanderings, or in what baskets and bundles and theater-trunks it hasn't been stowed away. We always had our tea out of those blue cups when I was a little girl, sometimes in the queerest lodgings and sometimes on a trunk at the theater — queer theaters, for that matter."

It was a wonderful little dinner. There was watercress soup, and sole, and a delightful omelette stuffed with mushrooms and truffles, and two small rare ducklings, and artichokes, and a dry yellow Rhône wine of which Bartley had always been very fond. He drank it appreciatively and remarked that there was still no other he liked so well.

"I have some champagne for you, too. I don't drink it myself, but I like to see it behave when it is poured. There is nothing else that looks so jolly."

"Thank you. But I don't like it so well as this." Bartley held the yellow wine against the light and squinted into it as he turned the glass slowly about. "You have traveled, you say. Have you been in Paris much these late years?"

Hilda lowered one of the candle-shades carefully. "Oh, yes, I go over to Paris often. There are few changes in the old quarter. Dear Old Madame Anger is dead — but perhaps you don't remember her?"

"Don't I, though! I'm so sorry to hear it. How did her son turn out? I remember how she saved and scraped for him, and how he always lay abed till ten o'clock. He was the laziest fellow at the Beaux Arts; and that's saying a good deal."

"Well, he is still clever and lazy. They say he is a good architect when he will work. He's

"'ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME LOVE YOU A LITTLE, BARTLEY?'"

a big, handsome creature, and he hates Americans as much as ever. But Angel — do you remember Angel?"

"Perfectly. Did she ever get back to Brittany and her *bains de mer?*"

"Ah, no. Poor Angel! She got tired of cooking and scouring the coppers in Madame Anger's little kitchen, so she ran away with a soldier, and then with another soldier. Too bad! She still lives about the quarter, and, though there is always a *soldat*, she does laundry work. She did mine beautifully the last time I was there, and was so delighted to see me again. I gave her all my old clothes, even my old hats, though she always wears her Breton head-dress. Her hair is still yellow, and her blue eyes are just like a baby's, and she has the same three freckles on her little nose, and talks about going back to her *bains de mer.*"

Bartley looked at Hilda across the yellow light of the candles and broke into a low, happy laugh. "How jolly it was being young, Hilda! Do you remember that first walk we took together in Paris? We walked down to the Place St. Michel to buy some lilacs. Do you remember how sweet they smelled?"

"Indeed I do. Come, we'll have our coffee in the other room, and you can smoke." Hilda rose quickly, as if she wished to change the drift of their talk, but Bartley found it pleasant to remember.

"What a warm, soft spring evening that was," he went on, as they sat down in the study, with the coffee on a little table between them; "and the sky, over the bridges, was just the color of the lilacs. We walked on down by the river, didn't we?"

Hilda laughed and looked at him questioningly. He saw a gleam in her eyes that he remembered even better than the episode he was recalling. "I think we did," she answered demurely. "It was on the Quai we met that woman who was crying so bitterly. I gave her a spray of lilac, I remember, and you gave her a franc. I was frightened at your prodigality."

"I expect it was the last franc I had. What a strong brown face she had, and very tragic. She looked at us with such despair and longing, out from under her black shawl. What she wanted from us was neither our flowers nor our francs, but just our youth. I remember it touched me so. I would have given her some of mine off my back, if I could. I had enough and to spare then," Bartley mused, and looked thoughtfully at his cigar.

They were both remembering what the woman had said when she took the money: "God give you a happy love!" It was not in the ingratiating tone of the habitual beggar: it had come out of the depths of the poor creature's sorrow, vibrating with pity for their youth, and despair at the terribleness of human life; it had the anguish of a voice of prophecy. Until she spoke Bartley had not realized that he was in love. The strange woman, and her passionate sentence that rang out so sharply, had frightened them both. They went home sadly with the lilacs, back to the Rue St. Jacques, walking very slowly, arm in arm. When they reached the house where Hilda lodged, Bartley went across the court with her, and up the dark old stairs to the third landing; and there, on the bare worn stairway, he had kissed her for the first time. He had shut his eyes to give him the courage, he remembered, and she had trembled so ——

Bartley started when Hilda rang the little silver bell beside her. "Dear me, why did you do that? I had quite forgotten — I was back there. It was very jolly," he murmured lazily, as Marie came in to take away the coffee.

Hilda laughed and went over to the piano. "Well, we are neither of us twenty now, you know. Have I told you about my new play? Mac is writing one; really for me this time. You see, I'm coming on."

"I've seen nothing else. What kind of a part is it? Shall you wear yellow gowns? I hope so." He was looking admiringly at her round, slender figure, with such energy in every line of it, as she stood by the piano, turning over a pile of music.

"No, it isn't a dress-up part. He doesn't seem to fancy me dressed up. He says I ought to be minding the pigs at home, and I suppose I ought. But he's given me some good Irish songs. Listen." She sat down at the piano and sang. When she finished, Alexander shook himself out of a revery.

"Sing 'The Harp that Once,' Hilda. You used to sing it so well."

"Nonsense. Of course I can't really sing, except the way my mother and grandmother did before me. Most actresses nowadays really learn how to sing, so I tried a master; but he confused me, just!"

Alexander laughed. "All the same, sing it, Hilda."

Hilda started up from the stool and moved restlessly toward the window. "It's really too warm in here to sing. Don't you feel it?"

Alexander went over and opened the window for her. "Aren't you afraid to let the wind blow like that on your neck? Can't I get a scarf or something?"

"Ask a theater lydy if she's afraid of drafts!" Hilda laughed. "But perhaps, as I'm so warm — give me your handkerchief. There, just in front." He slipped the corners carefully under

her shoulder-straps. "There, that will do. It looks like a bib." She pushed his hand away quickly and stood looking out into the deserted square. "Isn't London a tomb on Sunday night?"

Alexander caught the agitation in her voice. He stood a little behind her, and tried to steady himself as he said: "It's soft and misty. See how white the stars are." For a long time neither Hilda nor Bartley spoke. They stood close together, looking out into the wan, watery sky, breathing always more quickly and lightly, and it seemed as if all the clocks in the world had stopped. Suddenly he moved the clenched hand he held behind him and dropped it violently at his side. He felt a tremor run through the slender yellow figure in front of him. She caught his handkerchief from her throat and thrust it at him without turning round. "Here, take it. You must go now, Bartley. Good night."

Bartley leaned over her shoulder without touching her and whispered in her ear: "You are giving me a chance?"

"Yes. Take it and go. This isn't fair, you know. Good night."

Alexander unclenched the two hands at his sides. With one he threw down the window and with the other — still standing behind her — he drew her back against him. She uttered a little cry, threw her arms over her head, and drew his face down to hers. "Are you going to let me love you a little, Bartley?" she whispered.

CHAPTER V

It was the afternoon of the day before Christmas. Mrs. Alexander had been driving about all morning, leaving presents at the houses of her friends. She lunched alone, and as she rose from the table she spoke to the butler: "Thomas, I am going down to the kitchen now to see Norah. In half an hour you are to bring the greens up from the cellar and put them in the library. Mr. Alexander will be home at three to hang them himself. Don't forget the step-ladder and plenty of tacks and string. You may bring the azaleas up from the cellar. Take the white one up to Mr. Alexander's study. Put the two pink ones in this room, and the red one in the drawing-room."

A little before three o'clock Mrs. Alexander went into the library to see that everything was ready. She pulled the window-shades high, for the weather was dark and stormy, and there was little light, even in the streets. A foot of snow had fallen during the morning, and the wide space over the river was thick with flying flakes that fell and wreathed the masses of floating ice. Winifred was standing by the window when she heard the front door open. She hurried to the hall as Alexander came stamping in, covered with snow. He kissed her joyfully and brushed away the drops of melting snow that fell on her hair.

"I wish I had asked you to meet me at the office and walk home with me, Winifred. The Common is beautiful. The boys have swept the snow off the pond and are skating furiously. Did the cyclamens come?"

"An hour ago. What splendid ones! But aren't you frightfully extravagant?"

"Not for Christmas-time. I'll go upstairs now and change my coat. I shall be down in a moment. Tell Thomas to get everything ready."

When Alexander reappeared, he took his wife's arm and went with her into the library. "When did the azaleas get here? Thomas has got the white one in my room."

"I told him to put it there."

"But, I say, it's much the finest of the lot!"

"That's why I had it put there. There is too much color in that room for a red one, you know."

Bartley began to sort the greens. "It looks very splendid there, but I feel piggish to have it. However, we really spend more time together there than we do anywhere else in the house. Will you hand me the holly?" He climbed up the step-ladder, which creaked under his weight, and began to twist the tough stems of the holly into the framework of the chandelier.

"I forgot to tell you that I had a letter from Wilson, this morning, explaining his telegram. He is coming on because an old uncle up in Vermont has conveniently died and left Wilson a little money — something like ten thousand. He's coming on to settle up the estate. Won't it be jolly to have him?"

"And how fine that he's come into a little money. I can see him posting down State Street to the steamship offices. He will get a good many trips out of that ten thousand. What can have detained him? I expected him here for luncheon."

"Those trains from Albany are always late. He'll be along some time this afternoon. And now don't you want to go upstairs and lie down for an hour? You've had a busy morning and I don't want you to be tired to-night."

After his wife went upstairs Alexander worked energetically at the greens for a few moments. Then, as he was cutting off a length of string, he sighed suddenly and sat down, staring out of the window at the snow. The animation died out of his face, but in his eyes there was a restless light, a look of apprehension

and suspense. He kept clasping and unclasping his big hands as if he were trying to realize something. The clock ticked through the minutes of a half hour and the afternoon outside began to thicken and darken turbidly. Alexander, since he first sat down, had not changed his position. He leaned forward, his hands between his knees, scarcely breathing, as if he were holding himself away from his surroundings, from the room and from the very chair in which he sat, from everything except the wild eddies of snow above the river on which his eyes were fixed with such feverish intentness, as if he were trying to project himself thither. It was not until Lucius Wilson arrived that Alexander roused himself, but then he seemed glad of distraction and he fairly fell upon his old instructor.

"Hello, Wilson. Welcome home! Come into the library. We are to have a lot of people to dinner to-night, and Winifred's lying down. You will excuse her, won't you? And now what about yourself? It's the greatest luck that we should have you for Christmas. Sit down and tell me everything."

"I think I'd rather move about, if you don't mind. I've been sitting in the train for a week, it seems to me." Wilson stood before the fire with his hands behind him and looked about the room. "You *have* been busy. Bartley, if I'd had my choice of all possible places in the world to spend Christmas, your house would certainly be the place I'd have chosen. Happy people perform a great service to their fellows simply by being happy. A house like this throws its warmth out. I felt it distinctly as I was coming through the Berkshires. I could scarcely believe that I was to see Mrs. Bartley again so soon."

"Thank you, Wilson. She'll be as glad to see you. Shall we have tea now? I'll ring for Thomas to clear away this litter. Winifred says I always wreck the house when I try to do anything. Do you know, I am quite tired. Looks as if I were not used to work, doesn't it?" Alexander laughed and dropped into a chair. "You know, I'm sailing the day after New Year's."

"Again? Why, you've been over twice since I was here in the spring, haven't you?"

"Oh, I was in London about ten days this summer. Went to escape the hot weather more than anything else. I sha'n't be gone for a month this time. Winifred and I have been up in Canada for most of the autumn. That Moorlock Bridge is on my back all the time. I never had so much trouble with a job before." Alexander moved about restlessly and fell to poking the fire.

"Haven't I seen in the papers that there is some trouble about a tidewater bridge of yours in New Jersey?"

"Oh, that doesn't amount to anything. It's held up by a steel strike. A bother, of course, but the sort of thing one is always having to put up with. But the Moorlock Bridge is a continual anxiety. You see, the truth is, we are having to build pretty well up to the strain limit up there. They've crowded me too much on the cost. It's all very well if everything goes right, but these estimates have never been used for anything of such length before. However, there's nothing to be done. They hold me to the scale I've used in shorter bridges. The last thing a bridge commission cares about is the kind of bridge you build."

When Bartley had finished dressing for dinner he went into his study, where he found his wife arranging flowers on his writing-table.

"These pink roses just came from Mrs. Hastings," she said, smiling, "and I am sure she meant them for you."

Bartley looked about with an air of satisfaction at the greens and the wreaths in the windows. "Have you a moment, Winifred? I have just now been thinking that this is our twelfth Christmas. Can you realize it?" He went up to the table and took her hands away from the flowers, drying them with his pocket handkerchief. "They've been awfully happy ones, all of them, haven't they?" he whispered. He took her in his arms and bent back, lifting her a little and giving her a long kiss. "You are happy, aren't you, Winifred? More than anything else in the world, I want you to be happy. Sometimes, of late, I've thought you looked as if something were troubling you."

"No; it's only when you are troubled and harassed that I feel worried, Bartley. I wish you always looked as you do to-night. But you don't always." She looked earnestly and inquiringly into his eyes.

Alexander took her two hands from his shoulders and swung them back and forth in his own, laughing his big blond laugh.

"I'm growing older, my dear; that's what you feel. Now may I show you something? I meant to save them until to-morrow, but I want you to wear them at dinner to-night." He took a little leather box out of his pocket and opened it. On the white velvet lay two long pendants of curiously worked old gold, each with a large pearl and a dozen small ones. Winifred uttered an exclamation and looked from the box to Bartley.

"Where did you ever find such gold work, Bartley?"

"It's old Flemish. Isn't it fine?"

"They are the most beautiful things, dear. But, you know, I never wear ear-rings."

"Yes, yes, I know. But I want you to wear them. I have always wanted you to. So few women can. There must be a good ear, to begin with, a good chin, and a nose" — he waved his hand — "above reproach. Most women look silly in them. They go only with faces like yours — very, very proud, and just a little hard."

Winifred laughed as she went over to the mirror and fitted the delicate springs to the lobes of her ears. "Oh, Bartley, that old foolishness about my being hard. It really hurts my feelings. But I must go down now. People are beginning to come."

Bartley drew her arm about his neck and went to the door with her. "Not hard to me, Winifred," he whispered. "Never, never hard to me."

Left alone, he paced up and down his study. He was at home again, among all the dear familiar things that spoke to him of so many happy years. His house to-night would be full of charming people, and they all liked and admired him. Yet all the time, underneath his pleasure and hopefulness and satisfaction, he was conscious of the vibration of an unnatural excitement. Amid all this light and warmth and friendliness, he sometimes started and shuddered, as if some one had stepped on his grave. Something had broken loose in him of which he knew nothing except that it was sullen and powerful, and that it wrung and tortured him. Sometimes it came upon him softly, in enervating reveries. Sometimes it battered him like the cannon rolling in the hold of the vessel. Always, now, it brought with it a sense of quickened life, of stimulating danger. To-night it came upon him suddenly, as he was walking the floor after his wife left him. It seemed impossible; he could not believe it. He glanced entreatingly at the door, as if to call her back. He heard voices in the hall below and knew that he must go down. Going over to the window, he looked out at the lights across the river. How could this happen here, in his own house, among the things he loved? What was it that reached in out of the darkness and thrilled him? As he stood there he had a feeling that he would never escape. He shut his eyes and pressed his forehead against the cold window-glass, breathing in the chill that came through it. "That this," he groaned, "that this should have happened to *me!*"

On New Year's day a thaw set in, and during the night torrents of rain fell. In the morning, the morning of Alexander's departure for England, the river was streaked with fog and the rain drove hard against the windows of the breakfast-room. Alexander had finished his coffee and was pacing up and down. His wife sat at the table, watching him. She was pale and unnaturally calm. When Thomas brought the letters, Bartley sank into his chair and ran them over.

"Here's a note from old Wilson. He's safe back at his grind, and says he had a bully time. 'The memory of Mrs. Bartley will make my whole winter fragrant.' Just like him. He will go on getting measureless satisfaction out of you by his study fire. What a man he is for looking on at life!" Bartley sighed, pushed the letters back impatiently, and went over to the window. "This is a nasty sort of day to sail. I've a notion to call it off. Next week would be time enough."

"That would only mean starting twice. It wouldn't really help you out at all," Mrs. Alexander spoke soothingly. "And you'd come back late for all your engagements."

Bartley began jingling some loose coins in his pocket. "I wish things would let me rest. I'm tired of work, tired of people, tired of trailing about." He looked out at the storm-beaten river.

Winifred came up behind him and put a hand on his shoulder.

"That's what you always say, poor Bartley! At bottom you really like all these things. Can't you remember that?"

He put his arm about her. "All the same, life runs smoothly enough with some people, and with me it's always a messy sort of patchwork. It's like the song; peace is where I am not. How can you face it all with so much fortitude?"

She looked at him with that warm, clear gaze which Wilson had so admired, which he had felt implied such high confidence and fearless pride. "Oh, I faced that long ago, when you were on your first bridge up at old Allway. I knew then that your paths were not to be paths of peace, but I decided that I wanted to follow them."

Bartley and his wife stood silent for a long time; the fire crackled in the grate, the rain beat insistently upon the windows, and the sleepy Angora looked up at them curiously.

Presently the butler made a discreet sound at the door. "Shall Edward bring down your trunks, sir?"

"Yes; they are ready. Tell him not to forget the big portfolio on the study table."

Thomas withdrew, closing the door softly. Bartley turned away from his wife, still holding her hand. "It never gets any easier to leave you, Winifred."

They both started at the sound of the car-

riage on the pavement outside. Alexander sat down and leaned his head on his hand. His wife bent over him. "Courage," she whispered softly. In a moment he rose sharply and rang the bell. Thomas brought his hat and stick and ulster. At the sight of these the supercilious Angora moved restlessly, quitted her red cushion by the fire, and came up, waving her tail in vexation at these ominous indications of change. Alexander hurriedly stooped to stroke her, and then plunged into his coat and drew on his gloves. His wife held his stick, smiling. He smiled too, and his eyes brightened. "I'll work like the devil, Winifred, and I'll be home again before you realize that I've gone." He kissed her quickly three times, hurried into the hall and out of the front door, and waved from the carriage as the driver was starting his melancholy, dripping black horses. Alexander snapped the door, and the clumsy vehicle lumbered away. He sat with his hands clenched on his knees. As the carriage turned up the hill, he lifted one hand and brought it down violently. "This time" — he spoke aloud and through his set teeth — "this time I'm going to end it!"

On the afternoon of the third day out, Alexander was sitting well to the stern, on the windward side where the chairs were few, two rugs over him and the collar of his fur-lined coat turned up about his ears. The weather had been dark and raw so far. For two hours he had been watching the low, dirty sky and the beating of the heavy rain upon the iron-colored sea. There was a long, oily swell that made exercise laborious. The decks smelled of damp woolens, and the air was so humid that drops of moisture kept gathering upon his hair and mustache. He seldom moved except to brush them away. The great open spaces made him passive and the restlessness of the water quieted him. He intended during the voyage to decide upon a course of action, but he held all this away from him for the present and lay in a blessed gray oblivion. Deep down in him somewhere his resolution was weakening and strengthening, ebbing and flowing. The thing that perturbed him went on as steadily as his pulse, but he was almost unconscious of it. He was submerged in the vast impersonal grayness about him, and at intervals the sidelong roll of the boat measured off time like the ticking of a clock. He felt released from everything that troubled and perplexed him. It was as if he had tricked and outwitted torturing memories, had actually managed to get on board without them. He thought of nothing at all. If his mind now and again picked a face out of the grayness, it was Lucius Wilson's, or the face of an old schoolmate forgotten for years, or it was the slim outline of a favorite greyhound he used to hunt jack-rabbits with when he was a boy.

Toward six o'clock the wind rose and tugged at the tarpaulin and brought the swell higher. After dinner Alexander came back to the wet deck, piled his damp rugs over him again, and sat smoking, resting his mind against the obliterating blackness and drowsing in the rush of the gale. Before he went below a few bright stars were pricked off between heavily moving masses of cloud.

The next morning was bright and mild, with a fresh breeze. Alexander felt the need of exercise even before he came out of his cabin. When he went on deck the sky was blue and blinding, with heavy whiffs of white cloud, smoke-colored at the edges, moving rapidly across it. The water was roughish, a cold, clear indigo breaking into whitecaps. Bartley walked for two hours, and then stretched himself in the sun until lunch-time.

In the afternoon he wrote a long letter to Winifred. Later, as he walked the deck through a splendid golden sunset, his spirits rose continually. It was agreeable to come to himself again after several days of numbness and torpor. He stayed out until the last tinge of violet had faded from the water. There was literally a taste of life on his lips as he sat down to dinner and ordered a bottle of champagne. He was late in finishing his dinner, and drank rather more wine than he had meant to. When he went above, the wind had risen and the deck was almost deserted. As he stepped out of the door a gale lifted his heavy fur coat about his shoulders, and, buttoning it as he went, he fought his way up the deck with a keen exhilaration. The moment he stepped, almost out of breath, behind the shelter of the stern, the wind was cut off, and he felt, like a rush of warm air, a sense of close and intimate companionship. He started back and tore open his coat as if something warm were actually clinging to him beneath it. He hurried up the deck and went into the saloon parlor, full of women who had retreated thither from the sharp wind. He threw himself upon them. He talked delightfully to the older ones and played accompaniments for the younger ones until the last sleepy girl had followed her mother below. Then he went into the smoking-room. He played bridge until two o'clock in the morning, and managed to lose a considerable sum of money without particularly noticing that he was losing.

After the break of one fine day the weather was pretty consistently dull. When the low sky thinned a trifle, the pale white spot of a sun did no more than throw a bluish luminousness over

the water, giving it the dark brightness of newly cut lead. Through one after another of those gray days Alexander drowsed and mused, drinking in the grateful moisture. But the complete peace of the first days of the voyage was over. Sometimes he rose suddenly from his chair as if driven out, and paced the deck for hours. People noticed his propensity for walking in rough weather, and watched him curiously as he did his rounds, tramping heavily in his long coat and soft gray hat, his hands in his pockets, his hard head erect. From his abstraction and the determined set of his jaw, they fancied he must be thinking about his bridge. Every one had heard of the new cantilever bridge in Canada.

But Alexander was not thinking about his work. After the fourth night out, when his will suddenly softened under his hands, he was continually hammering away at himself. There was a persistent strain of doubt in him, a strain of opposition to his own will. Some treacherous current in the midwaters of the Atlantic had caught him and was dragging him with it. There were moments, when he first wakened in the morning or when he stepped into a warm place after being chilled on the deck, when he felt a sudden painful delight at being nearer another shore.

CHAPTER VI

THE last two days of the voyage Bartley found almost intolerable. The slow steaming along the soft, somber Irish coast, the hungry cries of the sea-gulls that swooped about the vessel, the rise of white spray against the gray cliffs, the stop at Queenstown, the tedious passage up the Mersey, were things that he noted dimly through his growing impatience. He had business to attend to in Liverpool, and had planned to stop over there for several days; but, instead, he took the boat train for London.

Emerging at Euston at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, Alexander had his luggage sent to the Savoy and drove at once to Bedford Square. When Marie met him at the door, even her strong sense of the proprieties could not restrain her surprise and delight. She blushed and smiled and fumbled his card in her confusion before she ran upstairs. Alexander paced up and down the hallway, buttoning and unbuttoning his overcoat, until she returned and took him up to Hilda's living-room. The room was empty when he entered. A coal fire was crackling in the grate and the lamps were lit, for it was already beginning to grow dark outside. Alexander did not sit down. He stood his ground over by the windows until Hilda came in. She called his name on the threshold, but in her swift flight across the room she felt a change in him and caught herself up so deftly that he could not tell just when she did it. She merely brushed his cheek with her lips and put a hand lightly and joyously on either shoulder.

"Oh, what a grand thing to happen on a raw day! I felt it in my bones when I wakened up this morning that something splendid was going to turn up. I thought it might be sister Kate or cousin Mike would be happening along. I never dreamed it would be you, Bartley. But why do you let me chatter on like this? Come over to the fire; you're chilled through."

She took his hand and, drawing him over to the big chair by the fire, she sat down on a little stool at the opposite side of the hearth, her knees drawn up to her chin, laughing like a glad little girl. "When did you come, Bartley, and how did it happen? You haven't spoken a word."

"I got in about ten minutes ago. I landed at Liverpool this morning and came down on the boat train." Alexander leaned forward and warmed his hands before the blaze. Hilda watched him with perplexity, her chin propped on her hand.

"There's something troubling you, Bartley. What is it?"

Bartley bent lower over the fire. "It's the whole thing that troubles me, Hilda. You and I."

Hilda took a quick, soft breath. She looked at his heavy shoulders and big, determined head, thrust forward like a catapult in leash. "What about us, Bartley?" she asked in a thin voice.

He locked and unlocked his hands over the grate and spread his fingers close to the bluish flame, while the coals crackled and the clock ticked and a street vendor began to call under the window. At last Alexander brought out one word:

"Everything!"

Hilda was pale by this time, and her eyes were wide with fright. She looked about desperately from Bartley to the door, then to the windows, and back again to Bartley. She rose softly, touched his hair with her hand, then sank back upon her stool, where she huddled as if trying to obliterate herself.

"I'll do anything you wish me to, Bartley," she said tremulously. "I can't stand seeing you miserable."

"I can't live with myself any longer," he answered roughly. He rose and pushed the chair behind him and began to walk miserably about the room, seeming to find it too small for him. He pulled up a window as if the air were heavy. Hilda watched him from her corner, trembling and scarcely breathing, dark shadows growing about her eyes.

"It — it hasn't always made you miserable, has it?" Her eyelids fell and her lips quivered.

"Always. But it's worse now. It's unbearable. It tortures me every minute."

"But why *now?*" she asked piteously, wringing her hands.

He ignored her question. "I am not a man who can live two lives," he went on feverishly. "Each life spoils the other. I get nothing but misery out of either. The world is all there, just as it used to be, but I can't get at it any more. There is this deception between me and everything."

At that word "deception," spoken with such scorn and self-contempt, the color flashed back into Hilda's face as suddenly as if she had been struck by a lash. She bit her lip and looked down at her hands, which were clasped tightly in front of her. "Could you — could you sit down and talk about it quietly, Bartley, as if I were a friend, and not some one who had to be defied?"

He dropped back heavily into his chair by the fire. "It was myself I was defying, Hilda. I have thought about it until I am worn out." He looked at her and his haggard face softened. He put out his hand toward her absently as he looked away again into the fire. She crept noiselessly across to him, drawing her little stool after her, and looked up at him timidly. "When did you first begin to feel like this, Bartley?"

"After the very first. The first was — sort of in play, wasn't it?"

Hilda's face quivered, but she whispered: "Yes. I think it must have been. But why didn't you tell me when you were here in the summer?"

Alexander groaned. "I meant to, but somehow I couldn't. We had only a few days, and your new play was just on, and you were so happy."

"Yes, I was happy, wasn't I?" She pressed his hand gently in gratitude. "Weren't you happy then at all?" She closed her eyes and drew in her breath, as if to snatch again at the fragrance of those days. Something of their troubling sweetness came back to Alexander, too. He moved uneasily and his chair creaked.

"Yes, I was then. You know. But afterward . . . "

"Yes, yes," she hurried, pulling her hand gently away from him. Presently it stole back to his coat sleeve. "Please tell me one thing, Bartley. At least, tell me that you believe I thought I was making you happy."

His hand shut down quickly upon the questioning fingers on his sleeve. "Yes, Hilda; I know that," he said simply.

She leaned her head against his arm and spoke softly:

"You see, my mistake was in wanting you to have everything. I wanted you to eat all the cakes and have them, too. I somehow believed that I could take all the bad consequences for you. I wanted you always to be happy and handsome and successful — to have all the things that a great man ought to have, and, once in a way, the careless holidays that great men are not permitted."

Bartley gave a sharp, bitter little laugh, and Hilda looked up at his face and saw, in the deepening lines and the brooding droop of his brows, the warning of the oncoming middle years.

"I understand, Bartley. I was wrong. But I didn't know. You've only to tell me now. What must I do that I've not done, or what must I not do?" She listened intently, but she heard nothing but the creaking of his chair. "You want me to say it?" she whispered. "You want to tell me that you can only see me like this, as old friends do, or out in the world among people? I can do that."

"I can't," he said heavily.

Hilda shivered and sat still. Bartley leaned his head in his hands and spoke through his teeth. "It's got to be a clean break, Hilda. I can't see you at all, anywhere. What I mean is that I want you to promise never to see me again, no matter how often I come, no matter how hard I beg."

Hilda sprang up like a flame. She stood over him with her hands clenched at her side, her body rigid. "No!" she gasped. "It's too late to ask that. Do you hear me, Bartley? It's too late. I won't promise. It's abominable of you to ask me. Keep away if you wish; when have I ever followed you? But, if you come to me, I'll do as I see fit. The shamefulness of your asking me to do that! If you come to me, I'll do as I see fit. Do you understand? Bartley, you're cowardly!"

Alexander rose and shook himself angrily. "Yes, I know I'm cowardly. I'm afraid of myself. I don't trust myself any more. I carried it all lightly enough at first, but now I don't dare trifle with it. It's getting the better of me. It's different now. I'm growing older, and you've got my young self here with you. It's through him that I've come to wish for you all, and all the time." He took her roughly in his arms. "Do you know what I mean?"

Hilda held her face back from him and began to cry bitterly. "Oh, Bartley, what am I to do? Why didn't you let me be angry with you? You ask me to stay away from you because you want me! And I've got nobody but you. I

will do anything you say — but that! I will ask the least imaginable, but I must have *something!*"

Bartley turned away and sank down in his chair again. Hilda sat on the arm of it and put her hands lightly on his shoulders. "Just something, Bartley. I must have you to think of through the months and months of loneliness. I must see you. I must know about you. The sight of you, Bartley, to see you living and happy and successful — can I never make you understand what that means to me?" She pressed his shoulders gently. "You see, loving some one as I love you makes the whole world different. If I'd met you later, if I hadn't loved you so well — but that's all over, long ago. Then came all those years without you, lonely and hurt and discouraged; those decent young fellows and poor Mac, and me never heeding — hard as a steel spring. And then you came back, not caring very much, but it made no difference."

She slid to the floor beside him, as if she were too tired to sit up any longer. Bartley bent over and took her in his arms, kissing her mouth and her wet, tired eyes. "Don't cry, don't cry," he whispered. "We've tortured each other enough for to-night. Forget everything except that I am here."

"I think I have forgotten everything but that already," she murmured. "Ah, your dear arms!"

CHAPTER VII

DURING the fortnight that Alexander was in London he drove himself hard. He got through a great deal of personal business and saw a great many men. He disliked to think of his visits to London as holidays, and when he was there he worked even harder than he did at home.

The day before his departure for Liverpool was a singularly fine one. The thick air had cleared overnight in a strong wind which brought in a golden dawn and then fell off to a fresh breeze. When Bartley looked out of his windows from the Savoy, the river was flashing silver and the gray stone along the Embankment was bathed in bright, clear sunshine. London had wakened to life after three weeks of cold and sodden rain. Bartley breakfasted hurriedly and went over his mail while the hotel valet packed his trunks. Then he paid his account and walked rapidly down the Strand past Charing Cross Station. His spirits rose with every step, and when he reached Trafalgar Square, blazing in the sun, with its fountains playing and its column reaching up into the bright air, he signaled to a hansom, and, before he knew what he was about, told the driver to go to Bedford Square by way of the British Museum.

When he reached Hilda's apartment she met him, fresh as the morning itself. Her rooms were flooded with sunshine and full of the flowers he had been sending her. She would never let him give her anything else.

"Are you busy this morning, Hilda?" he asked as he sat down, his hat and gloves in his hand.

"Very. I've been up and about three hours, working at my part. We open in February, you know."

"Well, then you've worked enough. And so have I. I've seen all my men, my packing is done, and I go up to Liverpool this evening. But this morning we are going to have a holiday. What do you say to a drive out to Kew and Richmond? You may not get another day like this all winter. It's like a fine October day at home. May I use your telephone? I want to order the carriage."

"Oh, delightful! There, sit down at the desk. And while you are telephoning I'll change my dress. I'll be very quick. All the morning papers are on the table."

Hilda was back in a few moments, wearing a gray street-dress and a long gray squirrel coat and a broad fur hat.

Bartley rose and inspected her. "Why don't you wear some of those pink roses?" he asked.

"But they came only this morning and they have not even begun to open. I was saving them. I am so unconsciously thrifty!" She laughed as she looked about the room. "You've been sending me far too many flowers, Bartley. New ones every day. That's too often; though I do love to open the boxes, and I take good care of them."

"Why won't you let me send you any of those jade or ivory things you are so fond of? Or pictures? I know a good deal about pictures."

Hilda shook her large hat as she drew the roses out of the tall glass. "No, there are some things you can't do. There's the carriage. Will you button my gloves for me?"

Bartley took her wrist and buttoned the long gray suède glove slowly, looking down at her face. "How gay your eyes are this morning, Hilda."

"That's because I've been studying. It always stirs me up a little."

He pushed the top of the glove up slowly. "When did you learn to take hold of your parts like that?"

"When I had nothing else to think of. Come, the carriage is waiting. What a shocking while you take."

"I'm in no hurry. We've plenty of time."

They found all London abroad. Piccadilly was a stream of rapidly moving carriages, from which flashed furs and flowers and bright winter costumes. The metal trappings of the harnesses shone dazzlingly, and the wheels were bright revolving disks that threw off rays of light. The parks were full of children and nursemaids and joyful dogs that leaped and yelped and scratched up the brown earth with their paws.

"I'm not going until to-morrow, you know," Bartley announced suddenly. "I'll cut off a day in Liverpool. I haven't felt so jolly this long while."

Hilda looked up with a smile which she tried not to make too glad. "I think people were meant to be happy, a little," she said.

They had lunch at Richmond and then walked to Twickenham, where they had left the carriage. They drove back, with a glorious sunset behind them, toward the distant gold-washed city. It was one of those rare afternoons when all the thickness and shadow of London are changed to a kind of shining, pulsing, special atmosphere; when the smoky vapors become fluttering golden clouds, nacreous veils of pink and amber; when all that bleakness of gray stone and dulness of dirty brick trembles in aureate light, and all the roofs and spires, and one great dome, are floated in golden haze. On such rare afternoons the ugliest of cities becomes the most beautiful, the most prosaic becomes the most poetic, and months of sodden days are offset by a moment of miracle.

"It's like that with us Londoners, too," Hilda was saying. "Everything is awfully grim and cheerless, our weather and our houses and our ways of amusing ourselves. But we can be happier than anybody. We can go mad with joy, as the people do out in the fields on a fine Whitsunday. We make the most of our moment." She thrust her little chin out defiantly over her gray fur collar, and Bartley looked down at her and laughed.

"You are a plucky one, you." He patted her glove with his hand. "Yes, you are a plucky one."

Hilda sighed. "No, I'm not. Not about some things, at any rate. It doesn't take pluck to fight for one's moment, but it takes it to go without — a lot. More than I have. I can't help it," she added fiercely.

After miles of outlying streets and little gloomy houses, they reached London itself, red and roaring and murky, with a thick dampness coming up from the river, that betokened fog again to-morrow. The streets were full of people who had worked indoors all through the priceless day and had now come hungrily out to drink the muddy lees of it. They stood in long black lines, waiting before the pit entrances of the theaters — short-coated boys, and girls in sailor hats, all shivering and chatting gaily. There was a blurred rhythm in all the dull city noises — in the clatter of the cab horses and the rumbling of the 'buses, in the street calls, and in the undulating tramp, tramp of the crowd. It was like the deep vibration of some vast underground machinery, and like the muffled pulsations of millions of human hearts.

"Seems good to get back, doesn't it?" Bartley whispered as they drove from Bayswater Road into Oxford Street. "London always makes me want to live more than any other city in the world. You remember our priestess mummy over in the mummy-room, and how we used to long to go and bring her out on nights like this? Three thousand years! Ugh!"

"All the same, I believe she used to feel it when we stood there and watched her and wished her well. I believe she used to remember," Hilda said thoughtfully.

"I hope so. Now let's go to some awfully jolly place for dinner before we go home. I could eat all the dinners there are in London to-night. Where shall I tell the driver? The Piccadilly restaurant? The music's good there."

"There are too many people there whom one knows. Why not that little French place in Soho, where we went so often when you were here in the summer? I love it, and I've never been there with any one but you. Sometimes I go by myself, when I am particularly lonely."

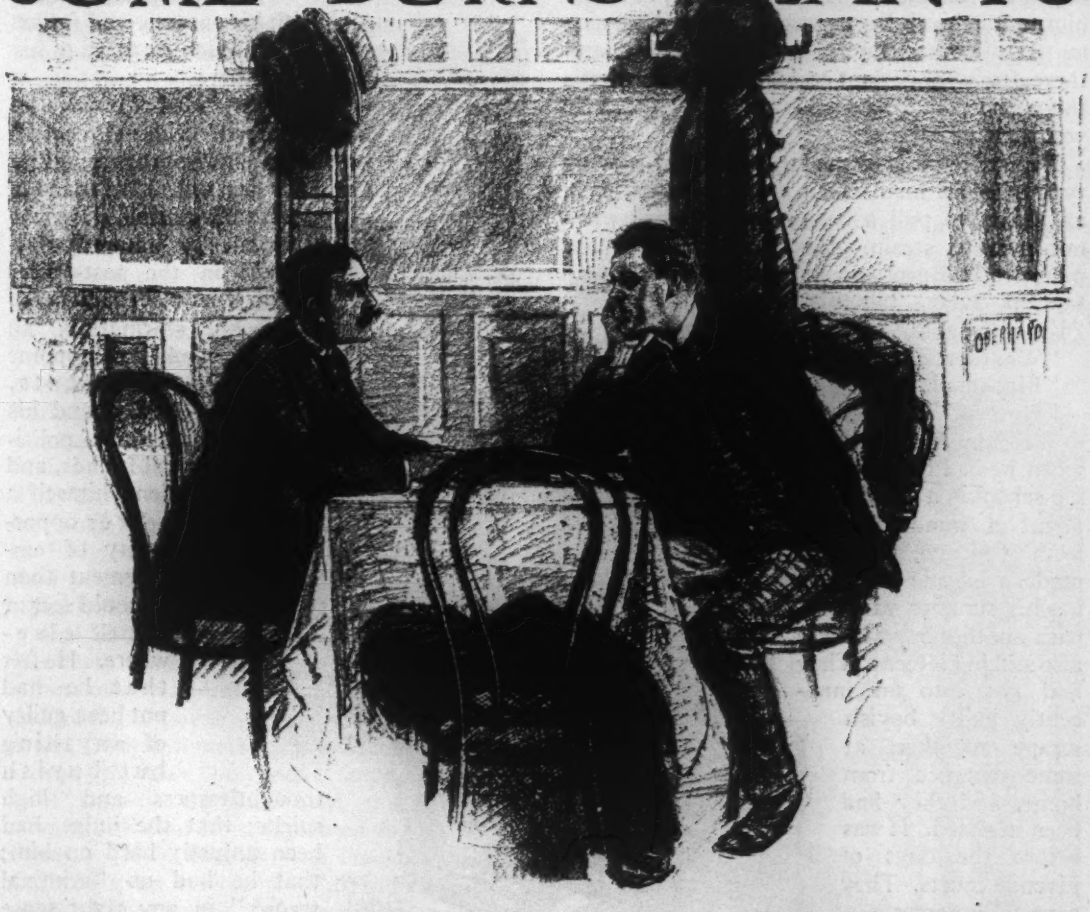
"Very well, the sole's good there. How many street-pianos there are about to-night! The fine weather must have thawed them out. We've had five miles of 'Il Trovatore' now. They always make me feel jaunty. Are you comfy, and not too tired?"

"I'm not tired at all. I was just wondering how people can ever die. Why did you remind me of the mummy? Life seems the strongest and most indestructible thing in the world. Do you really believe that all those people rushing about down there, going to good dinners and clubs and theaters, will be dead some day, and not care about anything? I don't believe it, and I know I sha'n't die, ever! You see, I feel too — too powerful!"

The carriage stopped. Bartley sprang out and swung her quickly to the pavement. As he lifted her in his two hands he whispered: "You are — powerful!"

TO BE CONTINUED

SOME BURNS PLANTS



GREAT CASES OF DETECTIVE BURNS

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

I

ONCE, some years ago, when William J. Burns was genially pervading Chicago (let us say) as an operative of the United States Secret Service, he met a young man whose name was *not* Al Richardson, though, for the purposes of public narrative, we may assume that it *was*. Burns had a desk in the office of the service, on the eighth floor of the Federal Building; and Richardson did *not* hold a financially responsible position in the post-office department on one of the lower floors of this same Federal Building, but it is convenient to suppose that he *did*, for then Burns might have met him in some governmental investigation of a case of misuse of the mails, and Richardson and he would have become friendly — since one naturally becomes friendly with Burns

NOTE: For obvious reasons proper names have been changed and recognizable details of character and incident have been disguised in this narrative beyond any possibility of identification.

unless Burns has some professional reason for preventing it.

They were not intimately friendly, however, nor warmly congenial; and when Richardson began to seek out Burns, at noon hour, to invite him to luncheon, Burns went the first time as a matter of course, the second time politely, and thereafter with patient curiosity. "Well, what's the matter, Al?" he asked, at last. "What do you want to tell me?"

Richardson was of the large and slow-moving type of office man whose efficiency consists in an ability to pull a heavy load of work without nervous strain. He gloomed a moment at Burns, across the restaurant table, biliously.

"I'm in trouble," he said.

"What sort of trouble?"

"Blackmail."

"How so?"

Well, in his boyhood, when he had been attending school in a small town about a hundred miles from Chicago, he had made a bicycle trip, during his summer vacation, with another boy who was also still in his teens. They had got into an innocently guilty boyish scrape together, at some distance from home, and they had been arrested. It was before the days of juvenile courts. They gave false names and addresses, and obviously lied about themselves "like hardened young criminals" — a thing which the magistrate found "more reprehensible in the eyes of this court" than the larceny of which they were undoubtedly guilty, and he sent them to jail, to teach them to tell the truth.

"'IT'LL TAKE EVERY CENT I HAVE IN THE WORLD!'"

They served out their brief sentence and were discharged without any one being any the wiser. When they reached home again, they were less sunburned than might have been expected and more silent about their travels than was quite natural in innocence, but no one suspected them, and they said nothing. Soon afterward the other boy, whose name was Morris (let us say), went to St. Louis, and Richardson lost track of him. He himself came to Chicago with his parents, and forgot about the hidden disgrace of his term in jail.

He was reminded of it when he found that his "criminal record" prevented him from entering the Civil Service, unless he made a false affirmation. He was practically assured of a place in the post-office; and, if he refused to make his affirmation, he would disappoint his parents, and offend his father's political friends, and deny himself a better opportunity of employment than he could see for himself elsewhere. He felt that he had not been guilty of anything but boyish thoughtlessness and high spirits; that the judge had been unjustly hard on him; that he had no "criminal record," in any right sense of the words. So he took a false oath and got his appointment.

And then, one day, on State Street, he met Morris, who had newly arrived from St. Louis to set up in business for himself. He had learned his trade as a watchmaker, and he had come to Chicago to invest his savings in a little shop of his own. He was boisterously glad to see Richardson, and almost at once he recalled the misadventure of their bicycle trip as one of the happy memories of their youth. Richardson asked him not to speak of it to any one, and Morris laughed. Richardson, to make him appreciate the necessity of secrecy, had to explain what a serious matter it had become for him. Morris promised, grinning, to be mum.

But Morris was having "money troubles." His savings had not gone as far in Chicago as he had hoped. He was desperately in need of three hundred dollars. He "struck" Rich-

ardson for it, and Richardson did not dare refuse him.

That was the beginning. It was all done in the way of friendship, and good-naturedly; but Morris continued in difficulties financially, and he came regularly to Richardson for aid. A man, of course, in all morality, should be either honest or a rogue, friendly or the opposite; and, if he is blackmailing you, you should be able to resent it. But it was one of the perplexities of Richardson's situation that Morris bled him with a smile, cordially. "You know, Al," he would say, "I'd do as much for *you*, any day. You've got a good place here, and you can trust me to see that nothing happens to upset your apple-cart. I'm *for* you, Al. Old friends ought to stand together that way, don't you think? It's been a rotten year in my business. I need the money worse than get out. You don't know what business worries are, Al. Nothing you've ever had on *your* mind keeps you awake nights the way worries about business'll do it. They're the limit. A snug job in the Civil Service looks like heaven to me sometimes. You're on Easy Street — as long as nothing leaks, eh? And you can bet your last bottom dollar nothing leaks through me."

And so forth. There were times when his jocularity seemed rather sinister and his smile almost mocking; but no threat was ever spoken, and he did not even voice his implied belief that it was "worth something" to Richardson to have his secret kept.

"I suppose he does need the money," Richardson explained to Burns. "He's been buying stock and fixing up his place. But I'm stuck. That's the trouble. He wants a couple of hundred more — and I haven't got it. And I told him so. And he got ugly about it. I can't quarrel with him. I don't know what he might do if he got sore; he's always had a yellow streak in him. But I haven't got the money. I've been lending him out of a little legacy that I got from an aunt that died two or three years ago, and I've got a sister, back home, that I ought to help. Her husband's sick — in the hospital — and they're looking to me. I can't tell them the money's all gone. They wouldn't believe me. I haven't even told my wife. And now here I am, up against it." He looked around him with a wavering, distressed eye. "It's an awful temptation for a man — handling money, the way I do, every day."

Burns asked: "How much has he got out of you?"

"Twenty-seven hundred dollars," Richardson said.

Burns nodded. One sentence in Richardson's explanation had suggested a plan to him by which he might handle the situation. If you aspire to compete with Burns in his profession, exercise your ability by finding that sentence. When you have found it, evolve from it a way in which it might be possible not only to stop the blackmailing but to recover the money already in Morris' hands. Burns evolved such a plan between questions.

He asked: "Where's his shop?"

Richardson told him.

"Well," he said, "I'll go and look him over. I'll drop in to see you

"'I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE STEALING THAT MONEY — OR I NEVER WOULD HAVE TAKEN A CENT OF IT'"

this afternoon. If he calls you up in the meantime, put him off until I can have a talk with you. Twenty-seven hundred dollars, eh?"

He went to find Morris' shop. It was on a cheap street, but it was itself smart and prosperous-looking, with clocks and watches and eye-glasses and the beginnings of a photograph department. Morris was bending over his work, just inside the window, his head cocked on one side and his magnifying-glass screwed into his eye. He had not the stoop of his trade; his shoulders were straight; his clothes were new; and his face, when he looked up at Burns, was well-fleshed and impassive. Burns introduced himself, across a show-case, as a Secret Service man; and Morris said "Yes?" indifferently.

"I wanted to ask you," Burns said, "how Al Richardson is spending his money."

Morris leaned back against his shelves and put his hands in his trousers pockets. "How he's spending his money? Why,"—he smiled defensively,—"I don't know. I don't know Al very well."

Burns said: "The shadow reports that he has seen you with Richardson several times."

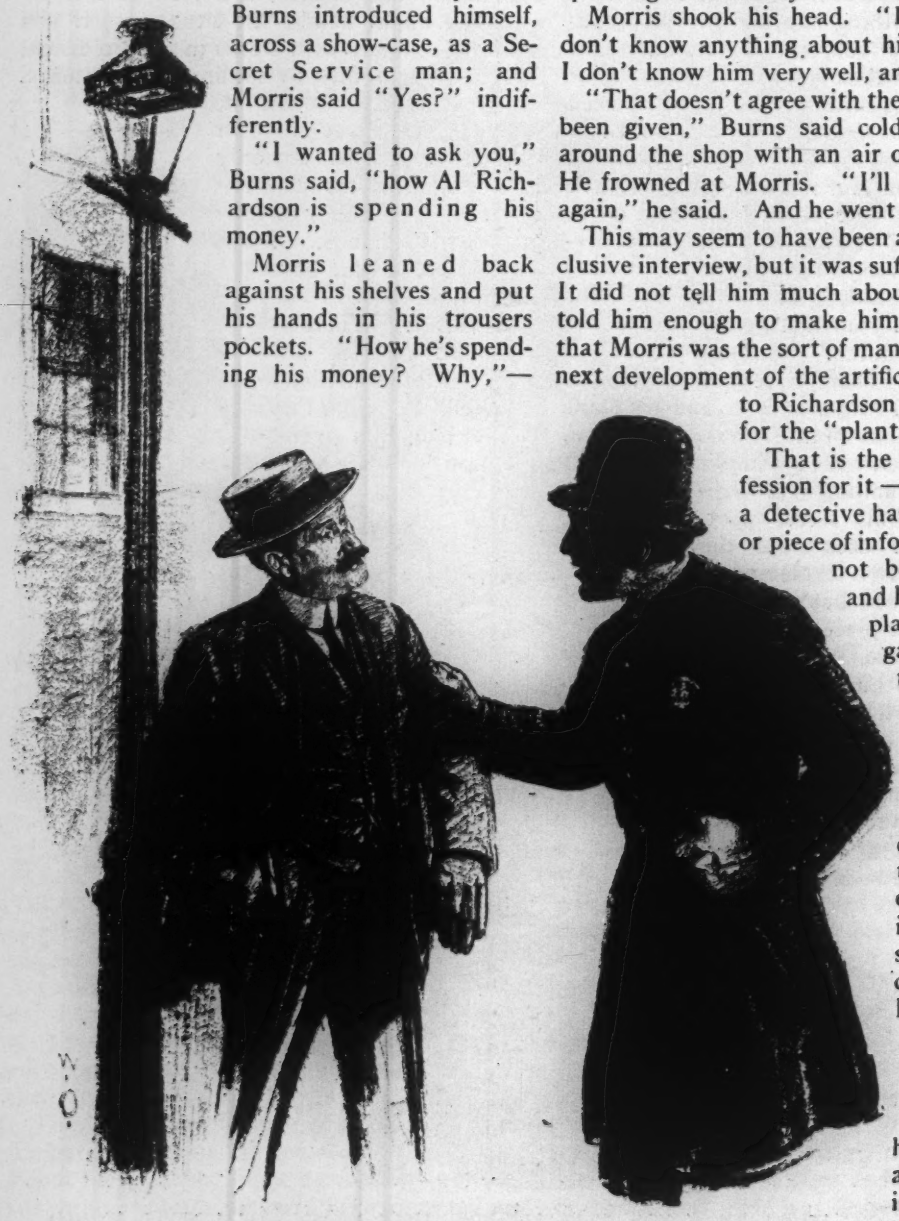
"The shadow?" The facial muscles that hold a watchmaker's lens in the eye-pit contracted nervously in Morris' cheek. "What's the matter?"

"I'm not in a position to tell you what's the matter," Burns said, "and I want to warn you that if you speak to Richardson of my visit here I shall have you prosecuted for obstructing justice. I simply want to know whether he's spending more money than he ought to."

Morris shook his head. "I don't know. I don't know anything about his private affairs. I don't know him very well, anyway."

"That doesn't agree with the information I've been given," Burns said coldly. He glanced around the shop with an air of dissatisfaction. He frowned at Morris. "I'll be in to see you again," he said. And he went out.

This may seem to have been a brief and inconclusive interview, but it was sufficient for Burns. It did not tell him much about Morris, but it told him enough to make him reasonably sure that Morris was the sort of man to "fall for" the next development of the artifice. He returned to Richardson to rehearse him for the "plant."



"'NOT A SIGN OF HIM, NOR ANYTHING THAT LOOKED LIKE HIM'"

That is the term of the profession for it — a plant. When a detective has to find a man or piece of information that can not be merely trailed and hunted, he lays a plant and traps his game; and it is by the devising of successful plants that Burns has made himself the figure of dread that he is to the criminals of our day. It is here that his shrewdness becomes abnormal. It is by means of his plants that he forces most of the confessions in which his cases end — as, for example, in the San Francisco graft prose-

cutions, where he made a circumstantial plant to catch the Board of Supervisors and then built a psychological plant for Ruef and talked him into it. In the McNamara cases, the finding of the dynamite that fixed the guilt indelibly was the result of a plant that kept one criminal blissfully unwarned of the fact that the others were in custody. It is by means of plants, devised by Burns and set out by his operatives, that he is able to do his work now, in the public eye, surrounded by reporters and as conspicuous as a chief of staff to the observation of the war correspondents.

He continually declares that good detective work is the triumph of "plain common sense," and he explains his cases with a frankness that leaves the secret of his success still invisible in the depths of an apparent transparency. But, between the large results which he obtains and the simple means by which he seems to obtain them, there is a mighty discrepancy. That hiatus conceals the genius of tactic and stratagem by which he stretches his means to reach his ends.

The plant he made for Morris was as simple as a lobster-pot, but as scientifically baited. He went over it in detail with Richardson. "I have him moving," he concluded, "in the direction that we want him to go. You just have to give him the lead, and if he doesn't come through I'll drop in on him to-morrow and give him the final shove. Don't overact — that's the chief thing. Let him do all the talking. Try to look worried, and keep your mouth shut."

"I guess I won't have much trouble trying to look worried," Richardson complained.

Imagine him arriving at Morris' shop at six o'clock that evening, tired, unhappy, and not sanguine of any possible success. "What's the matter, Al?" Morris asked at once. And the affair proceeded somewhat as follows:

Richardson looked guilty and hang-dog — but not for the reason that Morris would naturally imagine. "I'm in trouble," he said.

"What's the matter? What's up?"

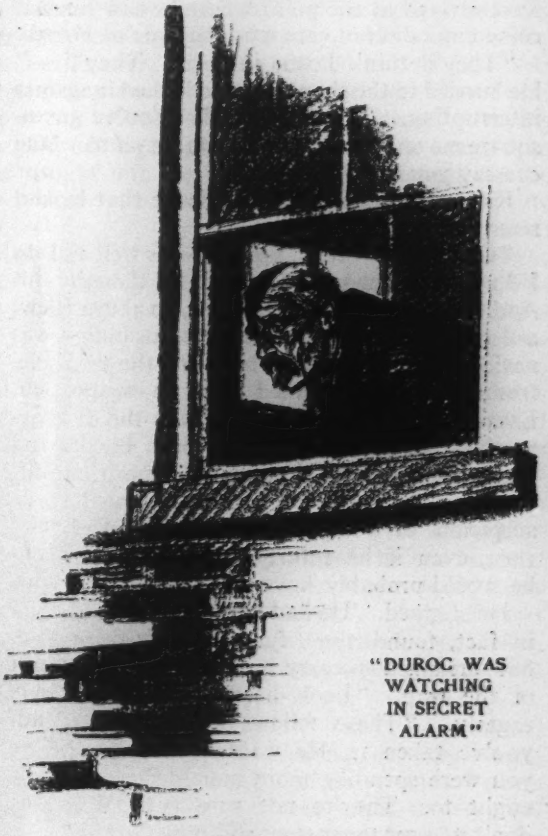
"Well — the government detectives are after me."

"I know," Morris said under his voice. "One of them was in here this afternoon, asking *me* about you — how you were spending your money. He said they'd seen us together."

Richardson accepted the alarming information with the heaviness of apathetic despair. He sat down, because his knees were weak with nervousness. He did not speak.

"What's the matter? What have you been doing?"

He answered hoarsely: "I'm short in my accounts."



"DUROC WAS WATCHING IN SECRET ALARM"

"Great Scott!" Morris stared at him. "How much?"

"Thirty-five hundred dollars," Richardson answered, by instruction.

"Thirty-five — What! Why, what in —— have you been doing with it?"

"Well, darn your eyes," Richardson flared up, with a resentment that was not assumed, "you got twenty-seven hundred of it!"

Morris, in a blinking silence, studied Burns' little trap a moment, and then walked into it. "The detectives don't know *that*, do they?"

"If they don't," Richardson said, "they'll find it out when they see my bank account."

"But hold on!" Morris cried. "I can't be mixed up in a thing like this, Al. I didn't know you were stealing that money — or I never would have taken a cent of it."

"Where did you think I was getting it?"

"I don't — I didn't — Why, look here, Al, I can't stand for this sort of thing." He came around the counter excitedly. "You're not going to involve me in a mess like this, are you? This is the limit! I've got to get married next month. I — I can't stand to get mixed up in any scandal like this! Like as not they'll — What are you going to tell them?"

Richardson did not answer. He seemed to

have arrived at the point where he saw himself ruined and did not care what became of Morris.

"They'll think I was in on it! They'll —" He hurried to the shop door and locked it against interruption. "Look here, Al. You've got to square me on it *some* way. You've *got* to. You can say you owed it to me."

Richardson maintained a silence that looked resentful.

"Can't you? Why, you know as well as I do I'd never touched a cent of it if I'd thought —" And suddenly he began to curse, to abuse Richardson, to air an honest and righteous indignation profanely, to thresh around the trap from which there seemed to be no escape. Even if Richardson concealed from the detectives the fact that he had been blackmailed,— which he showed no disposition to do,— how could he, Morris, escape the suspicion of complicity in theft? And, then, even if he returned the money, as he would probably have to ——

He stopped. He had an idea. He had, in fact, found the "funnel" that Burns had arranged to carry him into the heart of the trap. "Look here, Al," he said eagerly. "These fellows can't be sure you've taken it. He wanted to know if you were spending more money than you ought to. They're not sure yet. Why don't you get the money and put it back?"

"Where could *I* get it, to put it back?"

"Well, hang it," Morris cried, "if you had it, could you *do* it?"

"Yes," he mumbled, "I guess I could, if I *had* it."

Morris made a gesture of agonized exasperation. "You darned, driveling ——! Thirty-five hundred dollars!" He almost wept. "It'll take every cent I have in the world!" He went to his little safe and grabbed out his bank-books to consult them. "And I tell you," he threatened, "you needn't ever come to me when you get into the next scrape!"

He was eloquent. He was emotional. He was incredibly execrative. He was altogether comic. But he wrote checks and gave notes to cover the entire amount; and Richardson hurried off with them to report to Burns.

"That's all right now," Burns said. "You owe him eight hundred dollars. Pay it back to him in small instalments of about ten dollars a month, and he'll not trouble you for any more blackmail."

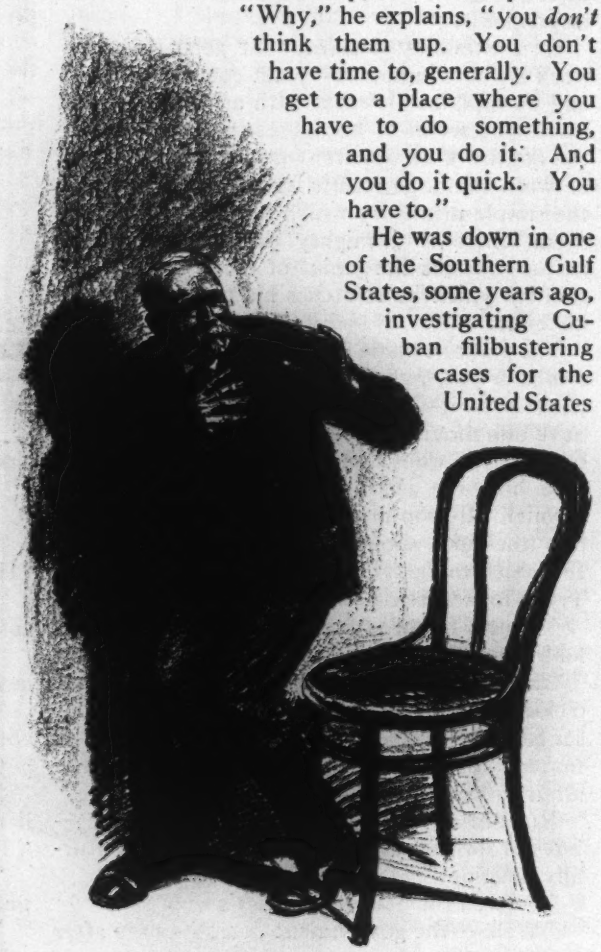
And he never did. He probably felt that he could not afford to be too intimate with a defaulter; and Richardson bore the stigma of this second count in his "criminal record" less unhappily than he had the first.

II

There is scarcely a case in Burns' career that does not show some such bit of effective ingenuity, and you might fill a book with interesting short stories of them, for they have usually, in their conclusions, the plotted "surprise" of a clever French *conte*. When you ask him how he ever "thinks them up," he looks puzzled.

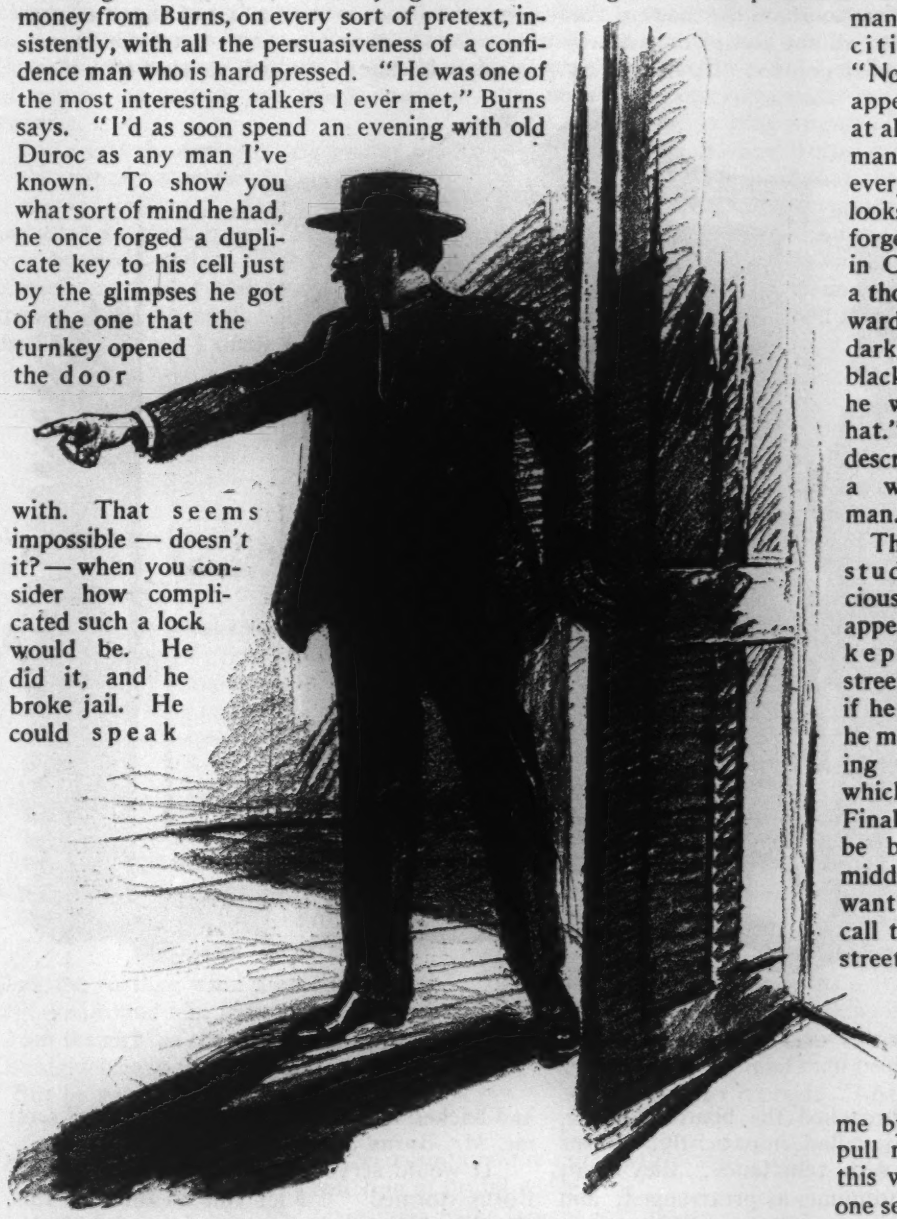
"Why," he explains, "you *don't* think them up. You don't have time to, generally. You get to a place where you have to do something, and you do it. And you do it quick. You have to."

He was down in one of the Southern Gulf States, some years ago, investigating Cuban filibustering cases for the United States government; and he had with him an old counterfeiter named (let us say) Duroc, who had turned State's evidence against his confederates in a case that was then pending. His life was threatened, and the authorities had put him in Burns' charge to protect him until after the trial. Burns and he were "under cover" in a quiet boarding-house, and the government was sending Burns a small allowance for Duroc's expenses.



"'DON' SCOLT ME, MR. BURNS. DON' SCOLT ME!'"

Duroc was a well-educated, highly cultured old swindler, of distinguished foreign appearance. He was accustomed to having plenty of money to spend, when he was not in jail for obtaining it fraudulently; and he was never done complaining to Burns of the meagerness of his Washington allowance, or of trying to borrow money from Burns, on every sort of pretext, insistently, with all the persuasiveness of a confidence man who is hard pressed. "He was one of the most interesting talkers I ever met," Burns says. "I'd as soon spend an evening with old Duroc as any man I've known. To show you what sort of mind he had, he once forged a duplicate key to his cell just by the glimpses he got of the one that the turnkey opened the door with. That seems impossible — doesn't it? — when you consider how complicated such a lock would be. He did it, and he broke jail. He could speak half a dozen languages, and he had knocked about the world for fifty years. I could sit and listen to him by the hour — when he wasn't trying to coax money out of me."



"BURNS STRODE INTO DUROC'S ROOM WITH A FACE OF ANGRY ACCUSATION"

After they had been together about two weeks, Burns thought he detected less sincerity in Duroc's pleas for money. He was as insistent as ever, but there seemed to be a false note in his manner. And, one morning, when Burns went off on his filibustering cases,— leaving Duroc in the boarding-house, as usual,— he sought out the policeman on the beat, in the manner of a private citizen, and said: "Now, I don't want to appear in this matter at all, but I've seen a man going by here every morning who looks to me like a forger that's wanted in Chicago. There's a thousand dollars reward for him. He's dark, with a drooping black mustache, and he wears a Panama hat." And Burns described, in detail, a wholly imaginary man.

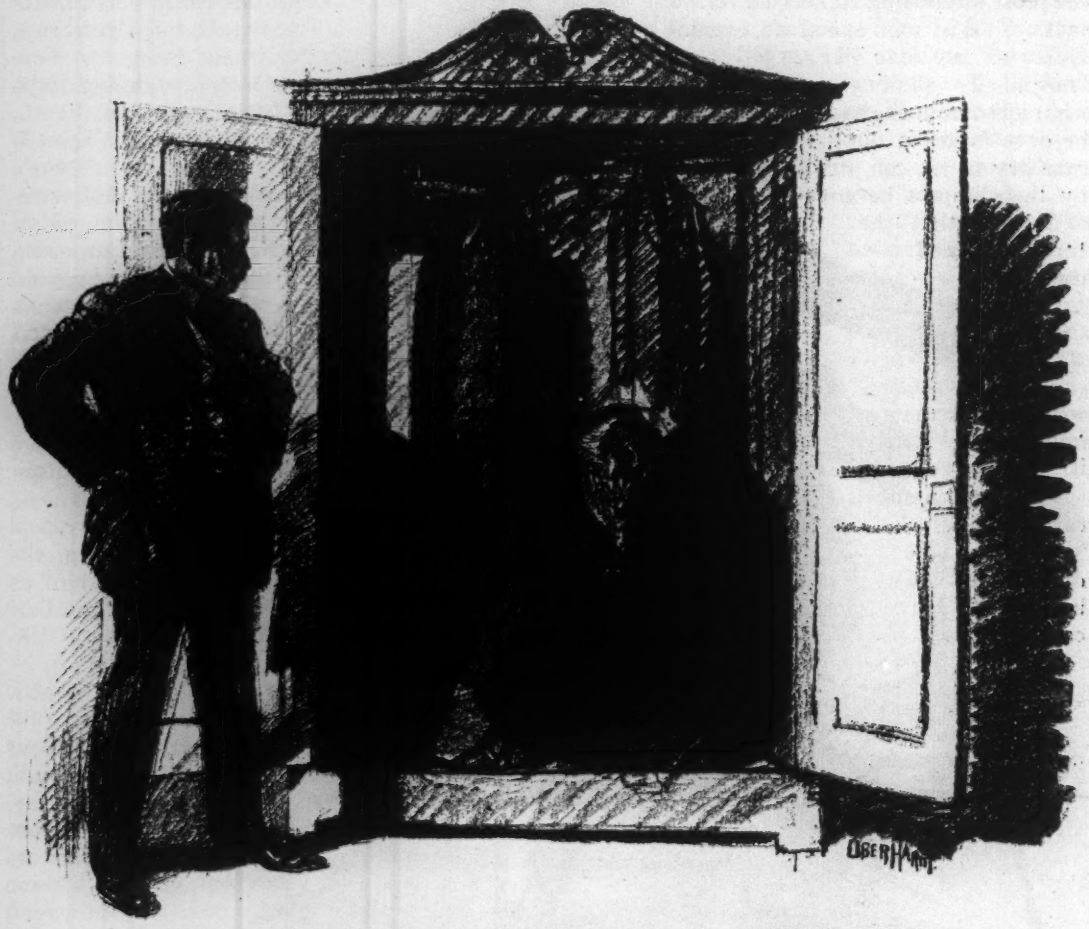
The policeman studied him suspiciously, and Burns appeared uneasy, and kept watching the street behind him as if he were afraid that he might be seen talking to an officer — which, indeed, he *was*. Finally he said: "I'll be back here about midday, and, if you want to speak to me, call to me across the street and beckon to me. I'll come across the road slowly and sort of hang back, and you catch me by the sleeve and pull me up to you,— this way,— so, if any one sees us, he'll know it's the first time I spoke to you."

The policeman showed, by the glint in his eyes, that he could see through the holes in a ladder. Here was one criminal betraying another!

"I live in that big white house." Burns pointed it out. "He's probably stopping some-

where about five or six doors down. If you wait opposite my place, you ought to see him when he comes out, no matter which way he goes."

The policeman swallowed it, as Burns says, "bait, hook, and sinker"; and Burns went on, to attend to his filibustering cases. When he returned at the noon hour, he saw the officer opposite the boarding-house, in the shade of the trees, watching with all the conspicuous alertness of a full-blooded pointer. To Burns, as the detective approached the boarding-house, he beckoned and called impatiently. Burns crossed to him with reluctance; they went through their pantomime, as prearranged; and Burns, manoeuvering so as to see the boarding-house over the officer's shoulder, asked: "Has he gone by?"



"WHEN BURNS RELEASED HIM FROM THE CLOTHES CLOSET, DUROC BETRAYED THE WHOLE STORY OF THE SWINDLE"

"Not a sign of him. Nor anything that looked like him!"

Burns could see Duroc standing back from the window of his room, watching with all his eyes, crouching in an attitude of secret alarm. He did not have his usual pipe in his mouth — a sufficient indication of worried anxiety to satisfy the detective.

"Well, that's queer!" he said to the policeman. "Wait a minute till I find out whether any one in the house has seen him."

He crossed quickly, ran upstairs to Duroc's room, and strode in with a face of angry accusation. One look at him was enough for Duroc. He threw his hands out as if to ward off a blow, and backed into the wall, pleading, "Don' scolt me, Mr. Burns. Don' scolt me!"

"It would serve you right, you old crook," Burns stormed, "if I let you do time for this. Here!" He pulled open the door of a clothes closet. "Get in here." Duroc cringed into it. "See if you can keep straight in there long enough to —" He locked him in, put the key in his pocket, and went downstairs again. After a sufficient interval he returned to the policeman.

"The old lady," he explained, "says she saw him go by about seven last night, with a suit-

case. I guess he's skipped." He made his apologies to the disappointed officer, walked to the street corner with him, gave him a cigar, promised to let him know if the forger returned, and got rid of him amicably. Then he went back to the house.

When he released Duroc from the clothes closet, it was in the glaring silence of an indignation that seemed beyond words, and Duroc immediately began to explain, to apologize, and, of course, to betray the whole story of the swindle.

"Where's the money?" Burns cut in.

"I sent two t'ousant dollars to my vife ——"

Burns says: "I almost fainted. He had swindled an old German couple out of twenty-five hundred dollars, and kept five hundred himself, and sent the rest to his wife. He turned up all but twelve dollars of his five hundred for me, and I made him wire her to send hers back at once. She had only just received it, and she hadn't had time to spend a cent, so there was only the missing twelve to be made good out of my own pocket. When I took it all back to the old German and his wife, and warned them not to be investing their savings with strangers, they kept saying: 'But he vass sooch a nice oldt man! He vass sooch a nice oldt man!' He was, too. But I'd have looked pretty — wouldn't I? — if he had got away with that game right under my nose!"

The point is that he not only did *not* "get away" with it, but Burns caught him on so faint a scent of crime that the money was returned before Duroc's victims began even to suspect that there had been a crime committed. Burns tells the story as an interesting reminiscence of Duroc. It is doubtful whether any reminiscence of Burns will give a better instance of his uncanny skill.

THE SOLDIER'S TENT

A Folk-Song translated from the Rumanian by Carmen Sylva

ACROSS the mountains the mist hath drawn
A covering of bridal white;
The plains afar make lament and mourn
That the flutt'ring veil of the mist-wreaths born
Hath hidden the mountains from sight.

The soldier lay smiling peacefully,
Asleep in his tent on the sward.
The moon crept in and said: "Look at me;
A glance from thy sweetheart am I for thee!"
But he answered: "I have my sword."

Then the rustling wind drew softly near,
Played round him with whispers light:
"I am the sighs of thy mother dear;
The sighs of thy mother am I — dost hear?"
But he answered: "I have the fight."

Then night sank down from the dark'ning sky
Round the sleeper, and murmured: "Rest;
Thy sweetheart's veil o'er thy face doth lie!"
But he answered: "No need of it have I,
For the banner doth cover me best."

By his tent the river, clear and wide,
Rolled onward its silver flood,
And said: "I am water, the cleansing tide
More blessed than aught in the world beside."
But he answered: "I have my blood."

Then sleep drew near to his tent, and low
She whispered with soothing breath:
"I am sleep, the healer of ev'ry woe,
The dearest treasure of man below."
But the soldier replied: "I have death."

Across the mountains the mist hath drawn
A covering of bridal white;
The plains afar make lament and mourn
That the flutt'ring veil of the mist-wreaths born
Hath hidden the mountains from sight.

"'ALAS! ALAS!' SHE MOANED, 'WHAT SHALL I DO IN THIS LAND?'"

THE GIFT OF TONGUES

by Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke

Author of "The Rug of Her Fathers," "Ten Pieces of Silver," etc.

Illustrations by Wladyslaw T. Benda

LONG before Najeeb Baddour left Beirut he was possessed of an overwhelming ambition. Like most of the ambitions of a ten-year-old boy, it was none the less violent because of its seeming triviality; indeed, to him it was not trivial, it was colossal. He wanted a parrot.

He had wanted a parrot ever since the eventful day when his mother had sent him to sell pomegranates at the German plow-salesman's house. It had happened that while he waited in the outer courtyard he heard a shrill voice crying, "*Guten Tag.*" Najeeb had saluted, as became a little Syrian who could not talk German, and had, moreover, murmured an apology, "*La tawakhizna,*" to the hidden stranger; for Umn Butrus, his fellow countrywoman, had gone within to show the fruit to her mistress, and Najeeb was standing all alone, watching a gray-and-crimson bird that was chained to a shining brass perch. And, while he gazed admiringly at the feathered one, the uncanny creature had opened its beak and in his own tongue cried out: "*Bass baqua!*" ("Shut up!")

Najeeb fled, nor did he return for his money until sharply commanded by his mother. But when the little Syrian, trembling with awe, had once more stood before the courtyard gate, stammering that he wanted his basket and eyeing the bird warily, the German lady had come out, laughing, to give him an extra coin to cure him of his fright, and had made Umn Butrus explain that her feathered pet was not possessed of an evil spirit, but endowed by Allah with the gift of speech. Then she solemnly introduced the bird to the youthful fruit vendor, coaxing him to extend a friendly claw, while the enraptured child learned to say "*Guten Tag.*" So that Najeeb had gone home with his dusky eyes gleaming with excitement and his heart almost bursting with his first important ambition. He must possess a parrot!

Only the optimistic hope of childhood could have fostered such a longing on the part of so poverty-stricken a child as Najeeb Baddour. A miracle alone could have satisfied such an aspiration. For Najeeb's mother was poor and dwelt in a hut on the hillside, waiting until his father, a political prisoner, should be free and take them with him to America, where Najeeb's uncle awaited them.

This pleasing possibility made Najeeb rather a hero with his fellows, but it sometimes seemed to his mother as remote a probability as the possession of a parrot. But at length a wonderful day arrived — the day that brought a letter from her brother, with their passage money inclosed; and the letter said, moreover, — for so read Elias the scribe, squatting in his stall in the market-place,— that the sender had procured much lace-work for his sister's employment, so that she should not be a pensioner on his scanty bounty until such time as her husband could claim her.

All of which Najeeb, as tiny as seven and as wise as seventy, gravely reported to the mother,

who had waited at home, trembling, for to her a letter was an awesome thing.

Until the day of their sailing he strutted proudly, as became an adventurer, boasting, in the half dozen Syriac dialects at his command, of the wonder world to which they were going. And always he would end the tale with a glowing account of the many possessions that were awaiting them, chief among which should be a parrot.

His mother was not sanguine, and before the lovely shore of Beirut was gray in the distance her spirit broke completely, and she wept extravagantly, beating her breast after the manner of her people. She entreated her fellow passengers to care for her soon-to-be-orphaned son, and wailed out her grief to Allah. But Najeeb, whose first attempt at maritime travel was proving far more agreeable than his mother's, waved away the curious and knelt to comfort his travel-frightened mother.

"Do not weep!" he besought her in tender Arabic. "We are going to the lovely land of Brooklyn, where my uncle awaits us! Think not of the execrable boat, little mother of my heart, but think of the land to which it takes us. This sickness-of-boat — my uncle foretold it, so do not weep!"

Umn Najeeb's "sickness-of-boat," however, did not yield to her son's optimistic babble, and on the fourth day of the journey the ship's doctor, who was very French, went down into the steerage to attend her. Najeeb prostrated himself before the physician and tried in all the vocabulary at his command to talk with him.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" cried the Frenchman. "You chatter like a monkey."

All of which Najeeb, fancying this to be a form of salutation, gravely repeated, to the uproarious amusement of those who listened. This was Najeeb's first attempt at French, but before many days he actually was "chattering like a monkey" in the doctor's own tongue, to that gentleman's vain delight.

"It is I who taught him," exclaimed the excitable man, on one occasion, when he was exhibiting the prodigy.

"It is not thou, but Allah — *mon Dieu* — who has done it," Najeeb answered gravely. "Me — I have the gift of tongues."

Next to the ship's doctor, Najeeb's most interesting acquaintance aboard ship was Solomon Kalish, a nine-year-old Jew who came from Odessa and possessed the fascinating ability of wriggling his ears like a rabbit and wrinkling his nose like a hound. Najeeb spent many weary hours trying to imitate his new friend's accomplishments, but all in vain. During the process, however, he picked up scraps of wee Solomon's rather limited vocabulary, and presently the two little heathen were carrying on animated conversations, much to the amusement of a German steward who watched them. The fat steward sat down beside them often, laughing profusely at Najeeb's patient efforts to acquire Yiddish.

"Fransch!" he chuckled. "Ya — he talk Fransch; Cherman I teach him a leedle; and now Yiddischer he learns. For why Yiddischer? To help mit English — yes?"

But English came harder. All of the last long lap of the five weeks' journey to the wonderland of Brooklyn, Najeeb labored with the elusive "Ameercan En'leesch" that a fellow countryman who had boarded the ship at Gibraltar tried to impart to him. Nevertheless, he accomplished this task after a fashion, and fell upon the uncle who greeted them at Ellis Island with a joyous: "Mon oncle! good affernoon, seer! Weelcoom to our ceety!"

While his uncle struggled with the official formalities, the dusky little traveler sat for a long time on a date-sack filled with various household belongings of his mother's.

"Alas! alas!" she moaned, as she waited beside him for the almost interminable proceedings to drag to their weary end. "What shall I do in this land? Just now I asked a man over there for water, and he cursed me — no one heeds what I say!"

"*Bass baqua!*" answered Najeeb, who was already absorbing a heathen disrespect for his elders. "He did not understand thee. Me, I will ask him, for I have the gift of tongues!"

"Vain child!" scolded his mother proudly. "That is no reason for talking too much. The parrot, he is not so wise as the owl!"

The precocious Najeeb ceased to be the linguist and became the child.

"But he is more fun, my mother," he chattered saucily. "Oh, wilt thou buy me a parrot? Wilt thou, little mother of my heart?"

"Yea, I will buy thee a parrot," she promised recklessly, "for in the land of Brooklyn I shall earn much money."

"Mon oncle," babbled Najeeb, later, as he trotted manfully at his relative's side, "what in Ameercan En'leesch is the way you would say the bird-that-talks?"

His uncle laughed. "Parrod!" he said.

"Parrod!" mimicked Najeeb gravely. "Me, I ees come ad Ameerca, an' weel haf parrod!"

And now at length they had reached the last stage of their journey. They disembarked from the ferry and amid much confusion crowded toward a doorway that seemed to lead into the depths of the earth and through which many persons disappeared like ants into a sand-hill.

Umn Najeeb paled under her swarthy skin, and her son clung to her and wept and cursed in his native language.

"Path of the jinns!" he howled above the roar of a South Ferry subway express. "This is the path of gray devils. Though Allah protect us, I will not get into this evil place!"

His uncle grabbed him and thrust him panting into a corner seat, and one in authority slammed the door, screaming, "Bowlin' Grane!" which seemed to Najeeb such a frightful word that he howled anew, a long, minor, shuddering desert wail.

"Be silent!" commanded his uncle, "or you will never live to get a parrot."

And, though the train rushed so madly that Najeeb's soul shrank within him, he was silent. His longing for the parrot was so great that he would have journeyed to the infernal regions themselves for the much-desired feathered one.

But, though he looked eagerly from the moment when he clambered out of the awe-inspiring subway, he saw no parrots. Only pavement-stones, only dreary houses, only strange rushing people, and at length stairs, many stairs, up which he clambered, dragging the heavy date-sack behind him. And on a hard little bed that night he sobbed out his disillusions of the land of Brooklyn. For it was not a lovely land, and there were no parrots.

Dreary days followed. Timidity kept him indoors, close at his mother's side; it took force to drive him into the world without. But while he sat, one morning, on the door-sill, sniffling miserably, there came to him his first gleam of hope.

"THE UNCANNY CREATURE OPENED ITS BEAK AND CRIED OUT, 'SHUT UP!'"

Dusky-eyed and lovely, smiling as she pushed a battered perambulator in which a chubby baby laughed and played, there approached a wee maiden of his own people, who greeted him shyly.

"Art thou come from Beirut?" she murmured in pretty Arabic. "Me, I came from there also, and lonely was I, even as thou; but I had with me this baby!" She stooped and rapturously kissed the cooing infant. "Thees ees Antar Sewaya," she said, unconsciously slipping back to her adopted tongue, "th' mos' bes' babee een Ameerca!"

Najeeb rose excitedly.

"Have you a parrot also?" he demanded.

Little Nazileh Sewaya laughed.

"We haf no parrot," she said; "but me, I know a ladee 'oo haf one. Eet ees red, eet ees green, eet ees ver' many colors, an' efery day eet says"— she broke off, giggling, as she quoted the amusing bird — "'Ow mooch!'"

Najeeb pranced up and down in delight.

"Lead me there!" he cried. "Lead me there at once!"

"Thees affernoon I go thither ad Meesis Leebweetz — eet ees she ad whom belongs thees funnee bird. I go weeth the laces that my mothaire makes for Meesis Leebweetz; she does say she will pay more than Nikola Haddad — eet ees ad heem that Umn Antar, my mothaire, deed sell her lace."

Najeeb scowled. "My mother," he said in grave Arabic, "also can make lace, and she also will sell lace — to buy me a parrot."

And then he fled upward to tell all this to his mother, who sat already making little wheels of lace after a pattern that was being used by her industrious sister-in-law.

"HE WAS BLISSFULLY UNCONSCIOUS OF HIS GROTESQUE APPEARANCE"

In the afternoon, when Nazileh trudged up Atlantic Avenue with her mother's handiwork, her new-found friend trotted gravely at her side. His dark eyes gleamed expectantly, his thick lips were parted in an anticipatory smile, he was blissfully unconscious of his grotesque appearance as he hurried along in his queer little dull blue *âbâyeh* and his clattering *kob-kobs*.

Soon a polyglot train of little citizens was following them: Geraldine Schmidt, the Dutch baker lady's daughter, who giggled foolishly as she tucked a currant bun into her ever-hungry pink mouth; Tommy O'Brien, his gray eyes dancing impishly as he winked at Nazileh; and, last but not least, many of Najeeb's compatriots, headed by the small Cassettlys, who jeered even more loudly than the others.

The usually gentle Nazileh turned on them angrily. "Eet ees nod nice!" she cried hotly. "Eet ees ver' rude! Me, I theenk eet ees ver' bad of you to make a fooleeschness of Najeeb, 'oo ees jus' come out of Syree-ah!"

"Oh, ho!" teased Geraldine. "He is a joking — this one that you call Nosheep!"

"Gee," snickered Tommy O'Brien. "Emmygrants is funny! Get on to his shoes. Gosh! but he needs a hair-cut!"

All this Najeeb, with downcast eyes, endured. Indeed, his scanty stock of English did not make it possible for him to comprehend the nature of their taunts. He only knew that he was being made fun of, and he resented it with all the passion of his Oriental soul. But when he saw Nazileh's tears he looked up with flashing eyes and observed a compatriot in the gutter doing something that was far more insulting than the meaningless taunts of foreigners.

Selim Cassettly, secure behind Tommy O'Brien's broader shoulders, was "making a five," that curious Oriental stretching of the fingers that means derisive insult. It did not need the gift of tongues to comprehend this indignity, and Najeeb, casting aside his wooden *kob-kobs* and his coat, fell upon the offender.

They fought gloriously. The little circle of children grew rapidly, until the street looked as if the Pied Piper had been blowing his alluring pipe. Nazileh and Geraldine, forgetful of their former differences, clung to each other, weeping, as they were pushed hither and thither in the throng.

"Oh, Tommee-oó-breen! Do nod let Selim kill Najeeb!" sobbed Nazileh.

But Tommy O'Brien did not heed this frenzied cry. He hopped up and down joyously,

waving his arms and yelling until he was nearly purple under his glorious spatter of freckles.

"Go at him! Go at him!" shrieked Tommy. "Go at him, Nosheep! Soak him good!"

And Najeeb, through shut teeth, while he pounded the boy underneath, echoed this new battle-cry proudly.

"Go ad heem! Go ad heem!" he screamed, quite unconscious that he was speaking in the once difficult "Ameercan En'leesch."

Before he had finished this delightful performance, a new cry arose. As soon as he heard this unintelligible clarion, Najeeb noticed that the youthful spectators began to vanish in all directions. Presently there remained beside him only the frightened Nazileh and the excitable Tommy O'Brien, who dragged him by his elbows from his comfortable seat upon his victim and rushed him into the depths of a convenient hallway. And, while he struggled to go back to the delicious strife, Tommy thrust him against the stairs and hissed: "Aw — don't yuh know enough tuh cheese it — when I'm tellin' you dey's a cop coming?"

Nazileh, all tears, knelt beside him.

"A cop ees p'leeceman, an' by chails he weel take you, Najeeb!"

But Najeeb, who had lost his *kob-kobs* and his little blue coat, rushed forth defiantly, never heeding their ardent protest. But, when they hurried after him, Tommy O'Brien pulled Nazileh behind him, and then sat down on a convenient door-sill to rock himself with glee.

"Gee, Nuzli, dem emmygrants is good scrappers! And this Nosheep — he's a regular Jack Johnson! Hully gee!" he broke off excitedly, "de cop's runnin' in Selim!" And he dashed away madly after the train that was now following Selim to confinement.

To Najeeb, however, this was matter of no particular interest. He had recovered his *kob-kobs* and resumed his coat, and he went gravely back to Nazileh.

"Now go we to the parrot," he announced soberly.

Nazileh laughed through her tears. "But eet ees nod nice thad you scr-rap, Najeeb," she chided him. "'Ow may you see the parrod, eef all times you ees scr-rapin?"

Najeeb scowled. "I nod scr-rap," he retorted. "Me, I 'go ad heem.' But now I weesch to see thad parrod."

"THEY FOUGHT GLORIOUSLY. 'GO AT HIM! GO AT HIM!' SHRIEKED TOMMY"

It was before no charming Oriental courtyard that Najeeb Baddour waited to see his second parrot. Instead, he sat by the dingy doorway of a shabby brick house, watching a tailor pressing coats by the basement window. When Nazileh called him, he clambered up dirty steps into a dirtier hallway, and followed her into an untidy parlor where a fat Jewess in

a faded black dress and steel-bowed spectacles was giving a scraggly child a piano lesson. She nodded her head at Nazileh, as she beat time vigorously for her pupil, and sharply bade the children to "vait vun minute." She went on counting and beating for what seemed an interminable period to the impatient Najeeb, who looked animatedly about the untidy room for the promised parrot. His black eyes swiftly surveyed the old-fashioned square piano, whose top was covered with many gay but dilapidated pasteboard boxes; they scanned the table in the corner of the room where Mr. Leibowitz, unshaved and unwashed, was sitting dejectedly. But, though he looked all over the whole untidy apartment, he saw no signs of a parrot. Mrs. Leibowitz, still counting for her music pupil, was near-sightedly peering over her steel-bowed spectacles to subject each bit of lace from Nazileh's box to mournful scrutiny. She shook her head lugubriously over the exquisite needlework, and held up a collar to the light.

"Oi! Oi!" she moaned. "I pays too much! Eighdy cents for a little woik! Oi! Oi! Tells your mama I couldn'd to afford it. Tell her I robs meinself. Tell her I give sevendy-five!"

"Meelly Khelly, she say thad me, I mus' tole you, 'Go chase yourself!' eef thad you say thad," answered Nazileh wearily; "an' she say — Meelly Khelly — I mus' beat youse to eet!"

Mrs. Leibowitz scowled. "Oi! Oi! Those Irish!" she exclaimed. "Making trouble for us business beoples like that!"

"Meelly Khelly ees nod Ireesch," retorted Nazileh. "She ees name Miladeh Khouri. She ees our styleesch boarder, an' thad ees her styleesch Ameercan En'leesch name — Mees Meelly Khelly; an' she tole me"— she went back to her patient echoing of the boarder's advice — "thad I nod mus' let you pay seventy-feeve cen's, leeke you ees say."

Not until she had bickered for what seemed to Nazileh hours, did the woman begin grumblingly to count out coins for the child to deposit in her knitted purse, putting down first a collar, which she laid in her own box, sighing, and then the eighty cents, which she put down each time with a groan. Each collar occasioned a fresh struggle, which Nazileh must fight out along the lines indicated by the businesslike boarder, until at length the dreary transaction reached a peaceable end and the business of next week's work was ready for discussion.

"Tell mama, dearie," whined Mrs. Leibowitz, leaning forward mysteriously, "that I have a so beautiful Irisher crochet lace coats I must got back in two veeks. A very expensive house buys it. They iss got an order for expensive lady, und I pays"— she paused impressively to let the enormity of the commission overawe the little girl —"I pays mama twendy-fife dollars if she got it quick for me. Und I give her pictures bei patterns and a cuff off it already did. Twendy-fife dollars!"

Nazileh was speechless over this seemingly generous offer. "Und maybe your mama got a freund that could vork bei the coat also und got it by on vun veek Thursday, yes?" continued Mrs. Leibowitz, still more confidentially. "Then I makes it that I got to pay them thirty dollars."

"Thees boy," answered Nazileh breathlessly, "hees mothaire, she ees ma-ak lace for Nikola Haddad. Do you leeke thad she shall ma-ak thees Ireescher coat?"

"Vell, maybe," agreed Mrs. Leibowitz dubiously. "Tell your mama her freund must got to vork so good like herself. Vat the boy come for — vork?"

And Najeeb, who had patiently endured the long colloquy, stood before her eagerly, his sloe-black eyes gleaming and his thick lips parted. "I leeke I see parrod," he announced staunchly. And Mrs. Leibowitz shook with sudden glee; she became the affable hostess.

"Oi! Oi!" she exclaimed pleasantly. "Come along back yet."

She led the way down a very gloomy passage into a kitchen even more untidy than the parlor they had quitted, and drew a black shawl from a resplendent cage that stood on a chair before the window.

Najeeb rushed impetuously toward the cage and let out a shrill Arabic cry of joy. For here, at last, was a parrot. Of a truth his parrotship was, as Nazileh had reported, very red and very green and very many other colors. He was so hoary with age that he leered at them wickedly as he edged along on his dirty perch, and when he was close to the bars he made a nearly successful attempt to bite Najeeb's grimy little hand.

"Vell, vell, how much?" the bird chuckled thickly. "How much you pay?"

It was not until Mrs. Leibowitz had pushed the children from the dirty kitchen that Najeeb could tear himself away from the fascinating feathered one; although Nazileh, whose interest in parrots was far less keen than her companion's, was willing to depart.

At the doorway Najeeb saluted Mrs. Leibowitz as ceremoniously as though she had been a person of vast importance, and announced in careful American English that he too would some day possess a parrot.

Mrs. Leibowitz's shrewd eyes narrowed ever so little. "Maybe I sometime sells mein par-

rot," she answered. "If your mama wants it that she should buy a nice smart bird, maybe I could sell cheap to a nice little boy like you."

"Izzy," she ordered her indolent spouse, "go home bei these children und tell mamas the business bei the coat — und tell the boy's mama maybe I sells her a parrot cheap."

"'IF YOUR MAMA WANTS IT THAT SHE SHOULD BUY A NICE SMART BIRD, MAYBE I COULD SELL CHEAP'"

And Isadore went grumblingly.

On the homeward journey they encountered a sturdy young woman, toward whom Nazileh rushed happily.

"Miladeh!" she cried. "Meester Leebweetz, he goes home weeth me an' weeth Najeeb, to tell of a so beautiful coat, Ireescher coat, thad my mothaire an' Najeeb's mothaire weel make."

The young woman, whose gaudy hat plainly impressed Mr. Leibowitz, drew her Asiatic brows into a droll little frown, and, putting her hands on her hips, addressed herself to the untidy Hebrew.

"Eet ees ver' kind of you!" she sputtered sarcastically. "Me, I don't leeke thad my friends should work for ole ladee leeke yours!"

"Meine Frau, she pay more," droned Mr. Leibowitz.

"Ah! 'Meine Frau,' she geet more!" retorted Miladeh. "Sa-ay — you tell her nod to geet too fresch — or me — I goin' to sc-masch her!"

Quite ignoring the admiring glances of the gentleman she was treating so scornfully, she turned her back upon him and knelt beside Najeeb.

"Does your mother know that you take lace to this man's?" she asked in careful Arabic.

Nazileh interposed: "Miladeh, Najeeb does nod take any lace. He goes ad Meesis Leebweetz just to see her parrot, an' Meesis Leebweetz say ad him, weel hees mothaire do thad coat."

Miladeh scowled at Najeeb until he was quite frightened.

"You tole your mothaire Meelly Khelly say watch out," she commanded tersely. "Thad Meesis Leebweetz — she ees a lemon!"

The actual bargain for the projected labor was finally consummated between Miladeh Khouri and Mr. Leibowitz after a long and spirited argument between themselves and numerous consultations with the principals. The price at last agreed upon sounded impressive to the lace-makers. Nazileh's mother, as the more experienced workwoman, was to superintend the entire performance and do the more intricate parts, for which she should receive

twenty dollars. Najeeb's mother was promised fifteen dollars for her share of the labor, and it was agreed, moreover, that numerous pieces of lace already completed by Umn Najeeb — namely, several collars, medallions, and edgings — should go to Mrs. Leibowitz as first payment toward the purchase of the parrot. Magnificent as all this sounded, Miladeh shook her head dubiously.

"Eet ees a ceench we geet a good row, all righd," she grumbled. "You leedle green bonehead womans ma-ak thad coat — but me, I goin' to watch out! Thad ees th' beeges' part the job! An' I ees nod crazee for eet."

The two mothers, however, seized upon the new work eagerly. Umn Najeeb toiled patiently on the beautiful sleeves and cuffs, copying designs that the tiny patterns suggested; while Leila, who was more skilful, patiently wove the fairylike stitches that should adorn the body of the coat. While it grew their neighbors watched them breathlessly.

The collars and jabots and doilies that the others made were as child's play compared to this master creation over which their more skilful countrywomen were laboring. Shrewd gossip about the wonderful thing went abroad throughout the quarter; for it was rumored that the Jewess had promised to pay almost twice as much as Nikola Haddad had ever paid, and the whole quarter chattered together over the marvelous bit of luck.

Mrs. Leibowitz stopped the children as they passed her doorway early one evening, Nazileh, as usual, pushing the battered perambulator in which her wee brother rode in state.

"Vait vun minute, dearies," she wheedled. "Tell your mamas I must have that so beautiful Irish coat bei Friday."

"Oh!" exclaimed Nazileh, with quick intuition, "thad ees nod posseeble. All th' leedle flowers on th' edge she haf yet to ma-ak, an' those leedle buttons also — they take ver' long, does eet nod, Najeeb?" she ended, kneeling to quiet the noisy baby, who was wriggling about in his cart.

"So sayest thou," answered Najeeb in impatient Arabic, as he fixed his dark eyes on Mrs. Leibowitz, slowly rounding his thick lips to demand in careful "Ameercan En'leesch": "Weel I see thad parrod, m'dame?" At which Mrs. Leibowitz laughed extravagantly, as was her custom, and let them lug Antar into the kitchen.

While the little Syrians sat cross-legged upon the floor before the uncanny bird, chirping to make him talk and laughing to see how the baby stared at the strange creature, in the room behind them Mr. and Mrs. Leibowitz consulted together in a curious undertone, speaking in their native tongue. Najeeb, in spite of his delighted preoccupation, lifted his head and listened. He smiled wisely, leaning forward to whisper in Arabic to Nazileh: "Those people, they talk like Solomon Kalish; me, I learned that sort of talk of him on the big ship."

"What do they say?" asked Nazileh idly.

"They say," he interpreted gravely, "that each one is a more big fool than the other one, and the man he says if the law catch her she won't feel so smart. And she says, who here in Brooklyn knows that she dwells in a town called Vun-seexty-seven-Hester-Streed!"

The parrot opened his eye warily and began to chuckle.

"Vatch oud! Vatch oud!" he screamed, until his owner came back angrily to throw a big shawl over his cage and to scold the children.

"Run away," she commanded shrilly. "This haind't no free zoo. Run home like I tole you, and tell your mamas I must got that coat bei Friday."

And when they were hurrying around the corner, the baby singing noisily in a rising minor cadence, she called them back again. Standing in the doorway, her untidy wig slipping crookedly over her swarthy forehead and her shrewd little eyes blinking behind the dirty spectacles, she put a wrinkled hand on Nazileh's shoulder.

"Tell your mama," she whined, "I makes it vun dollar more for each vun of them if they get me the coat bei Friday."

When the children delivered these messages, the two women sighed and went at their task with nervous energy. Leila held the work before her, mentally computing how much time remained, and shook her head despondently. But Umn Najeeb simply let her lace-hooks fly faster.

"Let us do it, good neighbor," she laughed. "Never again will Allah send such wages for our labor. This woman has, moreover, promised that she shall give me her foolish parrot."

Umn Antar shook her head again, this time in merry chiding.

Umn Najeeb let her voice rise louder in boasting:

"Yes, a parrot! A pet befitting a child who has the gift of tongues!"

The last day of all, however, they did not chatter while they worked; they bent over the task almost crossly, joining the several parts with stitches so intricate that the lace seemed one miraculous whole, and when it was finished the admiring neighbors helped to wrap the wonderful coat in gay tissue paper. Nazileh and Najeeb, star-eyed with excitement, put the big package into Antar's perambulator, and, after many exhortations from their tired

"'ME, I HAF THE GEEFT OF TONGUES'"

mothers, started slowly down the street to the familiar house.

The contractor greeted them volubly, her eyes gleaming. She held up the beautiful coat and nodded her head approvingly.

"*Sehr schöne!*" she ejaculated. "Come bei ten o'clock to-morrow und get the moneys, dearie."

"But my mothaire she leeke thad she haf thees monee to-day," protested Nazileh; "you haf say thad you weel —" And she lifted her dusky eyes so trustfully and so pleadingly that Mrs. Leibowitz looked away, ashamed, as she murmured an indistinct something about the money still being in the bank.

"Eef you haf nod monee now," said Najeeb eagerly, "you can geeve me my parrod!"

Mrs. Leibowitz laughed unpleasantly, and, holding the door open by so narrow a space that they could see only her parrotlike nose and squinting eyes, she reiterated: "You come back to-morrow und I vill haf the bird und the money ready."

They went home very slowly, Nazileh pushing the empty perambulator. Her troubled eyes were dark with threatened tears and her mouth drooped despondently. Beside her trotted Najeeb, his grimy fists doubled. All along the way, regardless of his new "Ameercan" boots, he kicked the pavement. His guttural voice was choked with infantile rage as he screamed: "No parrod! No parrod! No parrod!"

Umn Antar sat in the doorway, holding Antar on her knees. She was very tired while she waited for her Nazileh, but she thought of the little knitted purse and smiled. She wondered childishly if there would be too much money to go in its tiny compartments and if the little girl would carry some of the coins in her slender hands. Umn Antar was really a child herself, in spite of the toil and trouble that were her portion.

She cuddled the baby tenderly, calling him all sorts of diminutive Oriental names; and when he made cooing answers to her speech, she leaned over smiling to speak to her weary fellow worker.

"I do not need to buy a parrot for my daughter," she teased, "for here I have a little pigeon."

But when they saw their children from afar their gentle faces grew perplexed, for their

motherly hearts sensed disaster in the dragging footsteps.

"I haf nod my parrod!" wailed Najeeb.

"I haf nod thad monee!" sobbed Nazileh, dropping at her mother's feet.

Neighbors, young and old, pushed about them, muttering and gesticulating, until Najeeb's mother, very frightened, began to beat her breast. To this confused, conjecturing, chattering throng came Miladeh Khouri, trotting briskly homeward from her day in the Turkish slipper factory. Sturdy and alert, and very impressive in her gaudy American hat to this group of bareheaded or veiled women, she pushed her way through the crowd masterfully, and jerked out short Arabic queries at the frightened mothers and the sobbing children.

When she understood it all, she wheeled abruptly.

"Geet out," she advised the waiting crowd. "Go ad your buseeness — eef you haf any. Mofe on!" Her bracelets jingled angrily as she gestured. "Me, I goin' to geet thad White Weengs to clean off thees walk!"

For a moment she stood frowning, her Asiatic brows drawn in a curious line, and then she laughed.

"Go een thad 'ouse, Leila," she ordered; "ta-ak thees Umn Najeeb weeth you, an' Antar also." She stooped to tuck a sweet in the chubby fingers. "Me, I goin' to ta-ak thees two cry-babees back ad Meesis Leebweetz an' sc-masch her face! An' geet thad monee!"

"An' thad parrod?" demanded Najeeb eagerly.

The sturdy little woman caught his grimy hand in hers and slid her arm protectingly about Nazileh's drooping shoulders. "We goin' to geet eferytheeng een the place," she answered cheerily. "Me, I nod 'fraid of thad ole Yeed ladee!"

But when they reached the familiar red house dread clutched her heart. For the "parlor floor" which had been the Leibowitz abode was adorned with a rent placard. She stormed at the tailor in the basement, she raged at the people above stairs; and all the while two miserable children, tears dripping from their dusky lashes, sat on the door-steps and sobbed out their grief.

But presently Najeeb ceased to weep, and, clutching Nazileh's hand, tried to pull her away. He was staring down the street at the blue-coated one who had hauled Selim away on the day of their difficulty.

"Cheese eet th' cop, Nazileh!" he whispered shrilly. "Cheese eet th' cop, Mees Meelly Khelly — th' cop thad deed geet Selim comes!"

To his amazement, Miladeh did not "cheese it," but, dragging his frightened self behind her, she marched straight up to the person of the law. Flashing-eyed and unafraid, she poured out the angry tale of her swindled friends.

"But phwat good will it do ye, getting a warrant?" demanded big Dennis Sullivan. "Ye don't know where the kikes wint."

Miladeh bit her lips and stamped her feet.

"Aw — you ma-ak me tire!" she stormed. "Ees nod eet your buseeness to geet her?"

Najeeb pulled her arm; his eyes were glistening through his tears.

"Me, I know where dwells thees Meesis Leebweetz thees p'leeceman calls kike ladee," he cried. "Me, I haf hear her say in Yeedeescher 'Vun-seexty-seven-Hester-Streed' thad she go to leeve. Deed she nod say eet een Yeedeescher, Nazileh?"

Of the exciting journey for a warrant for the arrest of "one Sarah Leibowitz, lace contractor, formerly living at 82 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, and now dwelling at 167 Hester Street, Manhattan," the boastful Miladeh never tired of telling.

But to Najeeb and Nazileh the morning that followed in the awe-inspiring court-room was far more dramatic.

Surrounded by his chattering fellow countrywomen, the little interpreter stood up bravely and told his story, sometimes in broken English, sometimes in swift Arabic, sometimes sputtering Yiddish; and throughout it all he cried out his great desire for the parrot, his mother's promise of the parrot, Mrs. Leibowitz's bargain for the parrot. Lace — what was lace? Only a means whereby one obtained parrots.

The timorous Nazileh added her bit of the tale; Umn Antar and Umn Najeeb and Miladeh — the elder women fearful, Miladeh grotesquely defiant — appeared as witnesses against the faithless Mrs. Leibowitz, who wept and swore falsely when confronted with evidences of her own perfidy. But she covered her face when there entered a group of Italian women, who chattered angrily of a time when she had once cheated them.

Najeeb's sloe-black eyes grew wide with expectancy when there came men bearing boxes of the confiscated lace, which they had marked "Exhibits A" and "B," and a large cage ticketed "Exhibit C," in which fluttered the "so green" parrot.

The gavel descended thunderingly when the decisive tones of the magistrate finally silenced the polyglot babble.

"The evidence shows," said the voice, "an intent on the part of the defendant of both fraud and grand larceny, against which offenses action must be brought by the plaintiffs in a

higher court. I hold the defendant, Sarah Leibowitz, for one thousand dollars bail; and permit, in view of the existing conditions, that the plaintiffs, Farha Baddour and Leila Sewaya, be allowed to retain the property designated as the — er — 'Ireescher coat,' but that other laces and properties made by the said plaintiffs as payment for a — er — parrot, and found in the possession of the defendant, shall remain the properties of the defendant. And I further direct" — the gray eyes twinkled upon a boy who was eyeing "Exhibit C" wistfully — "that, pending final decision, said parrot shall be put into the custody of Najeeb Baddour, son of the first-named plaintiff."

And as the officers led away the weeping Mrs. Leibowitz, who was screaming out maledictions on an unjust judge, that unmoved gentleman was leaning to watch a shining-eyed boy who clutched a parrot-cage. The while his former mistress shrieked, the uncanny bird had been repeating a raucous sentence in sputtering Yiddish.

"Can you tell the court," asked the magistrate gravely, "what that bird is saying?"

And Najeeb, the interpreter, stood up and saluted ceremoniously, as became a little Syrian before one in authority.

"Me, I can tell all theengs all peoples say," he boasted; "me, I haf the geeft of tongues. Thees parrod, he ees talk een Yeedeescher, chudge, so oxcuse heem. He say, 'Go chase youself.'" And, while the court held its breath for laughter, wee Najeeb continued gravely: "Don' you know Yeedeescher, chudge? You bedder learn eet. Some day you might need eet een your buseeness — me, I deed! For 'ow could I talk for all thees" — he waved his hand comprehendingly toward Nazileh, Umn Antar, Umn Najeeb, and the others — "deed I nod haf the geeft of tongues!"

And, having saluted once more, he departed.

Miladeh Khouri carried the baby in her arms, that Najeeb might wheel the "Ireescher" coat box and the parrot in the perambulator.

Shining-eyed and happy, he strutted proudly, as became one who has achieved a life's ambition. And to all he met — Jew or Christian, regardless of their race — he cried aloud: "I, Najeeb Baddour, haf a parrod!"

The little group tagging at his heels, his mother, Nazileh's mother, and Nazileh herself, followed with watchful pride.

It was Miladeh who first dared mock his importance. "Oh, you Najeeb!" she called jubilantly, as she balanced the baby on her shoulders. "You ees a mor' beeg parrod than thad bir-rd!"

"Th' mos' bes' nice parrod in Ameerca!" giggled Nazileh.

WHISTLES

BY WILTON AGNEW BARRETT

HARK! the morning whistles —
Far and cold they shiver on the dawn.
Oh! I remember!

They used to wake me in my childhood's mornings,
Cold and sweet,
Shrilling, sighing,
Blowing, dying,
From the river, from over the river,
Or from somewhere distant down the street.
Blissful in the growing light,
I would listen, lulled and nestled.
Now they smite.

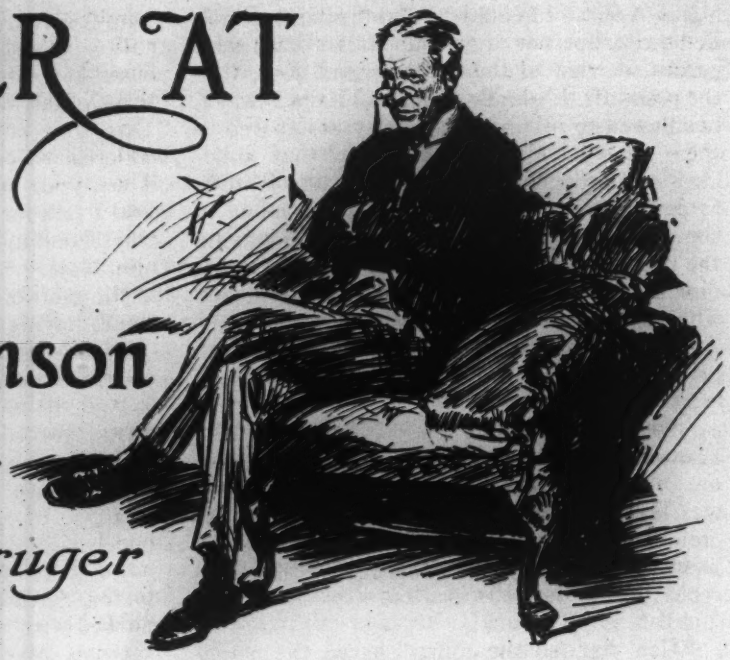
For the dawn is gray —
Cold and chill the whistles mourn the day.
Not alone the hands they call are weary,
Not alone the feet they summon tired.
Strange! they are so dreadful and so dreary —
Once they were so sweet with sound desired!

STOVER AT YALE

by

Owen Johnson

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger



CHAPTER XVIII

STOVER went rushing from the Storys' home and away for a long, feverish march along dusky avenues, where unseen leaves came whirling about him. He was humiliated, mortified beyond expression, in a panic of self-accusation and remorse.

"It's all over," he said, with a groan. "I've made a fool of myself. I can never square myself after that. What under the shining stars made me say that? What happened? I hadn't a thought, and then all at once — oh, Lord!"

A couple of upper classmen returning nodded to him, and he flung back an abrupt "Hello," without distinguishing them.

"Why did I do it? Why — why!"

He went plunging along through the dark regions that lay between the spotted arc lights that began to sputter along the avenue, his ears deafened by the rush and grind of blazing trolley cars. When he had gone breathlessly a good two miles, he stopped and wearily retraced his steps. The return no longer gave him the sensation of flight. He came back laggingly, with reluctance. Each time he thought of the scene which had passed, he had a sensation of heat and cold, of anger and of cowardice. Never again, he said to himself, would he be able to enter the Storys' home, to face her, Jean Story.

But after a time, from sheer exhaustion, he ceased to think about his all-important self. He remembered the dignity and gentleness with which the young girl had met the shock of his blunder, and he was overwhelmed with wonder. He saw again her large eyes, filled with pain, trouble, and yet a certain pity. He recalled her quiet voice, the direct meeting of the issue; and deep through all impressions was the memory of the woman, sweet, self-possessed, and gentle, that had been evoked from her eyes.

He forgot himself. He forgot all the cold wretchedness and the hot misery. He remembered only this Jean Story, and the Jean Story that would be. And, feeling the revealing acuteness of love for the first time, he said impulsively:

"Oh, yes, I love her! I have always loved her." And silently, deep within him, a little frightened almost to set the thought to words, he made a vow that his life from now on should be earnest and inspired with but one purpose — to win her respect and the right to ask her for his wife.

With the resolve all the fret and fever went from him. He felt a new confidence and a new maturity.

"When I speak again, I shall have the right," he said solemnly. "And she shall see that I am not a mere boy. That I shall show her soon!"

When he came again into the domain of the College, suddenly he felt all the littleness of the ambitions that raged inside those self-sufficient walls.

"Lord! What have I been doing all this time — what does it count for? Brocky is right; it isn't what you do here, it's what you are ready to do when you go out. Thank heaven, I can see it now." And, secure in the knowledge that the honors he rated so lightly were his, he added: "There's only one thing that counts — that's your own self."

It was after the dinner hour, and he hesitated; a little tired of his own company, longing for the diversion another personality would bring, and seeking some one as far removed from his own point of view as possible, he halted before Durfee and sent his call to the top stories:

"Oh, Ricky Ricketts, stick out your head."

Above, a window went up and a fuzzy head came curiously forth.

"W'at t'ell, Bill?"

"I'm back too late for supper. Come on down with me to Mory's and keep me company, and I'll buy you a drink."

"Did I hear the word 'buy'?" said Ricketts, in the manner then made popular by the lamented Pete Dailey.

"You did."

"Lead me to it."

At Mory's two or three men whom he didn't know were at the senior table. Le Baron and Reynolds, prospective captain of the crew and chairman of the *News*, respectively, men of his own society, gave him a hearty "Hello, Dink," and then stared curiously at Ricketts, whose general appearance conformed neither to any one fashion nor to any two. Gimbel, the politician, was in the off room with three of the more militant anti-sophomore society leaders. The two parties saluted in regulation style:

"Hello, you fellows."

"Howdy, there."

Stover, sitting down, saw Gimbel's perplexed glance at his companion, and thought to himself:

"I've got Gimbel 'way up a tree. I'll bet he thinks I'm trying to work out some society combine against him."

The thought recalled to him all the increasing bitterness of the anti-sophomore society fight which had swept the College. There was talk even of an open mass meeting. He remembered that Hunter had mentioned it, and for a moment he was inclined to put the question direct to Gimbel. But his mood was alien to controversy, and Louis, with sidelong, beady eyes and a fragrant aroma, was waiting the order.

Ricketts, half in earnest, never entirely in jest, abetted by newly arriving tobies, was off on his pet theories of business imagination, disdaining the occasional gibes that were flung at him from Gimbel's table.

When Le Baron and Reynolds passed out, with curious glances, Stover was weak with laughter. Later arrivals dropping in joined them, egging Ricketts on.

Stover, who had been busily consulting his watch, left at half past eight on a sudden resolve. The farcical interruption, that had temporarily drawn him out of himself, had cleared his head and brought him a sudden authoritative decision.

He went directly to the Storys', and, entering the parlor, found a group of his crowd there, dinner finished, trying out the latest comic opera chorus.

Jean Story was at the piano, a little more serious than usual. At his entrance she looked up with sudden wonder and confusion. He came to her, and in taking her hand inclined his head in great respect, but did not speak to her. He had but one desire — to show her that he was not a boy, but a man, and that he could rise to the crisis which he had brought on himself. So he went about quite coldly self-possessed, shook hands, and immediately jumped into the conversation, which was all on the crisis in the sophomore societies. Hunter and Tommy Bain had been arguing for no compromise; Bob Story and Hungerford were of the opinion that the time had come to enlarge the membership of the societies and to destroy their exclusiveness. On the sofa, the little Judge, a spectator, never intimating his opinion, studying each man as he spoke, appealed to Stover:

"Well, now, Judge Dink, what is your learned opinion on this situation? Here is the dickens to pay in the College — three fourths the College lined up against you fellows, and a public mass meeting coming. Jim Hunter, here, believes in sitting back and letting the storm blow over; Bob, who of course can regulate it all, wants to double the membership and meet some objections. Now, what do you say? Mr. Stover has the floor. My daughter will please come to order."

Jean Story abruptly turned from the piano, where her fingers had been absent-mindedly running over the keys.

"Frankly, I haven't made up my mind just yet," said Stover. "There are a great many sides to it. I've listened to a good many opinions, but I haven't yet chosen mine. Every one is talking about the effect on the College, but what has impressed me most is the effect on the sophomore society men themselves. If the outsiders only knew the danger and handicap they are to us!"

"Hello," said the Judge, shifting with a little interest.

"What do you mean?" said Hunter aggressively.

"I mean, we are the ones who are limited, who are liable to miss the big opportunities of college life. We have gotten into the habit, under the pretense of good fellowship, of herding together."

"Why shouldn't we?" persisted Hunter.

"Because we shut ourselves up, withdraw from the big life of the College, know only our own kind, the kind we'll know all our life, surrender our imagination. We represent only a social idea, a good time, good friends, good figureheads on the different machines of the College. But we miss the big chance — to go out, to mingle with every one, to educate ourselves by knowing opposite lives, fellows who see things as we never have seen them, who are going back to a life a thousand miles away from what we will lead." He expressed himself badly, and, realizing it, said impatiently: "Here, what I mean is this. It's not my idea; it's Brockhurst's, it's Tom Regan's. The biggest thing we can do is to reflect the nation, to be the inspiration of the democracy of the country, to be alive to the fight among the people for real political independence. We ought to get a great vision, when we come up here young men, of the bigness of our country, of the privilege of fighting out its political freedom, of what American manhood means in the towns of Georgia and Texas, in the little manufacturing cities of New England, in the great West, and in the small homes of the big cities. We ought really to know one another — meet, discuss, respect each other's point of view, independence, odd ways, if you wish. We don't do it. We did once — we don't now. Princeton doesn't do it; Harvard doesn't do it. No college does it. We're over-organized away from the vital things — the knowledge of ourselves."

"Then you'd abolish the sophomore societies?" said Hunter, crowding him to the wall.

"I don't know. Sometimes I have felt it's the system that is at fault," said Stover frankly. "Lately I've changed my mind. I think we can do what we want — at least, I know I've gone out and met whom I wanted to without my being in a sophomore society making the slightest difference. I say I don't know where the trouble is, whether the whole social system here and elsewhere is the cause or the effect. It may be that it is the whole development of America that has changed our college life. I don't know; those questions are too big for me to work out. But I know one thing: that my own ideas of what I want here have taken a back somersault, and that I'm going out of here knowing everything I can of every man in the class." Suddenly he remembered Hunter's opposition, and, turning, concluded: "One thing more: if ever I make up my mind that the sophomore society system or any other system ought to be abolished, I'll stand out and say so."

When he had finished, his classmates began talking all at once, Hunter and Bain in bitter opposition, Bob Story in warm defense, Hungerford in his big-souled way coming ponderously to his assistance.

Stover withdrew from the conversation. He glanced at Jean Story, wondering if she had understood the reason of his return, and that he had spoken for her ears alone. She was still at the piano, one hand resting on the keyboard, looking at him with the same serious, half-troubled expression in her large eyes. He made an excuse to leave, and, for the second that he stood by her, he looked into her eyes boldly, with even a little bravado, as though to ask:

"Do you understand?"

But the young girl, without speaking, nodded her head slightly, continuing to look at him with her wistful, a little wounded, glance.

CHAPTER XIX

It was only a little after nine. Stover had left in the company of Joe Hungerford, who had ostensibly taken the opportunity of going with him.

"I say, Dink," he began directly, in the blustering, full-mouthed way he had when excited, "I say, bully for you. Lord, I liked to hear you talk out."

"It's all simple enough," said Stover, surprised at the other's enthusiasm. "I suppose I wouldn't have said all I did if it hadn't been for Hunter."

"Oh, Jim's an old hard-shell from 'way back," said Hungerford good-humoredly; "never mind him. I say, though, Dink, you really have been going round, haven't you, breaking through the lines?"

"Yes, I have."

"I wish you'd take me around with you."

"Why the deuce don't you break in yourself?"

"It doesn't come natural, Dink," said the inheritor of millions regretfully. "I never went through boarding-school like you fellows. By George, it's just what I want, what I hoped for here! — and, hang it, what I'm not getting!"

"You know, Joe," said Dink suddenly, "there wouldn't be any society problem if fellows that felt the way you and I do would assert themselves. By George, there's nothing wrong with the soph societies; the trouble *is* with us."

"I'm not so sure," said Hungerford seriously.

"Rats!"

"Look here, Dink," said Joe, with a little

hesitation; "it is not every one who understands you or what you're doing."

"I know," said Stover, laughing confidently. "Some have got an idea I've got some great political scheme, working in with the outsiders to run for the junior prom., or something like that."

"No, it's not all that. I don't think some of our crowd realize what you're doing — rather fancy you're cutting loose from them."

"Let them think," said Stover carelessly. Then he added, with some curiosity: "Has there been much talk?"

"Yes, there has."

"Any one spoken to you?"

"Yes."

"I know — I know. They've got an idea I'm queering myself. Oh, that word 'queer'! It's the bogy of the whole place."

"You're right there! But, Dink, I might as well let you know the feeling; it isn't simply in our set, but some of the crowd ahead."

"Le Baron, Reynolds?"

"Yes. Haven't they ever — ever said anything to you?"

"Bless their simple hearts!" said Stover, sublimely untroubled. "So they're worrying about me. It's rather humorous. It's their inherited point of view. Le Baron, Joe, could no more understand what we are thinking about — and yet he's a fine type; sure, he's stopped me a couple of times and shaken his head in a worried, fatherly way. To him, you see, everything is selective; what he calls the fellow who doesn't count, the 'fruit,' is really outside what he understands. I must talk it out with him some time. We've come to absolutely opposite points of view. And yet, the curious thing is, he's fond as the deuce of me."

"Yes, that's so," said Hungerford. He did not insist, seeing that Stover was insensible to the hints he had tried to convey. Not wishing to express openly a point of view that was personally unsympathetic, he hesitated and remained silent.

"Coming up for a chin?" said Dink.

"No; I've got a date at Heub's. I say, Dink, I'm serious in what I said. I want to wake up and get around. Work me in."

"You bet I will. And you'll meet a crowd that really have some ideas."

"That's what I want. Well, so long."

"So long, Joe."

Dink, turning to the right, entered the campus past Battell. He had never before felt so master of himself, or surer of a clear vision. The thought of his instinctive return to the Storys', and the knowledge that he had distinguished himself before Jean Story, gave him a certain exhilaration. He began to feel the opportunity that was in his hands. He remembered with pleasure Hungerford's demand to follow where he had gone, and he said to himself:

"I can make this crowd of mine see what the real thing is — and, by George, I'm going to do it."

As he deployed on to the campus, Le Baron and Reynolds passed him, going toward Durfee.

"Hello, Dink."

"Hello, there."

He continued on to his entry, and, turning, saw the two juniors stop and watch him. Without heed he went up to his room, lit the dusty gas-jet, and went reverently to his bureau. He was gazing at the one or two little photographs he had displayed of Jean Story, when a knock sounded. He turned away abruptly, singing out:

"Let her come."

The door opened and some one entered, and, emerging from his bedroom, he beheld, to his surprise, Le Baron and Reynolds.

"Hello," he said, puzzled.

"Anything doing, Dink?" said Le Baron pleasantly.

"Not a thing. Make yourself at home," he said hastily. "Take a seat. Pipe tobacco in the jar, cigarettes on the table."

Each waved his hand in dissent. Reynolds seated himself in a quick, businesslike way on the edge of his chair; Le Baron, more sociable, passed curiously about the room, examining the trophies with interest.

"I wonder what's up now?" thought Dink, without uneasiness. He knew that it was the custom of men in the class above, about to go into the senior societies, to acquaint themselves with the tendencies of the next class. "That's it," he said to himself; "they want to know if I'm heeling Bones or Keys."

"You've got a great bunch of junk," said Le Baron, finishing his inspection.

"Yes; it's quite a mixture."

Le Baron, refusing a seat, stood before the fireplace, a pocket-knife juggling in his hands, seeking an opening.

"Here, I'll have a cigarette," he said finally, with a frown.

Reynolds, more businesslike, broke out:

"Dink, we've dropped in to have a little straight talk with you."

"All right."

Suddenly he felt a premonition of what was coming, and the short note of authority in Reynolds' voice seemed to stiffen everything inside of him.

"We've dropped a few hints to you," continued Reynolds, in his staccato manner, "and

you haven't chosen to understand them. Now we're going to put it right up to you."

"Hold up, Benny," said Le Baron, who had lit his cigarette. "It's not necessary to talk that way. Let me explain."

"No, put it to me straight," said Stover, looking past Le Baron straight into Reynolds' eyes. An instinctive antagonism was in him, the revolt of the man of action, the leader in athletics, at being criticized by the man of the pen.

"Stover, we don't like what you've been doing lately."

"Why not?"

"You're shaking your own crowd and you're identifying yourself with a crowd that doesn't count. What the deuce has got into you?"

"Just shut up for a moment, Benny," said Le Baron, giving him a look; "you're not putting the thing in the right way."

"I'm not jumping on any one," said Reynolds. "I'm giving him good advice."

Stover looked at him without speaking; then he turned to Le Baron.

"Well?"

"Look here, Dink," said Le Baron conciliatingly. "A lot of us fellows have spoken to you, but you didn't seem to understand. Now, what I'm saying is because I like you, and because you are making a mistake. We're interested personally, and for the society's sake, in seeing you make out of yourself what you ought to be — one of the big men of the class. Dink, old fellow, what's happened? Have you lost your nerve about anything? Anything wrong?"

"Wait a moment; let me understand the thing," said Stover, absolutely dumfounded. Reynolds' purely unintentional false start had left him cold with anger. "Am I to understand that you have come here to inform me that you do not approve of the friends I've been making?"

"Hold up," said Le Baron hastily.

"No; let's have it straight. That's what I want, too," he said quickly, facing Reynolds. "You criticize the crowd I'm going with and you want me to chuck them. That's it in plain English, isn't it?"

A little flush showed on Reynolds' face. He, too, felt the physical superiority in Stover, and the antagonism thereof, and, being provoked, he answered more shortly than he meant to:

"Let it go at that."

"Is that right?" said Stover, turning to Le Baron.

"Now, look here, Dink; there's no use in getting hot about this," said Le Baron uneasily. "No one's forcing anything on you. We are here as your friends, telling you what we believe is for your own good."

"So you think if I go on identifying myself with the crowd I'm with that I may queer myself?"

"That's rather strong."

"Why not have it out?"

"This is true," said Le Baron — "that the men in your own crowd don't understand your cutting loose from them, and that no one can make out why you've taken up with the crowd you have."

The explanation which might have cleared matters was forgotten by Stover in the wound to his vanity.

"You haven't answered my question."

"Well, Dink, to be honest," said Le Baron, "if you keep on deliberately, there is more than a chance of ——"

"Of queering myself?"

"Yes."

"Being regarded as a sort of wild man, and missing out on a senior election."

"That's what we want to prevent," said Le Baron, believing he saw a reasonable excuse. "You've got everything in your hands, Stover; don't waste your time ——"

"One moment."

Stover, putting out his hand, interrupted him. He locked his hands behind his back, twisting them in physical pain, staring out of the window, unable to meet the suddenness of the situation.

"You've been quite frank," he said, when he was able to speak. "You have not come to me to dictate who should be my friends here, though that's perhaps a quibble; but as members of my sophomore society you have come to advise me against what might queer me. I understand. Well, gentlemen, you absolutely amaze me. I didn't believe it possible. I'll think it over."

He looked at them, intimating that there was nothing more to be discussed. Reynolds, saying something under his breath, sprang up. Le Baron, feeling that the interview had been a blunder from the first, said suddenly:

"Benny, see here; let me have a moment's talk with Dink."

"Quite useless, Hugh," said Stover, in the same controlled voice. "There's nothing more to be said. You have your point of view, I have mine. I understand. There's no pressure being put on me; only, if I am to go on choosing my friends as I have, I do it at my own risk. I've listened to you; I don't know what I shall answer. That's all. Good night."

Reynolds went out directly, Le Baron slowly, with much hesitation, seeking some opportunity to remain, with a last uneasy glance.

When Stover was left to himself, his first sensation was of absolute amazement. He, the

big man of the class, confident in the security of his position, had suddenly tripped against an obstruction and been made to feel his limitations.

"By heavens! If any one had told me, I wouldn't have believed it! The fools!"

The full realization of the pressure that had been exerted on him did not yet come to him. He was annoyed, as some wild animal at the first touch of a rope that seems only to check him. He moved about the room, tossing back his hair impatiently.

"That's what Hungerford was trying to hint to me," he said. "So my conduct has been that he who had won his way to leadership should have sat and listened to those who were the masters of his success.

"Hold up, hold up, Dink Stover," he said suddenly. "This is serious — a darn sight more serious than you thought. It's up to you. What are you going to do about it?"

All at once the temper that always lay close to his skin, uncontrollable and violent, broke out:

"By heavens! And I stood for it — I stood there quietly and listened, and never said a word! But I didn't realize it — no, I didn't

"OFTEN THE DIALOGUES THAT FOLLOWED WERE FARCICALLY HUMOROUS; ONLY LITTLE WOOKEY, SOLEMN AS AN OWL, NEVER LAUGHED"

under fire. What I do is a subject of criticism because I've gone out of the beaten way, done something they don't understand — the precious idiots!" Then he remembered Reynolds, and his anger began to rise. "The little squirt, the impudent little scribbler, to come and tell me what I should or shouldn't do! How did I ever keep my temper? Who is he, anyhow? I'll give him an answer!"

All at once he perceived the full extent of the situation, and what would mean a defiance to the two leaders in the class above, men marked for Skull and Bones, the society to which he aspired.

"No pressure!" he said aloud, with a grim laugh. "Oh, no! no pressure at all! Advice only — take it or leave it, but the consequences are on your head. By heavens, I wouldn't have believed it!" It hurt him, it hurt him acutely, realize it. Yes; but he won't understand it, that little whipper-snapper of a Reynolds; he'll think I've kowtowed. He will, will he? We'll see! By heavens, that's what their society game means, does it! Thank heaven, I didn't argue with them. At least, I didn't do that."

He strode over quickly, and, seizing his cap, clapped it on his head, and stopped.

"Now or never," he said between his teeth.

He went out, slamming the door; and, as he went furiously, all the anger and humiliation blazed up in a fierce revolt. He, Dink, Dink Stover, had stood tamely and listened while others had come and told him what to do, told him in so many words that he was "queering" himself. He went out of the entry almost at a run, with a sort of blind, unreasoning idea that he could overtake them. By the fence he almost

upset Dopey McNab, who called to him fruitlessly:

"Here — I say, Dink! What the dickens!"

He reached the center of the campus before he stopped. He had quite lost control of himself; he knew what he would say, and he didn't care. Suddenly he recalled where Reynolds roomed, and went hot-footed for Vanderbilt, with a fierce physical longing. He arrived at the door breathless, a lump in his throat, never considering the chances of finding them out. Le Baron and Reynolds were before the fireplace, in a determined argument. He shut the door behind him, and leaned against it, digging his nails into his hands with the effort to master his voice.

The two juniors, struck by the violence of his entrance, turned abruptly, and Le Baron, a little pale, started forward, saying:

"I say, Dink ——"

"Look here," he cried, flinging out his hand for silence. "I don't know why I didn't say it to you there — when you spoke to me. I don't know. I'm a low-livered coward and a skunk because I didn't! But I know what I'm going to say now, and I'll say it. You came to me — you dared come and tell me what I was to do. Told me to heel — that's what you meant — to cut out fellows I know and respect. You didn't have the courage to say it out — but that's it. Well, now, I've just got one thing to say to you both. If this is what your society business means, if this is your idea of democracy, I'm through with you!"

"Hold up," said Le Baron, springing forward.

"I won't hold up," said Stover, beside himself, "for you or for any one else, or whatever you can do against me! There's my answer. I'm through with you and the whole lot of you!"

And, suffocating, choking, blinded with his fury, he thrust his hand into his breast and tore from his shirt the pin he had been given to wear, flung it on the floor, stamped upon it, and bolted from the room.

CHAPTER XX

For an hour, bareheaded, Stover went plunging into the darkness, a prey to a nervous crisis that left him shaking in every muscle. He knew the extent of his passions, and the anger that had swept over him left him weak and frightened.

"It's lucky that runt of a Reynolds held his tongue," he said hotly. "By heavens, I don't know what I would have done to him. Here, I must get hold of myself. This is terrible. Well, thank heaven, it's over."

He controlled himself slowly, and came back limp and weak; yet beyond the physical reaction was a liberated soaring of the spirit.

"I'm glad I did it! Glad—glad! I never was gladder!" he said solemnly. "Good-by to the whole society game, Skull and Bones, and all the rest. But I take my stand from now on, and I stand on my own feet. I'm glad of it." Then he thought of Jean Story, and he was troubled. "I wonder if she'll understand? I can't help it; I couldn't do anything else. Now I suppose the whole bunch will turn on me. So be it!"

It was long after midnight when he came back gloomily to the light still staring from his window, and toiled up the heavy steps. When he entered the room, Le Baron, Bob Story, and Joe Hungerford were sitting silent, waiting for him, and in Story's hand the pin bruised by his furious heel.

He saw at once the full strength of the appeal that was to be made to him, and he closed the door wearily.

"I don't want to talk about it," he said slowly. "The whole thing is done and buried."

Bob Story, agitated and solemn, came to him.

"Dink, this is awful; the whole thing is awful," he said earnestly. "You've *got* to talk it out with us."

"Do you understand, Bob," Stover said suddenly, "just what happened in this room?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"I don't believe it."

"Dink, I want you to listen to me a moment," said Le Baron. "It's been rotten business, the whole wretched thing. I can understand how you felt. Reynolds and you got on each other's nerves. You each said what you didn't mean. It was horribly unfortunate. He put things to you like a fool, and I was telling him so when you broke into the room. He was all up on edge from something that had gone before."

"Oh, I lost my temper," said Stover. "I know it."

"I'd have done the same," said Hungerford openly.

"Now, Dink, there isn't one of us here that doesn't like you and look up to you," said Story, with his irresistible charm. "We know you're every inch a man, and what you do you believe in. But, Dink, we're all friends together, and this is a terrible thing to us. We want you to take back your pin and shut up this whole business. Will you?"

"I'd do a great deal for you, Bob Story," said Stover, looking him in the eyes, "more than for any one else; but I can't do this."

He said it calmly, with a little sadness. The

three were impressed with the finality of the judgment. Story, standing with the cast-off pin in his hand, turning and twisting it, said slowly:

"Dink, do you really mean it?"

"I do."

"It's a serious thing you're doing, Stover," said Le Baron, with the first touch of formality, "and I don't think it should be done in anger."

"I'm not."

"Remember that you are judging a whole society—your own friends—by what one man happened to say to you in a moment of irritation."

"I don't want to talk of what's done," said Stover slowly, for his head was throbbing. "I know myself, and I know nothing is going to make me go back on what I've said. I'm only going to say a word, and then I'm going into my room and going to bed. Le Baron,"—with a sudden rise of his voice he turned and faced the junior,—"don't think I don't understand what it means that I'm giving up. I get what you mean when you start in calling me Stover. I know as well as I'm standing here that you and Reynolds will keep me out of Bones, whether I make captain or not. And that'll hurt me a lot—I admit it. Now, don't let's quibble. It isn't the way Reynolds said what he did—though that did rile me; it's what was told me. Indirectly or directly,—it's the same thing,—you men in sophomore societies would limit my freedom of choice. There you are. I'm against you now, because for the first time I see how the thing works out—because you're wrong! You're a bad influence for those who are in, and a rotten influence for the whole College. Now, I've made up my mind to just one thing. I'm going to finish up here at the head of my own business—my own master; and I'm not going to be in a position to be told by any one in your class, my class, or any other class what I'm to do."

"One moment." Le Baron rose as Stover moved toward the bedroom. "There's another side to it."

"What other side?"

"Whatever you decide,—and I won't take your answer until the morning," said Le Baron solemnly,—"I want you to give me your word that what's happened to-night remains a secret."

"I won't give my word to that or anything else," said Dink defiantly. "I shall do exactly what I think is right to be done, and for that reason only. Now you'll have to excuse me. Good night."

He went to his bedroom, shut the door, tumbled on the bed without undressing, and, still hearing in a confused jumble the murmur of voices, dropped off to sleep.

He was startled out of heavy dreams by a beating in his ears, and sprang up to find Bob Story thundering on his door. He looked at his watch. It was still an hour before chapel.

When he entered the dim study, Story was waiting, and Hungerford was uncoiling from the couch, where he had passed the night.

"Have you fellows been here all night?" said Stover, stopping short.

"Dink, we want a last chance to talk this over," said Story solemnly. "We've all had a chance to sleep it out. Le Baron isn't here, just Joe and myself—your friends."

"You make it hard for me, boys," said Dink, shaking his head.

Hungerford rose with the stiffness of the night, and, coming to Stover, took him by the shoulders.

"Hang you, Dink," he said, "get this straight. We're not thinking about the society, we're thinking about you—about your future. And I want you to know this: whatever you decide, I'm your friend, and proud to be it."

"What Joe says is what I feel," said Story, as Stover, much affected, stood looking at the ground. "We're sticking by you, Dink; that's why I'm going to try once more. Can't you go on in the society, make no open break and still fight for what you believe in—what Joe and I believe in too?"

"But, Bob, I think they're wrong through and through. You don't understand—I'm for wiping them out now."

"That whole question's coming up, and coming up soon," continued Story earnestly, "and a lot of our own crowd will line up for you. Work inside the crowd, if you can see it that way, Dink. There are only five of us know what's happened, and no one else need know."

"Wait a moment, Bob, old fellow," said Dink, stopping him. "You two have got down under my skin, and I won't forget it. Now I'm going to ask you fellows a couple of questions. First, you think if I stick to my determination that most of the crowd'll turn on me?"

"Yes."

"That I have as much chance of being tapped for Bones as Jackson, the sweep?"

"Yes, Dink."

"Now, boys, honest, if I took back my pin for any such reason as that, wouldn't I be a spineless, calculating little quitter?"

Neither answered.

"What would you think of me, Joe—Bob?"

"Darn the luck!" said Hungerford. He did not attempt to answer the question. Neither did Bob Story. They shook hands with Stover, and went out defeated.

Just how big a change in his college career his

renunciation would make, Stover had not understood until, in the weeks that succeeded, he came to feel the full effects of the resentment he had aroused in the society crowds, now at bay before a determined opposition.

He would have liked to ask Hungerford to state his case to Jean Story, but he lacked the courage of his boyish impulse. As he sat in chapel, the thought of Jean Story came to him like a temptation. The Judge was of the Skull and Bones alumni; Bob was sure to go; all the influences about her were of belief in the finality of that judgment.

"Yes, and Hunter will go in with sailing colors; he'll never risk anything," he said bitterly, "and I'll stand up and take my medicine for doing what? For showing I had a backbone. But no one will ever know it outside. They'll think it's something wrong in my character — they always do. Stover, Yale's star end, misses out for Bones! That's the slogan. Cheating at cards or bumming. I wonder what she'll think? Lord, that's the hard part!"

For a week, proud as Lucifer, on edge for an opportunity, he stuck it out at the eating-joint, knowing the hopelessness of it all — that what he wanted had gone, and no amount of bravado could make him wink the fact that in the midst of his own crowd, where he had stood as a leader, he was now regarded as an outsider.

In the second week he gave up the useless fight and went to Commons, to the table where Regan, Gimbel, and Brockhurst ate. They forbore to ask him the reasons of the change, and he gave no explanation. That something had happened which had caused him to break away from his society was soon a matter of common rumor, and several incorrect versions circulated, all vastly to his credit. His influence in the body of the class was correspondingly increased, and Gimbel once or twice approached him with offers to run him for manager of the crew or the junior prom.

One day about a month after his withdrawal, when, bundled up in his dressing-gown, he went shuffling into the basement for a cold tub, he had quite a shock, that brought home visually to him the realization of the price he had paid.

It had been the practice from long custom to inscribe on the walls tentative lists of the probable selections from the class for the three senior societies. On this particular list his name had stood at the head from the beginning, and the constant familiar sight of it had always brought him a warm, secure pleasure.

All at once, as he looked at it, he perceived a leaden blur where his name had stood, and the names of Bain and Hunter heading the list.

"I suppose they've got me down among the last now," he said, with a long breath. He searched the list. His name was not even on it. This popular estimation of what he himself believed had nevertheless power to wound him deeply.

"Well, it's so — I knew it," he said; but it was said in bitterness, with a newer and keener realization.

He began, indeed, to feel like an outsider, and, rebelling against the injustice of it all, to set his heart in bitterness. Hungerford and Bob Story, Dopey McNab often, tried to keep up with him; but, understanding their motives, he was proudly sensitive, and sought rather to avoid them.

Meanwhile the opposition to the sophomore societies reached the point of open revolt, and a mass meeting was held, which, as had been planned, caused a stir throughout the press of the country and brought in from the alumni a storm of protest. Stover himself, despite his inclinations to come forward in direct opposition, after a long debate remained silent, feeling bound by the oath he had given at his initiation.

Shortly after, the news spread like wildfire that the president, taking cognizance of the intolerable state of affairs, had summoned representatives of the three sophomore societies before him, and given them a month to submit some scheme of reform that would be comprehensive and adequate.

Rightly or wrongly, Stover felt that these developments intensified the feeling of the society element against him. A few weeks outside the boundaries, despite all his bravado, had brought home to him how much he cared for the companionship of those from whom he had separated.

Regan was his one friend; Brockhurst stimulated him; and in the intercourse with Swazey, Pike, Lake, Ricketts, and others he had found a certain inspiration. But, after all, the men of his own kind, Story, Hungerford, and others, whom from pride he now avoided, were largely the men of the society crowd. They spoke a language he understood, they came from homes that were like his home, and their judgment of him would go with him out into the new relations in life.

It was a time of depression and bitter revolt at what he knew was the injustice of his ostracism, forgetting how much was of his own proud choosing.

He wandered from crowd to crowd, rather taciturn and restless, seeking diversion with a consuming nervousness. The new restlessness of spirit drove him away from the conferences at Regan's and Swazey's to the company of

idlers. For a period, in his pride and bitterness, he let go of himself, flung the reins to the wind, and started downhill with a gallop.

In pursuance of his policy of open defiance, he chose to appear at Mory's with the wildest element of the class. His companions were a little in awe of his grim, concentrated figure; when he sat into a game of poker or joined a table of revelers, he did it with no zest. He never joined in the chorus, and, if he occasionally broke out into a boisterous laugh, there was always a jarring note to it, that caused his companions to glance at him uneasily. With the impetuousness of his nature, he outstripped his associates, plunging deeper and deeper, obstinately resolved, into the black gulf of his despair. His excesses became college gossip, and, unknown to Stover, the subject of long conferences among his friends.

One Friday night, after straying aimlessly from room to room, he set out for Mory's in quest of Tom Kelly and a group of Sheff pagans; he was trudging along the hard ways in front of Welch Hall, fists sunk in his pockets, head down under a slouch hat, when he chanced on Tom Regan coming out of the Brick Row.

"Hello, there, bantam," said Regan, with the prerogative of his size.

"Hello, Tom," answered Stover, but without enthusiasm, for he had rather avoided him.

"A deuced cordial greeting! Where bound, stranger?"

"Mory's."

"Mory's," said Regan, appearing to consider. "Good idea. I've got a hankering after a toby of musty ale and a rabbit myself. Wait till I stow these books and I'll join you."

Stover stood frowning, suspicious and rebelling; for at that age it is a point of honor, when a man of the world resolves to run his head against a stone wall, that any interference from a friend is regarded as an unwarranted insult.

"He thinks he'll try the big brother act on me," he said, scowling. He was not in a particularly good humor, nor was his head clear, from several nights that had gone their reeling way.

When they entered Mory's, Tom Kelly, Dopey McNab, and Buck Waters were already grouped in the inner room.

"Well, old flinthead, how do you feel after last night?" said Kelly, making room for them.

"Fine," said Dink mendaciously, secretly pleased at the tribute to his sporting talents before Regan.

"More'n I can say," said Dopey, affectionately feeling of his head. "Curse the man who invented fish-house punch."

"Get home all right?" continued Kelly.

"Sure."

"I had a little tiff with a cop. If he'd been smaller I'd have taken his shield away. He was most impudent. Never mind, I beat him in a foot race."

"Cocktails," said Stover, resolved that Regan should be well punished. "Make it two for me, Louis; I'll have to catch up."

"Toby and a rabbit," said Regan, without change of expression.

"Cocktail, Dopey?" continued Stover, with a millionaire gesture.

"I never refuse," said Dopey, who planned to go through life on that virtuous motto.

With such a beginning, matters progressed with remarkable facility. Stover, taciturn and in an ugly mood, constantly hurried the rounds, matching drink for drink, secretly resolved to prove his supremacy here as elsewhere. Regan, after two tobies, withdrew from the contest, sitting silently puffing on his huge pipe, but without attempt at interference. Bob Story and Hungerford came and went, with a glance at Stover's clouded face and Regan's stolid, unfathomable expression. When midnight arrived and Louis came with apologies to announce the closing, there was quite a reckoning.

Stover was the best of the lot, doggedly resolved to show no effects of what he had taken. He felt a haziness in his vision, and words that were spoken seemed to be whirled away without record; but his legs stood firm, and his head was still under control. Buck Waters and a Sheff man took Tom Kelly home by a circuitous route to avoid either a wrestling match or a foot race with the zealous members of the New Haven police force; and Stover had the fierce pride of showing Regan that he could take charge of the hilarious but wabbly Dopey McNab, who, moved by the finest feelings for the brotherhood of man, was determined to scatter his superfluous change among his brother beings.

With great dignity and impressiveness, Stover, supporting one side, continued to give foggy directions to Regan on the other, until, come to McNab's quarters, they delivered that joyously exuberant person into his bed, propped up his head, opened the window, locked the door, and left the key outside to insure the termination of the night's adventure. Stover went down the steep, endless stairs with great deliberation and minute pains.

"Dopey's got weak head — no good — stand nothing," he said seriously to Regan.

"Well, we've fixed him up," said Regan cheerily. "You've got a wonderful top, old sport."

"I'm pretty good; Dopey's got the weak head," said Stover, taking his arm. "I'm good, can put 'em under the table — all under the table."

"Good for you."

"Tom, you aren't — aren't in critical at — attochood, are you?" said Dink, with all feeling of resentment gone.

"Lord, no, boy."

"'Cause it does me good — this does me good. I feel bad — pretty rotten bad, Tom, about some things. You don't know — can't tell — but I feel bad; this does me good — forget — you understand?"

"I understand."

"You're a good friend, Tom. They don't understand — no one else understands. I'd like to shake hands. Thank you. Good night."

They had come opposite the Brick Row, and Regan, knowing the other's true condition, would have preferred to see him along to his room. But he knew of old the danger of making mistakes, so he said:

"Feel all right, old bantam?"

"Fine." Stover took a step or two, and then returned. "I put 'em to bed, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"Never 'fects me."

"You're a wonder."

"I thank you for your company."

"Good night."

Stover, intent only on making his entry a hundred yards away, felt a roaring in his ears and a sudden jumble and confusion before him.

"Must get there; self-control — that's it, self-control," he said to himself, and by a supreme effort he reached his entry, pushed open the door, and, stumbling in out of Regan's vision, sat heavily down on the steps.

Some indistinct time after, he beheld before him a little spectacled figure in pink pajamas.

"Who are you?" he said.

"Wookey, sir."

"What's your class?"

"Freshman, sir."

"Very well. All right. You can help me — help me up. You know me?"

"Yes, sir."

The pink pajamas approached, and with an effort Dink rose and, grasping the proffered shoulder, tumbled up the steps. When he reached his room his mind seemed to clear a moment, like the sudden drifting to and fro of a fog.

"Who are you?" he said, frowning.

"Wookey, sir."

"Where do you room?"

"On the first landing, sir."

"You wear pink ones — why?"

The little freshman, hero-worshiper, face to face with his first great emotion, the conduct of an intoxicated man, blurted out:

"Don't you like 'em, sir?"

"Keep 'em on," said Stover magnanimously. "So you're freshman."

"Yes, sir."

Suddenly he felt impressed with his duty, his obvious duty, to one below him.

"Freshman," he said thickly, "I want you listen to me. Never drink to excess. Understand? You beginning college — school of character; hold on yourself — lead a good life — self-control's the great thing — take it from me. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Wookey, awed and a little frightened at the service he was rendering to the great Dink Stover.

"That's all," said Stover benignly. "My bedroom — still there?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may lead me to it."

When he had been brought to his bed, he recalled the pink pajamas, and said:

"I thank you for your courtesy and your kindness." Then he said to himself: "It does me good — forget — happy now."

A moment later the fog closed over his consciousness again and he was asleep.

CHAPTER XXI

NIGHT after night, Wookey, the little freshman from a mountain village of Maine, the shadow of a grind, whom no one knew in his class and who would never know any one, awaited over his books the hour of twelve, and the arrival of the great man gone wrong, whose secret only he possessed. Sometimes, when he went out eagerly at the clatter on the stairs, the hero would be in control, and would say:

"Hello, Wookey. How are you to-night?"

"All right, sir," he would answer, shifting from foot to foot, afraid to volunteer assistance.

"All right myself," Stover would answer. "See you to-morrow. Good night."

Gradually, however, to his delight, Stover grew to like the strange meetings, and permitted Wookey to accompany him to his room, to open the window, draw off the boots, and disappear with the promise to thunder on his door in time for chapel. In the daytime they never met.

Stover never failed to thank him with the utmost ceremony. Often the dialogues that ensued were farcically humorous; only little Wookey, solemn as an owl, never laughed.

One night, Stover, draped in difficult equilibrium on the mantelpiece, suddenly, in his new parental solicitude for the freshman, bethought him of the curriculum.

"Wookey."

"Yes, sir."

"One thing must speak about — meant speak about long time ago."

"What, sir?" said Wookey, looking up apprehensively over his spectacles.

"Study," said Stover, with terrific solemnity. "Want you be good scholar."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Want you be valedict — you understand what mean?"

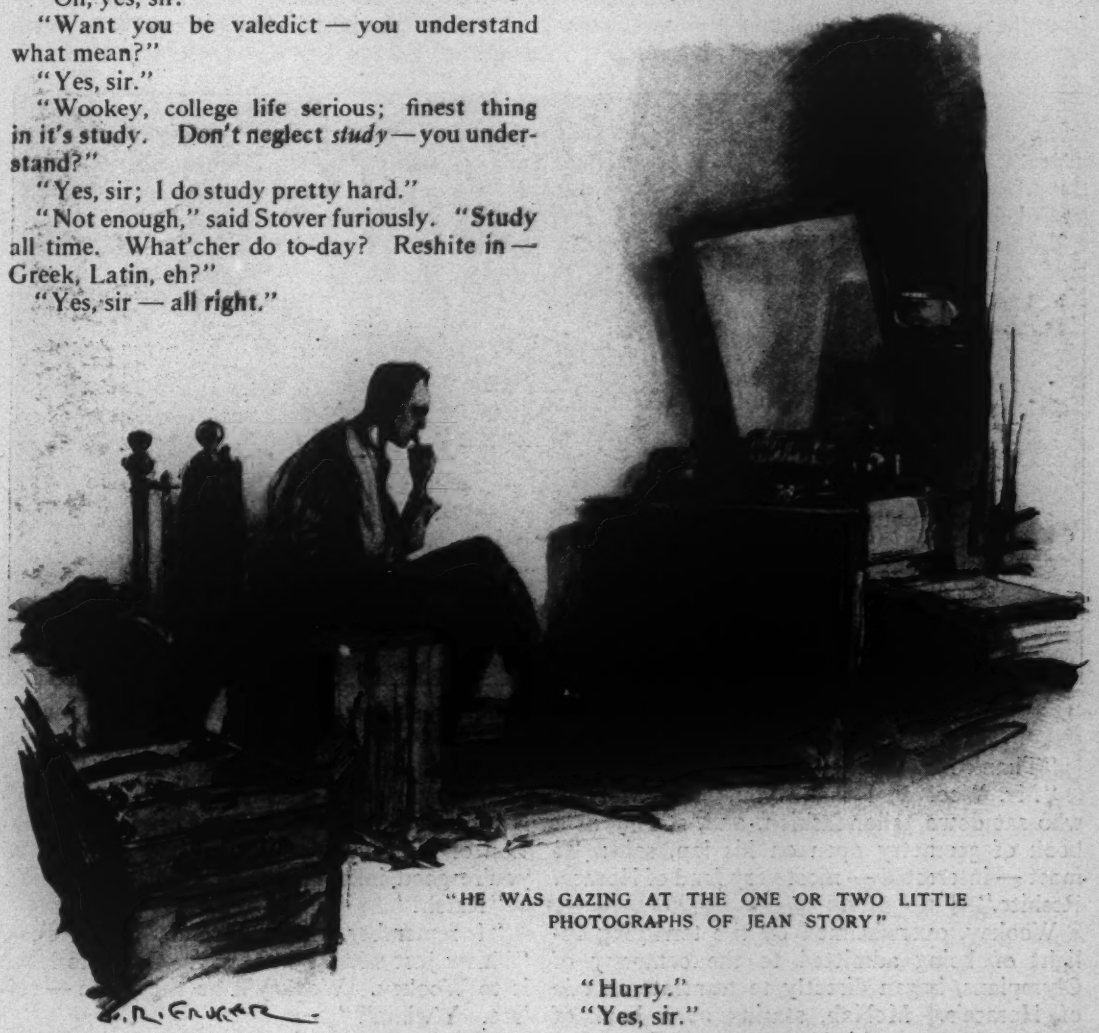
"Yes, sir."

"Wookey, college life serious; finest thing in it's study. Don't neglect *study* — you understand?"

"Yes, sir; I do study pretty hard."

"Not enough," said Stover furiously. "Study all time. What'cher do to-day? Reshite in — Greek, Latin, eh?"

"Yes, sir — all right."



"HE WAS GAZING AT THE ONE OR TWO LITTLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF JEAN STORY"

"Good, very good — proud of you, Wookey," said Stover, satisfied. "Must be good influence — understand that, Wookey. Going to ask every night."

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Go an' study now. Study lot more."

This feeling of the influence he was exerting for Wookey's academic betterment was so strong in Dink, when the hour of midnight had passed, that, shortly after, he brought McNab home with him to witness his works.

When Wookey appeared, something displeased Stover. His protégé was not as he should be presented. Suddenly he remembered. Wookey was not in the pink pajamas!

"Wookey," he said sternly.

"Yes, sir."

"The pink ones," he said solemnly.

"Very well, sir."

"Hurry."

"Yes, sir."

"Studies better in pink," said Stover wisely to McNab, who was trying to exceed him in dignity. "Most becoming!"

"Aha!"

"Make him study, Dopey," continued Stover. "I make him study."

"Want hear 'm reshite," said McNab, unconvinced.

When Wookey, in changed costume, came puffing upstairs, books under his arm, McNab, who had been exhorted by Stover, viewed the pink pajamas with deliberation, and said:

"Like you in pink, Wookey; always wear 'em. Want to hear you reshite."

"Reshite," said Stover.

"Hold up," said Dopey, scratching his head.

"What's matter?"

"Where going to sleep?"

"Wookey, suggestions?" said Stover, adding in a thundering whisper to McNab: "Always leave such things to Wookey."

The freshman busily took down the cushions from the window-seat, piled up the pillows at one end before the fire, and brought up a rug.

"STOVER, MORTIFIED, IN A PANIC OF SELF-ACCUSATION AND REMORSE, WENT

"Thank Mr. Wookey," said Stover severely.

"Mr. Wookey, I thank you," said McNab, who sat down tailor fashion, and, staring at a book of geometry open on his lap, said: "I most — interested — most very fond of Horace. Reshite."

Wookey, overwhelmed by the terrifying delight of being admitted to the company of Olympians, began directly to translate an ode of Horace's. McNab, staring at a book of geometry open on his lap, remarked from time to time severely:

"What's that? Oh, yes; h'm — quite right — free, rather free, Dink — not bad, not bad for freshman."

"Is it all right?" said Stover seriously.

"All right."

"All my influence," said Stover.

"Wookey," said McNab, as a judge would say it, "very fortunate, sir, have such good influonce. Congrath-ulate you."

Wookey, whether deceived by their drunken assumption of sobriety or to conciliate dangerous men, remained in his corner, his book closed, blinking out from his wide glasses. McNab, remembering the beginning of a discussion in which he had engaged with serious purpose, suddenly began, shaking his head:

"Dink, you ought be *better* influence than y'are."

Stover chose to be offended.

"Why you say that?"

"'Cause 'm right; y'oughtn' drink — not a drop!"

"What right you got to say that?"

"Every right — every," said McNab, trying to remember what was the original destination of his argument. "I'm bad example 'n' you're good influence; there's diff. See?"

"Ratsh!"

"I remember," said McNab, all at once. "Know just what I want say. Going to leave it to Wookey. Wookey'll be the judge — ref-'ree. Y'willin'?"

"Willin'."

"'M going to give moral lecture," said McNab rapidly, who then paused and considered a long while. "I'm fond of Stover, Wookey, very fond — very worried, too; want him to stop drinking. Bad for him — bad for any one, but bad for him."

Stover, who could still perceive the argument, laughed a disagreeable laugh.

"He's laughin' at me, Wookey," said McNab, in a grieved voice. "He means by that insultin' laugh that I sometimes drink excess. I admit it; I'm not proud of it, but I admit it. But there's a difference, and here's where you ref'ree,

judge. When I take 'n occasional glass, I drink to be happy, make others happy; y'understand — excesh of love for humanity, enjoy youth an' all that sort of thing, you know. That's the point — you're ref'ree. When Stover drinks, he goes at in bad way — no love humanity, joy of youth. That's the point, y'understand. I want him to stop it, 'cause he's my friend; he's good infloonce — I'm bad example."

"You're me friend?" said Stover, overcome.

"What — what I going to stop?"

"What you, what —" McNab frowned terrifically at the owls. "Stop — must stop — promish — what — what stop?"

The question being transferred to Stover, he in turn scratched his head and sought to concentrate his memory.

"I promished," he said slowly. "Remember that — stop — promish stop. Wookey!"

"Yes, sir."

RUSHING FROM THE STORYS' HOME AND AWAY FOR A LONG, FEVERISH MARCH"

"Your besh friend."

"Shake hands?"

"Shure."

"Dopey, tell you truth — confide in you," said Stover, slipping down beside him. "Swear."

"Swear."

"Never tell."

"Never!"

"I'm unhappy."

"No!"

"Drink to forget, y'understand."

"Must stop it," said McNab, firmly closing one eye and gazing fearfully at the yellow owls in front.

"Going to stop it," said Stover, "soon; stop soon — promise."

"Promish?"

"Promise! Y'understand, want to forget."

"Must stop it," repeated McNab, turning from the yellow-eyed owls to Stover.

"Promish," repeated Stover solemnly. A moment later he said sleepily: "I shay."

"Shay it."

The pink pajamas approached with reluctance and waited at a safe distance.

"Wookey! What — what's this all about? What's it?"

Wookey, facing the crisis of his life, hesitated between two impulses; but at this moment they took solemn hold of each other's hands, vacillated, and rolled over on the cushions. Wookey, in the pink pajamas, covered them over with the rug, and stole out, like a thief carrying away a secret.

But, despite McNab's more sober remonstrances and his own proclamation, Stover did not cease his headlong gallop down the hill of Rake's Progress. He still avoided his old friends — he had not been to the Storys' home for weeks. Regan occasionally forced himself upon him, but never offered a suggestion. The truth is, Stover began to have a horror of his own society, of being left alone. What he did, he did without restraint. At the card-tables where he wandered he was always clamoring for the raising of the limit, always ready to eat up the night. Even

the most inveterate of the gamblers in his class perceived what McNab perceived — that there was no pleasure in what he did, but a sort of self-immolation. They were a little in awe of him, uneasy when he was around. He wandered over into Sheff, and among a group of hard-livers in the Law School, getting deeper and deeper into the maelstrom. Several times, returning unsteadily late at night, he had met Le Baron, who stood aside and watched him go with difficulty toward the haven of his own entry; for Stover always made it a point of pride to reach home and Wookey unaided. He never was offensive or quarrelsome; on the contrary, his struggle was always for self-control and an excess of politeness.

The climax arrived one Saturday night when, having outlasted the party, he had put Tom Kelly to bed and was returning from Sheff alone. He was very well pleased with himself. He had delivered Tom Kelly to his friends and gone away without assistance.

"Weak head — all weak head," he said to himself valiantly, "all but Stover, Dink Stover, old Rinky Dink. Self-control, great self-control. That's it, that's the point. Never taken home; walk myself — self-control." He began to laugh at the memory of Tom Kelly, who had insisted on going to bed with one boot under the pillow and his watch on the floor. The excruciating humor of it almost made him collapse. He clung to the nearest tree and wept for joy.

"Never hear end of it. Tom Kelly — boots — wonderful. Poor old Tom! — 'n' I walkin' home — alone."

Some one on the opposite sidewalk, seeing him clinging hilariously, stopped. Stover straightened up instantly, adjusted his hat, and started off.

"Mustn't create false impression. All right. Street corner — careful of street corner." He crossed with a run and a leap, and continued more sedately. "Know just what 'm doin'.

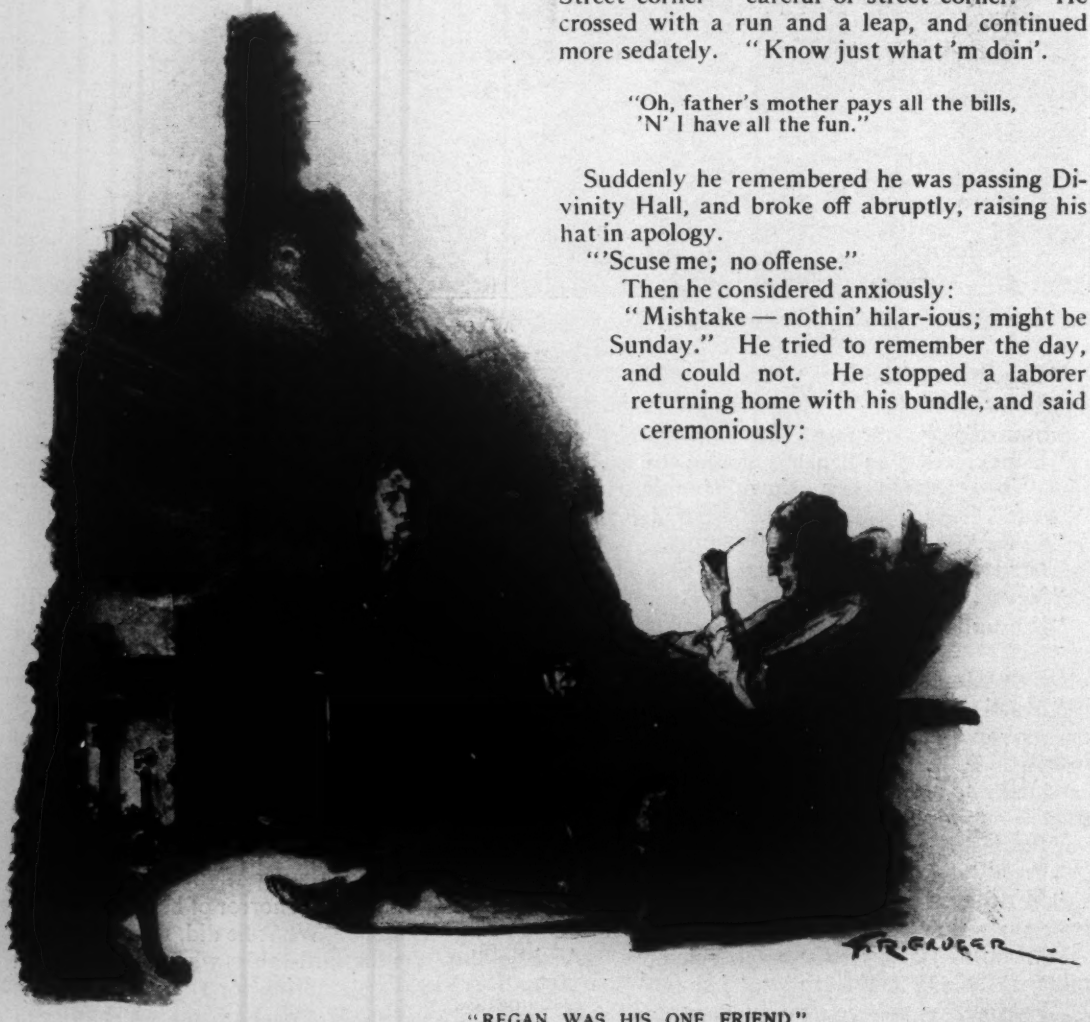
"Oh, father's mother pays all the bills,
'N' I have all the fun."

Suddenly he remembered he was passing Divinity Hall, and broke off abruptly, raising his hat in apology.

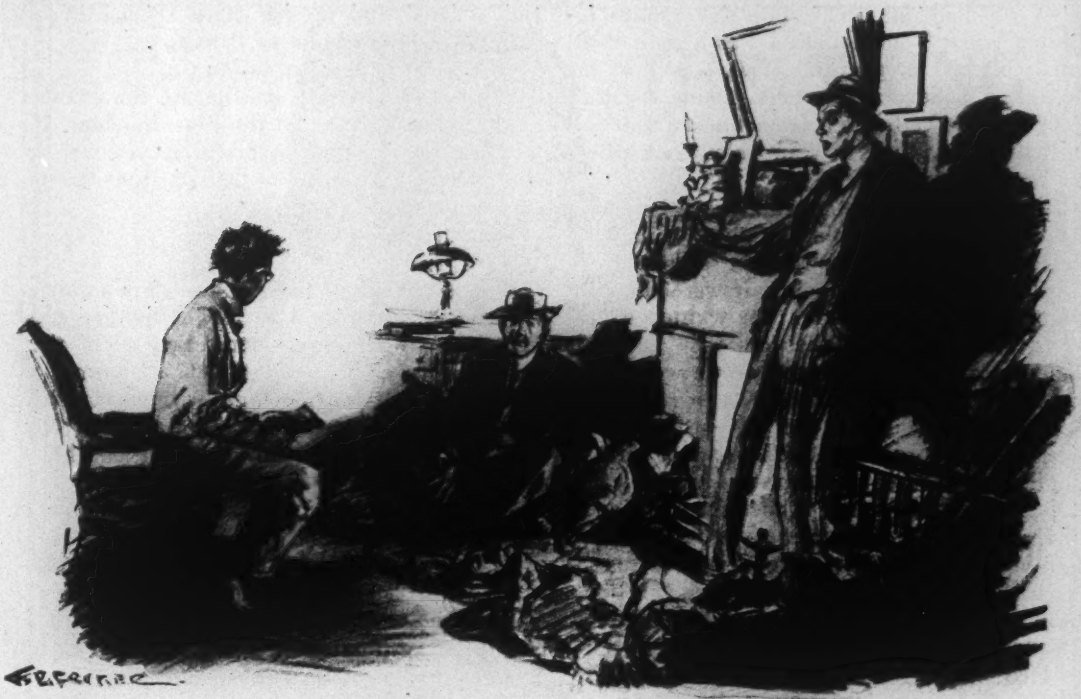
"'Scuse me; no offense."

Then he considered anxiously:

"Mishtake — nothin' hilar-ious; might be Sunday." He tried to remember the day, and could not. He stopped a laborer returning home with his bundle, and said ceremoniously:



"REGAN WAS HIS ONE FRIEND"



"'LIKE YOU IN PINK, WOOKEY; ALWAYS WEAR 'EM'"

"Beg your pardon — don't mean insult you; can you tell me what day week it is?"

"Sure, me b'y," said the Irishman; "it's tomorrow."

"Thanks — sorry trouble you," said Stover, bowing. Then, pondering over the information, he started hurriedly on his way. "Knew it was late — must hurry."

When he came to the corner of the campus he raised his hat again to the chapel.

"Battell — believe 'n compulsory chapel — Yale democracy." He paused along College Street, saluting the various buildings by name. "Great inshtoostion — campus. Brocky's right; bring life back into campus — bring it all back. Things wrong now — everything's wrong; must say so — must stop an' fight, good fight. Regan's right, 'n' Swazey's right, — all right. Hello, Donnelly. Salute!"

The campus policeman, lolling in the shadow of Osborn Hall, said:

"So there you are ag'in, Mr. Stover. A fine life you're leadin'."

Stover felt this was an unwarranted criticism.

"Never saw any one take me home," he said; "always manage get home. That's the point, that's it. See?"

"Go on with you," said Donnelly. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself — you who ought to be captain of the team."

Stover approached him.

"Donnelly — captain?"

"What?"

"I'm goin' to stop. Solemn promish."

He went into the campus and steadied himself against an elm, gazing down the long, dim way to where, in the shadow of the chapel, was his entry.

"I see it — see it plainly. Perfect self-control. What's that?" The trees seemed swollen to monstrous shapes, and the façades of the dormitories to be set on a slant, like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. He laughed cunningly. "Don't fool me. Might fool Dopey — Tom Kelly — weak heads. Don't fool me — illushion, pure illushion — know all 'bout it. Worse comes worse, get down hands knees."

"Well, Dink, pickled again," said the voice of Le Baron from an outer world.

He straightened up, his mind coming back to his control, as it always did in the presence of others.

"All right," he said, leaning up against the cold, hard sides of Phelps. "Bit of a party, that's all."

"Look here, Dink," said Le Baron, who was ignorant of the extent of the other's condition, "let's have a few plain words, man to man."

Stover heard him as from a distance, and nodded his head gravely.

"Good."

"We've had our break, but I've always respected you. You thought I was a snob then, and a blamed aristocrat. Well, was I so far wrong? I believe in the best getting together and keeping together. You've chucked that and tried the other, haven't you? Now look where it's brought you."

Stover, his back to the wall, heard him with the clarity that sometimes comes. His head seemed to be among whirling mists, but every word came to him as though it were the only sound in a sleeping world. He wanted to answer; he rebelled at the logic; he knew it could be answered, but the words would not come.

"You're going to the devil — that's it in good English words," said Le Baron, not without kindness. "You ought to be the biggest thing in your class, and you're headed for the biggest failure. And it's all because you've cut loose from your crowd, Dink — from your own kind; because you've taken up with a bunch who don't count, who aren't working for anything here."

Suddenly Stover revolted, saying angrily:

"Hugh!"

"I don't want to hit you when you're down," said Le Baron quickly. "But, Dink, man alive, you're too good to go to the devil. Brace up — be a man. Get back to your own kind again."

"Hugh, that's enough."

He said it sharply, and there was a finality about it.

"I say, Dink."

"Good night."

He stood without moving until he had compelled Le Baron to leave; then he set out for his room. A great anger swept over him — at himself, at the Dink Stover who had betrayed the cause and given Le Baron the right to say what he had.

"It isn't that," he said furiously. "Not for breaking 'way — democracy — standing on m' own feet. No! It's a lie, all a lie. It's m' own fault. Darn you, Dink Stover, you're a quitter!"

He marched into his entry, his head on fire, but clear with one last resolve, and thundered on Wookey's door.

"Come out!"

The pink pajamas flashed before him as by magic. The little freshman, perceiving Stover's fierce expression, drew back in alarm.

"Go'n' to help *you* up to-night; able to do it," said Dink, the idea of assistance to another mingling in some curious way with his great resolve. He took Wookey firmly by the arm and assisted him up the stairs. Once in his room, he motioned him to a chair.

"Sit down; somethin' say to you!"

Wookey, frightened, calculating the chances to the door, huddled in the big arm-chair, his toes drawn up under him, his large eyes over the spectacles never daring to deviate from the imperious glance of Stover.

"Studied to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Wookey, listen to me. I'm a quitter — you understand? I've fought fight — good fight — big fight — real democracy — 'n' then I lost nerve. I'm wrong; I'm *all* wrong. I know it. Fault's with me, not with what fought for. Wookey, listen to me. Le Baron's wrong, all wrong — you understand? He doesn't know — realize. See?"

"Yes, sir," said Wookey, in terror and complete incomprehension.

"I'm fool — big fool; but that's over, y'understand. Never give Le Baron chance say again what he did to-night. 'M going to fight again — *good* fight. An' no one's ever going say saw me like this again. Y'understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the freshman weakly, terrified at the passion that showed in Stover, rocking before the mantelpiece.

"Last time they ever get me this way!"

The green-shaded lamp was burning on the table before him.

"The last time — by heaven!" he said, and, lifting his fist, he drove it through the shattering glass, reeled, and stretched insensible on the floor.

On the following night, a Saturday, Kelly, Buck Waters, and McNab at Mory's set up a shout of welcome as Stover came in quietly:

"Good old Dink!"

"Hard old head."

"What is it, old boy? Get in the game."

"A toby of musty, Louis," he said, quietly sitting down.

McNab glanced at him, aware of something new in the sharp, businesslike movements and the old determined lines of the lips.

"My round," said Buck Waters presently.

"Another toby for me," said Stover.

A little later, Kelly rang on the table:

"Bring 'em all over again."

"Not for me," said Stover. "I guess two'll be my limit from now on."

There was no protest. McNab surreptitiously, while the others were in an argument, leaned over and patted him on the knee.

TO BE CONTINUED

CINCINNATI'S YOUNG MAYOR

THE THING ABOVE THE LAW

THE RISE AND RULE OF GEORGE B. COX, AND HIS OVERTHROW BY YOUNG HUNT AND THE FIGHTING IDEALISTS OF CINCINNATI

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

DOWN an evil back street, where hideous women whined and plucked at men from their dark thresholds, and the uncertain shadows of drunken boys rocked in and out of the patches of yellow light beneath the straggling gas lamps, lay Dead Man's Corner. A tall young ruffian named Cox ran the saloon there in the late '70's. The back street's name was Longworth — taken from an old and wealthy Cincinnati family which owned great blocks of property in the neighboring slums.

He was a handsome, silent, dominant devil, this saloonkeeper on the corner where murders had taken place — a big, powerful brute, who had hammered down his men, white and black, in the local prize-ring. He ruled with his menacing eyes, and an occasional hoarse monosyllable, the congregation of male beasts that grew about his shop. He had a natural, primitive power to make men afraid.

There was a politician who got in trouble in Philadelphia one election day in the '70's — a sleek, dapper little man, with a soul as cool and hard and shiny as a billiard-ball. He came to Cincinnati under a false name, and for a while he tended bar for Cox. Philadelphia politicians — the wise ones of the secret machine — kept dropping in to visit the exile; and, as they came and went, they taught the silent saloonkeeper the Philadelphia way of city politics.

It was very simple. In the early morning of election day, before the rest of the world was up, the male parasites of vice, the blear-eyed citizens of the night, emerged from Dead Man's Corner and started for the polls; and there, in regular and legal assembly, they chose the clerks and judges of election. It was a time of crude election laws, when no real politician cared who cast the votes, provided he could count them. The gang from Dead Man's Corner held the Sixteenth Ward, and the taciturn keeper of the saloon held the gang — by the primal necessities of drink and food and lodging which always threaten close at hand the savages of the evil slums.

The Man from Dead Man's Corner

The Sixteenth Ward was Cox's; it was not enough. His cold, hard eyes saw stretched before him that strange new highway to fortune, in America, which opens from the back door of the slum saloon.

The same broad road has opened before many men in the cities of the United States, but never for a man just like this one. This was no loose-lipped bartender, inflated to grotesque power by gross and unexpected overfeeding. The man from Dead Man's Corner was still, reflective, self-confident, without a friend or intimate, and driven by a cold mania of avarice which nothing in the world could satisfy. Men were afraid of him, and stood aside. In a year or two he sold his saloon and gave himself entirely to politics. Out of the Sixteenth Ward, which he held for himself alone, he moved, space by space, across the ward maps of the city, as a silent player moves across a chessboard.

It was a virgin field for his enterprise, an unexplored territory on the far frontier of practical politics. Conventions were still a bedlam of untrained democracy, a crazy mass of delegates charging back and forth among half a dozen candidates. Into the midst of this chaos came the man who said one final "yes" or "no" for the delegation of a ward — came and sat and waited. He bought cheap and sold dear. One by one, candidates came to him and took his price; one by one, the wards of the city fell into his hands, to hold and manage as his own. There was no management so good; he was a genius. In 1884 the man from Dead Man's Corner was head of the Republican Campaign Committee of Cincinnati in the presidential campaign. And about this time there crossed his path the Conqueror of Consumption.

The Conqueror of Consumption

The Conqueror of Consumption was an alert and merry soul — a bright-eyed Irishman named Thomas W. Graydon, recently from Iowa. Immediately after he had enjoyed the educational advantages of that State, he made his memorable discovery, gave it a name like a Turkish candy, and decided to offer it to humanity from Cincinnati.

He offered it by advertisement, not so much to residents of Cincinnati as to those at some distance from that place — advising all of the extreme danger of traveling for those stricken with consumption. His treatment went by mail, and very few were the invalids who arrived from out of town. Upon his circulars he printed the Cincinnati City Hall as the office of the discoverer — with absolute accuracy, the discoverer being an official of the city. And, as certificate of good faith, he showed, with equal accuracy of detail, a group picture of those greatly benefited by the cure, consisting of a gathering of the discoverer himself, with and without whiskers, with and without the noses, eyes, and various features essential to the German, Irish, Hebrew, and other races susceptible to tuberculosis in the climate of the United States. A mind with such ingenuity was naturally successful, both financially and politically.

In 1884 Cox was in need of sponsors. So fast and straight had this unlovely figure risen from the ugliest slums to the head of the Republican party in Cincinnati that the sight was too sinister to be borne — particularly by the aristocracy of federal office-holders who had ruled the party hitherto. They refused to acknowledge him. Then Dr. Graydon stepped forward to his aid. Clarkson, vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee, came from Iowa, as Graydon did; Graydon established relations between Cox and Clarkson. The decision of the National Committee was unqualifiedly for Cox; and never before had a presidential campaign in Cincinnati been run so well.

"The Fire Alarm" of Cincinnati

So, in less than half a dozen years, the man from Dead Man's Corner had risen to the repu-

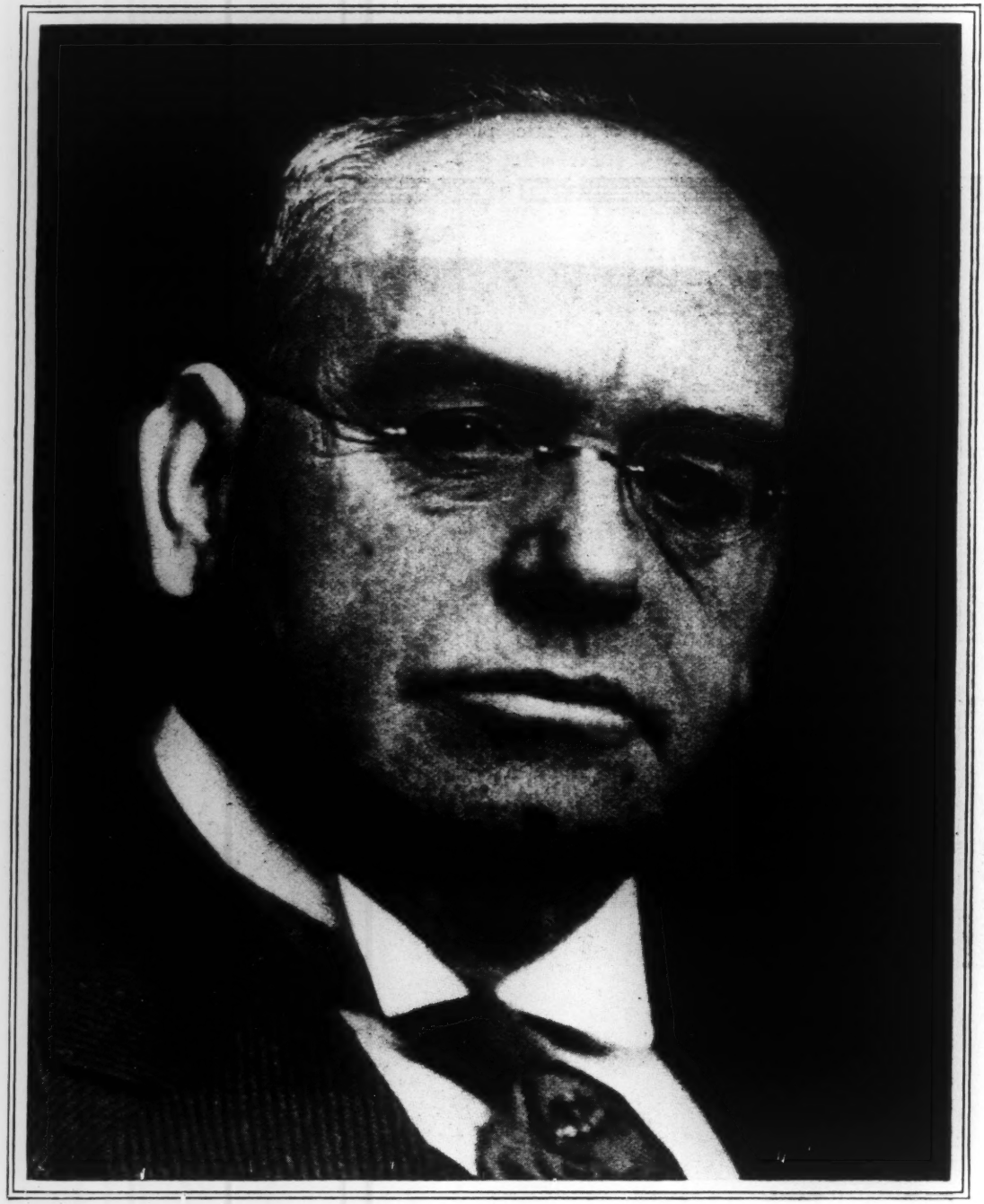
tation of one of the most acute political managers of a great city in the United States. It was not enough. Then, about this time, there crossed the path of Cox "the Fire Alarm."

This young reformer of Cincinnati, Joseph B. Foraker, had roused the pulses of a State mastery of Cox. In 1886, in the name of reform, he took the government of Cincinnati out of its own incompetent administration, and placed it in a new board to be appointed by himself as Governor. The actual appointment of the employees of the city he placed in the hands of Cox.

THE TAFT BROTHERS
THE PRESIDENT AND CHARLES P. TAFT, THE CINCINNATI CAPITALIST AND NEWSPAPER OWNER

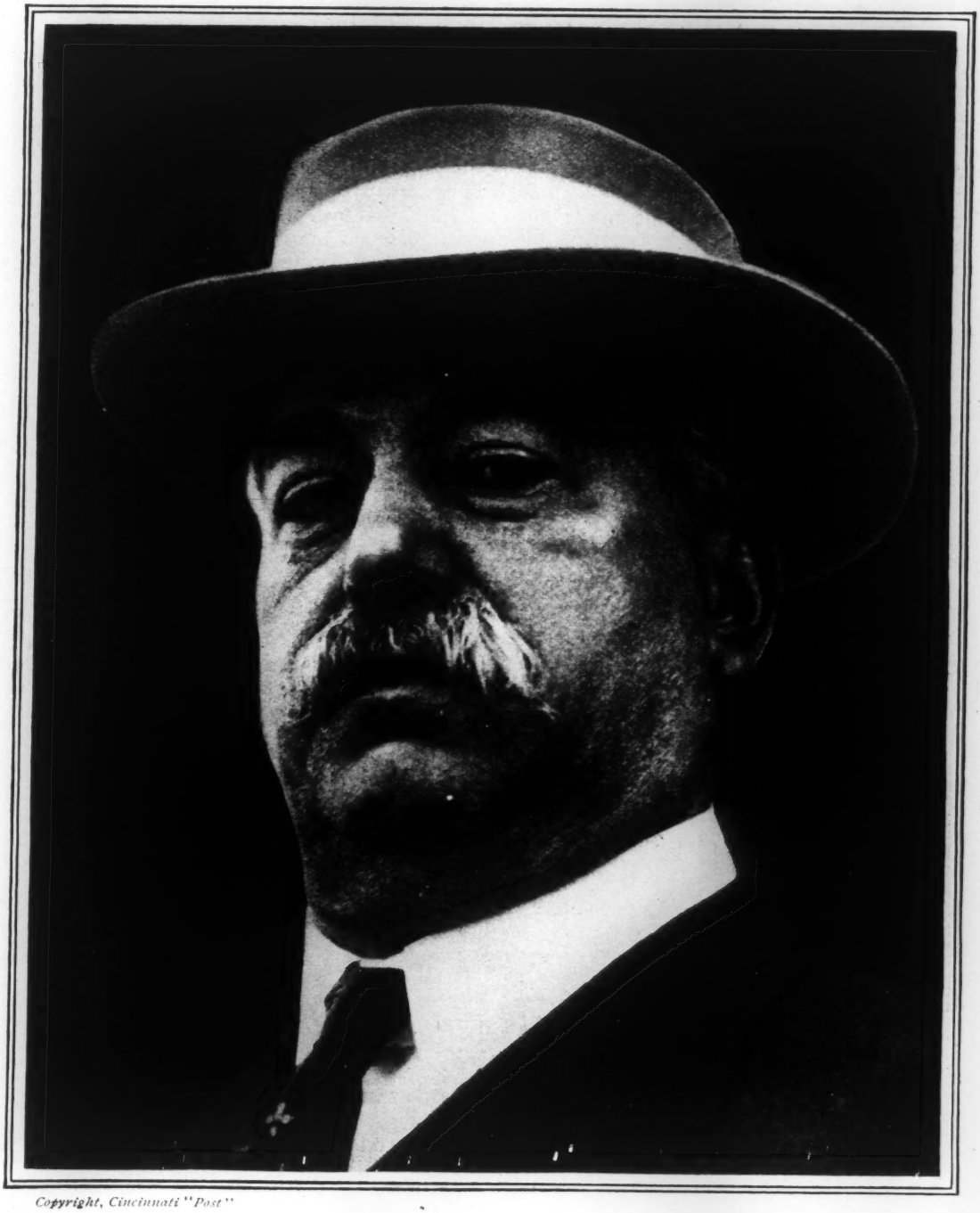
with his vibrant challenges of old abuses — an enthusiastic youth, rightly named "the Fire Alarm." In 1885 they made him Governor. He was a friend of the Conquerer of Consumption, and had grown, through him, and through practical experience, to appreciate the political

It was seven or eight years since the Philadelphians had gone in and out of the saloon with the evil name and had taught their system to its keeper. Now he held the practical rulership of the city of Cincinnati, the choice of the fifteen hundred or two thousand men who car-



JUDGE GORMAN

BEFORE WHOM COX WAS INDICTED FOR PERJURY



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GEORGE B. COX

THE POWER ABOVE THE LAW. HE HAS AGED GREATLY SINCE HIS INDICTMENT

ried on its business. It was not enough. There was no self-deception in Cox; his mind was too full of the cold logic of his great avarice. The place he had reached was as slippery as it was high. One after another, the adventurers come climbing up to it from their slum saloons throughout the cities of America — and disappear. He must be permanent. Graydon had done something; Foraker had done much: but they could not give him this. And then his keen eyes fell upon his crowning opportunity in Mayor, who then appointed the bi-partizan board, which then appointed the great standing army of city employees. Immediately, when the change was made, Cox smashed the only other Republican politician of consequence left in the city, and took upon himself the permanent power of making mayors.

The man from Dead Man's Corner had seated himself over the city of Cincinnati. For twenty years he remained there — a figure like no other in the United States, or in the world.

THE BREAD LINE IN MIKE
AN EXAMPLE OF THE CARE THAT CINCINNATI

a great principle of civic reform, the principle of the bi-partizan government of cities.

The Death of Partizanship

It was the great discovery of the late '80's, loudly acclaimed. They took the government of cities and divided it between the two political parties. Thus partizanship was dead. Cox examined this claim carefully, when the reform was proposed for Cincinnati, and found that it was true. Party rule was dead. Cincinnati would be ruled by the power that appointed the For he had laid his power upon a solid foundation of political principle — the distribution of public funds. And on this foundation he governed with a clear, active intelligence unequaled on the continent.

Under this bi-partizan board, whose appointees he appointed, the public offices were carefully and accurately distributed,— sixty per cent to Republicans, forty per cent to Democrats,— but always where they would do the most good. By the operation of a merit system, the prizes were distributed to the men who best controlled the voting machinery of both

the Republican and the Democratic parties. Thus, although there was nominally a Democratic organization as well as a Republican, there was one central power who ruled all Cincinnati — George B. Cox, the appointer of employees and the distributer-general of public moneys.

The Real Government of Cincinnati

The actual government of Cincinnati was this: First: At the head, alone, George B. Cox. Never in public office or in party office did he act directly, but always through an agent.

Second: The "Cabinet," Cox's personally appointed executive agents. In the beginning half a dozen trusted Republican politicians. Afterward, for many years, only three — a former German printer, August Herrmann; a former newspaper reporter, Rudolph K. Hynicka; a former policeman, Mike Mullen — three remarkable and able men. They managed Cox's government in two ways, in the administration of the city and of the Republican party.

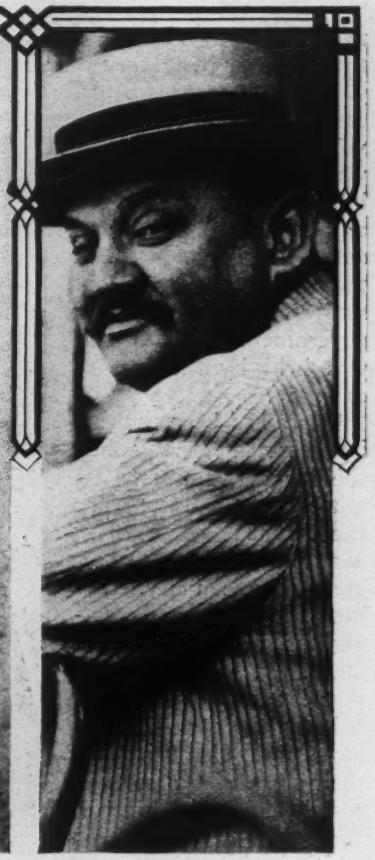
Herrmann had direct control of the administration of the City Hall. He is one of the best experts in city government in the United States. He was also the collector of the campaign funds of the party.

Hynicka managed the government of Hamilton County, centering in the court-house. He also had charge of the personnel of the local Republican machine, and of Cox's card catalogue of the adult male population of the city.

Mullen, a converted Democrat,— a stereotyped picnic-giving slum politician,— led the city council, and held the most important slum ward, next to that in which Cox himself originated.

Then, thirdly, Cox appointed his Republican city machine. Some twenty-five ward captains were appointed directly. Some two hundred and fifty precinct executives were elected. There was a double advantage in this. By the machinery of their election, Cox practically appointed his own men; at the same time their election really gave him a continual competitive examination by which to select the best local politicians of the city.

MULLEN'S SLUM WARD
POLITICIANS TAKE OF THE "FLOATERS"



"GARRY" HERRMANN, COX'S
MANAGER FOR CINCINNATI

Fourthly, and lastly, there came the practical working politicians of the local Democratic machine — given their equitable share of city prizes. These held the Democratic party to defeat it.

Behind this wonderful governing machine — never in it — stood the man who made it, and who alone held it. Every officer of the city, from Mayor to scrubwoman, from judge to street-cleaner, was his own creature, carefully chosen on his political merits. They were small people whom he chose, a swarm of petty officials, for whom he multiplied small offices. He held their living in his hands; and he drove them by their fear for it. Every year he took for campaign funds from two to five per cent of their earnings, deducted in advance from their envelops by his paymasters. At election time the whole body of thousands, with their relatives, hurried to solicit votes; and many a time have officeholders solicited the votes of their acquaintances, literally with tears in their eyes. It was the same receipt of the old slum ward. The whole government of Cincinnati was held by the fear of one man.

There has been nothing in America exactly like this man. Tammany has not brought one forth, nor the secret governing machines of any other great American city. Behind the leader, and creating him, lie, in every other place, the horde of independent city barbarians, holding their own provinces, and clamoring for their share of the reward. Cox held his city himself, through an organization which he himself created, and changed at his own intelligent pleasure.

The Court of the Secret Ruler

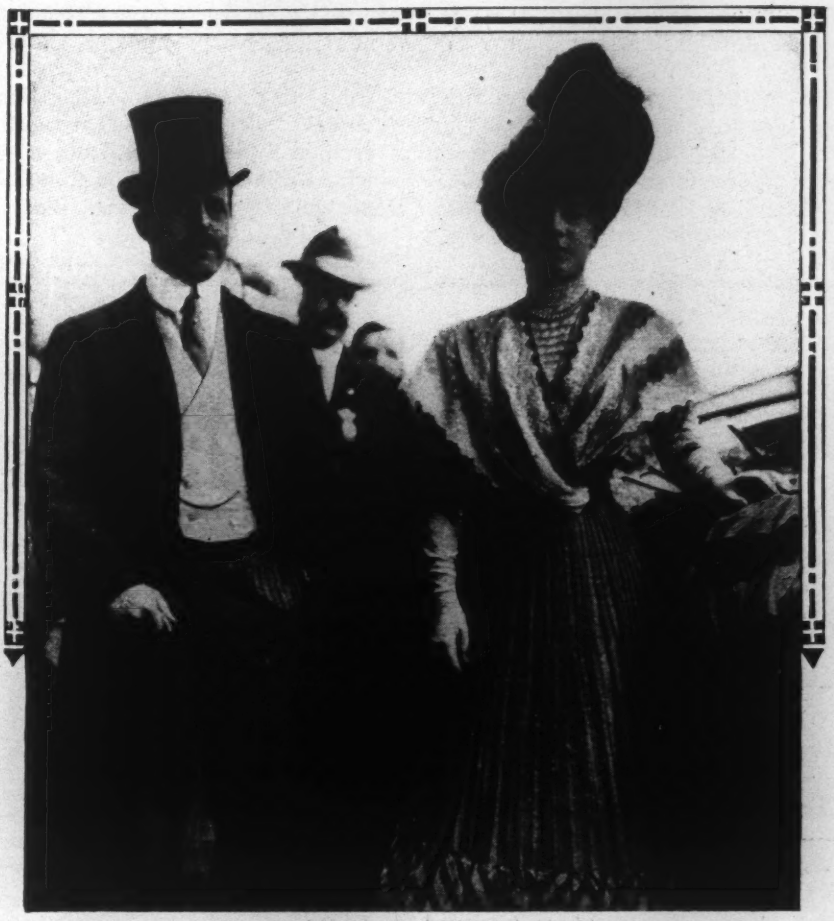
A hundred years from now it will be impossible to find — outside the files of newspapers — a trace of this one man in the United States who was the secret but absolute ruler of a great American city. His name appears nowhere in the local records, after he assumed control; never in the government itself; never — except in occasional honorary capacities — in the working local party management; never in the massive penny-a-line volumes which preserve to local posterity the steel engravings of the odd-whiskered potentates of local industry. Every source of history keeps an uncanny silence upon this one individual who held a city in his hand. But every adult man in Cincinnati knew his offices, and his office-hours.

He had moved now from the street of the whining women and the reeling men. In the morning he was found in a little gray hole of an office over a saloon in the business section. Here he did his secret business. His judges, his supplicants for great favors, the leaders of the city's greatest enterprises, saw him there. In the early afternoon he came down and stood outside the entrance to the street, saluted his acquaintances, and watched the people of his city stream by on their daily affairs. In the late afternoon and early evening he sat for hours in the beer saloon, in the German section of the city, which for twenty years was his chief seat of administration.

COX GOING TO HIS OFFICE
From a picture taken before his indictment

For twenty years the ruler of Cincinnati governed it from this place — in summer from the garden at the rear, in winter from the main hall of the saloon. He never talked; he sat and listened; sat like a graven image, with menacing and considering eyes — slowly chewing his tobacco, poising a reflective cigar before his face, and regularly consuming a tall glass of lager beer every twelve or fifteen minutes. On either side of him, at the big circular table where he sat, lounged members of his Cabinet. And every now and then the men with the cocked derby hats arrived from the different wards, sat down at his table, and talked, and talked, and talked.

Behind the beer garden, facing another street, lay the big hall used commonly for his conventions.



CONGRESSMAN AND MRS. LONGWORTH
AT A RECEPTION IN CINCINNATI

Cox never went upon the floor. From his table in the rear his messengers bore orders from him to the gathering. There was little oratory; the effort was for new records of despatch. Often the convention did not know the names of the candidates they would vote. At times mistakes were made, and rectified immediately; for every action went back at once to the silent man at the drinking-table.

"What's this?" said Cox, at the report from one convention. "You've nominated the wrong man."

They had named a man with the proper last name but the wrong initials. The man resigned immediately in a happy little speech, and the proper name was put in.

Once, at a time of unusual indecision, an orator was placed upon his feet to start a nominating speech while the name of the proper candidate was being decided on. The name was finally whispered to him from behind, and the convention's record for despatch of business held; but no greater agony has come, in the long history of oratory, than was endured in those short five minutes by that willing nominator for the unseen man behind the scenes.

It was the same man, with the same power, that had governed the pack of male beasts at Dead Man's Corner. He held them by pure fear. And he himself was driven by the same unchanging motive — an insatiable and restless avarice. Hundreds of thousands were pouring in to him. He sat and planned daily the means by which the stream should never fail. And other men bought for him the nickel drinks over which he ruminated.

City Government as a Personal Business

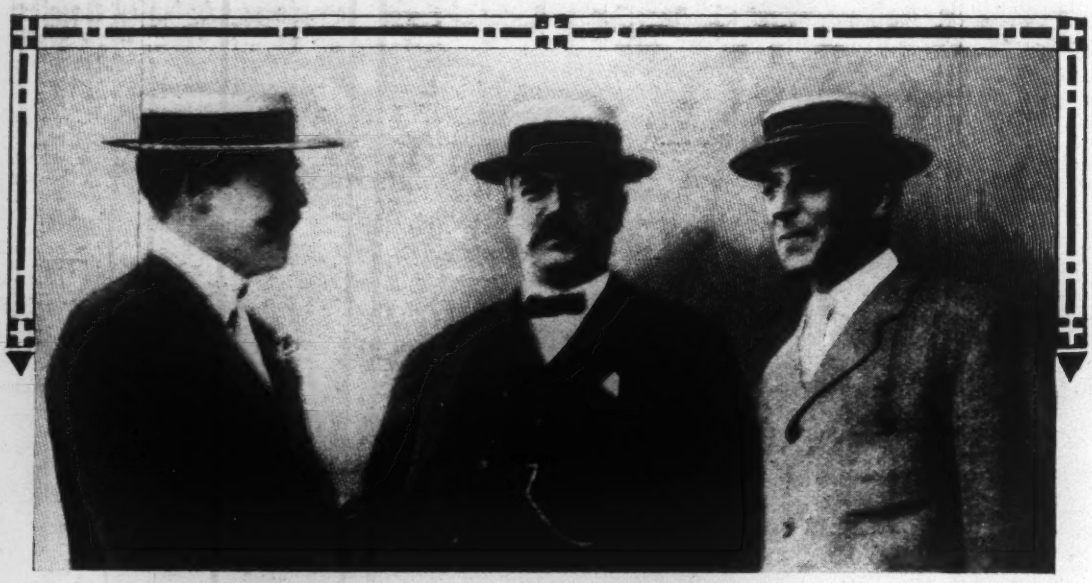
Nothing could be more sagacious, or more carefully thought out for its purposes, than the government that this man gave to Cincinnati. Every employee of the city had his salary, or his distinction of place. That was enough. Cox's employees must be courteous; they were far more so than many that reform administrations

had. They must not indulge in petty graft, and, when they did, it was with no approval of the man who had created them.

George Hobson, a politician originally in the Cabinet, was afterward elected county clerk. One night in the '90's he crawled to the county jail and gave himself up as an embezzler of public funds. Soon after, he was dead in a local madhouse.

tion with a city government; and hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, came from this source.

The letting of city contracts to high bidders, when other men are frightened out of bidding, is technically no crime; and, everywhere in Cincinnati, men were afraid to bid for city contracts against a chosen few. They knew that,



"NICK" LONGWORTH, COX, AND EX-MAYOR FLEISCHMANN

"To think he'd do that thing to me," grieved Cox, "after all I've done for him!"

If there was a profit to be made from operating Cincinnati, it was to be taken by no rough petty stealing; it was certainly not for Cox's employees. It must be a carefully considered profit, taken properly, by the manager himself.

There were many legal ways of doing this to the master of the city himself — to a power that made and was above the law.

The campaign contributions from local office-holders and corporations was one of these; as no laws had been put through for Cincinnati preventing this, it was perfectly legal to gather it up. It meant some hundred thousand dollars a year, all in the hands of one man.

Betting upon a local election is scarcely a crime; the master of the best system of pre-election information in the country had as sure an annual revenue in high figures as the owner of a great protected gambling-room.

The buying and selling of local public-service stocks, under the manipulation of threats or promises of local franchise legislation, is scarcely criminal, under any existing statutes, in the case of a man utterly without official connec-

however good their work might be, they would be inspected, and made to replace their work, until they were inspected into bankruptcy. It was no crime for any man, not an official of the city, to share the profits of a contractor with the city; every year there were scores and hundreds of thousands of dollars profits for the corporations chosen for the city's work.

It was no crime, by any statute in Ohio, for a man outside the city government to receive interest given by the banks for public money in Cincinnati; and, every year, from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars came out of this one source. Sometimes all of these monthly packages, in bills, were taken by the county treasurer, whom Cox elected, and dumped upon the desk in Cox's little gray office. Sometimes he gave some of this to his treasurer; sometimes he kept it all, and gave the messenger who brought it a cigar. Sometimes he did not give the cigar.

It was no crime for Cox to buy a bank and solicit the savings funds of school-teachers and other workers for the city. Yet, when he did this eight years ago, he saw the controlling stock he had bought in the Cincinnati Trust

Company almost treble in value in a few years, with a profit of several hundred thousand dollars at current market prices.

Millions — no one but himself knows how many — were cleared by this man through his rule of Cincinnati. It was no raw loot: it was profits, cleared by a born money-maker, driven by a money-maker's single passion. It was no simple task. Taxes could not be raised immoderately. Cincinnati is a town of thrifty folk, a large percentage of them German. High taxes meant revolution. The local corporations could not be too badly looted; there were thousands of little holders of their stock in the city. Cox sat in the background, with his chewing-tobacco and his poised cigar and his tall glass of beer, always ruminating over his city, always planning with careful ingenuity just what profits it would safely yield, and how to take them.

The Man Who Quoted Seneca

Nothing could have been more wisely managed for this purpose. But, in the meantime, Cincinnati was weazening up. Alliance with the local public-service corporations meant protection of snug monopolies against both competition and unprofitable innovations. Natural gas — less than half the price of artificial — reached Cincinnati years after it should have. The inter-urban lines which bring the trade of the surrounding country to Cincinnati are strangely undeveloped, compared to those of other cities in the Middle West. And in the operations of the city proper all the money possible was diverted to be used in profitable street contracts. It came very largely from the public schools. The situation was disastrous. A whole generation of men were robbed of their normal chance in life; fewer children passed through and were graduated from the schools of Cincinnati than from those of the little city of Dayton, not one third its size. It was in connection with the school matter, and other matters of a similar kind, that there came across Cox's path the man who quoted Seneca.

There lived in the aristocratic Hill section of Cincinnati a man of explosive and infectious enthusiasms, a favorite in club and society life, an excellent amateur actor, a power in local musical circles: Elliott H. Pendleton, Harvard '82 — a tall, lean man, with waving hands. He had come out of college with a strong ambition for an active legal career. His experience taught him that the practice of law in Cincinnati dirtied clean fingers. Discouraged and disgusted, he gradually retired to office practice and the management of estates. Then he began to fight for the betterment of conditions in Cincinnati.

One day Pendleton was elected secretary of one of the innocuous reform associations of the city. He observed at once a puzzling fact. His reform association discussed almost anything but reform — especially when reform was connected with politics. At its weekly meetings, therefore, he began to use his histrionic talent in a secretary's report of the previous gathering, giving imaginary discussions of the reforms which the society should have taken up. The secretary's improvised report became one of the features of the club. The more the secretary gave it, the more stinging and pointed it became. He had seen something more curious and grotesque than his burlesque. He knew why the club did not act. Its members were afraid — and afraid with good reason.

The Menace of the Card Catalogue

Cox's government of Cincinnati did not begin and end with a band of politicians and office-holders. It was founded far deeper than that — on knowledge of the personal affairs of every adult man and his family in Cincinnati, gathered by a spy system unsurpassed for activity and intelligence in Russia, and card-catalogued. Cox ruled his population by card catalogue — of their easiest method of approach, of their secrets and their weaknesses.

Three hundred trained men in the city committee formed the regular body of the information corps; below them were the thousands of informers, the city officials and their friends and dependents. The body of information which was gathered up in this system covered the individual life of the city; it was gladly and eagerly reported. And the most important of it was set down by Hynicka in his card catalogue at the Blaine Club — Cox's organization of Republican office-holders. The name of every voter in the city was there, with the information necessary for Cox's purposes: church affiliations, marriage connections, business associations and conditions — anything and everything showing how to "reach him."

Through this modern system absolute control of Cincinnati was greatly simplified. Churches and charities could be subsidized intelligently, business alliances properly made, and the weakest defenses to every adult male soul in the community were laid down upon paper. If he could not be reached by his employer, or his own relations or his wife's, he could be herded in by his minister or his club or his secret society. If he had any unpleasant habits or unsavory records in his past, so much the better.

Business influence was first, of course. Every active man in the community realized how he

could be harmed if he made himself conspicuous against Cox. Back of that lay, in reserve, the useful knowledge of men's intimate lives. The spy card-catalogue system of Cox, like every spy system in the world, was the most powerful and effective instrument against rebellion.

In the selection of candidates, even, it was sometimes used. Men that there was "something on" made tractable office-holders. One man who had been a defaulter, and had settled secretly, was elected to a considerable place. Another man, most prominent in the city, was loud in his protests that he would never run. He was needed greatly.

The active managers of the party met and drank in a local hotel, just previous to the convention.

"He'll run," they said, with a great oath. "He'll run. If he don't we'll expose him."

Great and small lay, one way or another, under the influence or fear of the man from Dead Man's Corner. And the great were often the more amenable. He had been in strong and friendly alliance with many high officials — with Senator Foraker and Senator Hanna, and through Hanna with President McKinley. Then, by the unusual prominence of Cincinnati in national affairs, he came into touch with figures that were destined to loom very large through their relation to the Chief Executive of the country.

Charles P. Taft and Longworth

It was very early in his career that he encountered the brother of the future President of the United States — Charles P. Taft, a delicate, cultivated, charming man, the husband of the richest heiress in Cincinnati, and proprietor of the most influential Republican paper.

It was a disagreeable encounter for Cox. The *Times-Star* scourged him bitterly. But time tells; the great have their necessities as well as the small. Cox waited, and closed his mouth, and kept back all advertising patronage from the *Times-Star*.

The *Times-Star* was not making money. Charles P. Taft lived with his father-in-law, old David Sinton, the richest man in Cincinnati, who measured life and sons-in-law and human relations by that simple decimal system of measurement, the dollar. Cox was winning anyway; there was small encouragement for a thin-skinned, delicate man's fight against him. The *Times-Star* gradually subsided into silence. It received the public advertising; its proprietor went to Congress.

It was but a short time after he sent the man who was to be a President's brother to Congress that the path of Cox was crossed by the young man who was to become a President's son-in-law — Nicholas Longworth, a member of the wealthy family that gave its name to the street by Dead Man's Corner.

He was an independent at first. It was a proceeding unnatural and foreign to his disposition. He capitulated. At peace with Cox, he went easily into the State Legislature. In 1902 he was sent by Cox to Congress — an amiable, adaptable young man with a keen sense of humor.

"I was glad to hear of your election," said an acquaintance meeting him in Washington.

"Election!" said Longworth. "I wasn't elected; I was appointed."

Charles Taft's submission was not unconditional surrender, but a weary silence; Nicholas Longworth lay down in cheerful acceptance of his situation. On January 18, 1904, he rose to defend George B. Cox upon the floor of Congress.

"A man," he said, "who unaided, and simply through force of ability and character, built himself up from a poor working-boy to be one of Cincinnati's most prominent citizens. . . . If it is a curse to have men like this, if it is a curse to have clean, upright men to administer the affairs of the city, then Cincinnati is indeed cursed."

In 1903 all Cincinnati, great and small, lay still and cringed before the man from Dead Man's Corner. They had broken away just once, in 1897, and had immediately returned. The great public corporations had his own intimates as their managers; the great banks paid out to him their secret interest on the public money; the publishers and editors and reporters took their advertising and their appointments, and the great newspapers of the city kept silence before him. Then suddenly, in the extravagance of fate, the man who quoted Seneca crossed Cox's path.

He came in first to join in one of the semi-occasional revolts against the Cox Democrats in the Democratic party. They put him on a committee. Cox smothered their mayoralty candidate with votes in the election, as no man had been smothered for years.

Pendleton and another man had got out a little weekly paper during the campaign. It was the only way publicity for any independent movement could be had in Cincinnati. The morning after election, his partner in the enterprise found him working in his office.

"We must be getting out the next number," said Pendleton.

"What next number?" said his associate. The enterprise not only cost work, but from

now on must cost money. "You don't mean to say you're going to keep on, after yesterday."

"Certainly we are," said Pendleton.

About this time he nailed his quotation from Seneca at the top of his editorial page, where it still remains to-day:

> O Neptune, you may save me if you will, you may sink me if you will, but, whatever happens, I will hold my rudder true. *Seneca's "Pilot."*

For eight years it has stayed there. Other quotations appeared, from Plautus and Virgil and Homer and John Fiske — all somewhat puzzling to practical, hard-working ward politicians. But one thing was clearly expressed in the universal language which ward workers are especially qualified to understand: a real man had come out in Cincinnati, a man who was ready to "go to the front."

The Committee of Nine

There were others. Just after the disastrous election, eight other men came together with Pendleton on a reform committee — all lawyers, all but one of them graduates of either Yale or Harvard. One of them was a young Yale graduate, just out of Cincinnati's law school — Henry T. Hunt, the son of a successful local railroad manager. A singular, extravagant, and unclassified thing had happened to Cox: a revolt of the educated classes. At first it was scarcely disturbing to the Old Boy, as the population now quite generally called him. Firing weekly broadsides of Plautus and President Eliot at a general assorted German-American-African electorate has never qualified as unfair or dangerous political tactics. Yet there were other matters of more general appeal: children, for one, and the schools.

In 1904 the academic revolutionists took this up. The public schools of Cincinnati had been recognized at the Philadelphia and Paris expositions in 1876 and 1878 as the best in this country and the world. In 1904 they were dirty old barracks, with the ventilation, fire protection, and sanitation of the '70's; lacking in modern departments, supported by an appropriation about half as large, proportionately, as those in other cities of the State. This was Cox, and nothing else. The agitation roused the people, but it did not accomplish a revolt.

The Great Powers Interfere

But in 1905, in a second independent Democratic mayoralty campaign, high and unexpected aid appeared. William Taft, Cincinnati's most prominent citizen, now Secretary of War of the United States, crossed in anger the path of the man from Dead Man's Corner — acting as an emissary of no less a personage than Roosevelt, President of the United States.

In a speech largely devoted to the Cincinnati ruler at Akron, Ohio, on October 21, 1905, he said of Cox:

> The whole government of both city and county are absolutely under his control, and every Republican convention nominates the men whom he dictates. . . . The government under the machine is constantly described as a very corrupt one. . . . If I were able — as I fear I shall not be, because public duty calls me elsewhere — to cast my vote in Cincinnati in the coming election, I should vote against the municipal ticket nominated by the Republican organization, and for the State ticket.

It was a great blow at the right time. The tide was running strongly against the Republican party throughout the State. Cox's entire ticket, State and local, was overthrown in Cincinnati. The fighting lawyers had won.

Now, this event was possible, if not probable. But they had scarcely accomplished it before they proposed a still more extravagant adventure: to drag out and examine and prosecute the one thing to be examined — Cox himself. Old politicians smiled, and shivered. How can you drag and hold before the law the thing that makes the lawmakers and the judges and the laws themselves?

The Start of an Adventurous Hunt

A month after election a legislative investigation was planned; three months after, the State Senate, Democratic by a bare majority, had appointed a committee, and it was in session; four months after, it had started opening up the secrets of Cox's dark little private office; five months after, it was stopped and broken to pieces. An uncanny power had blocked it everywhere; it had attacked and had been destroyed by the Thing Above the Law.

It was Cox who chose the local judges, Cox whose delegation was essential to the election of the Supreme Court judges. It was Cox who chose the court officials, who more than any one else directed the choosing of the lists of jurymen.

The legislative investigating committee was illegal, said the local court, because only one branch of the legislature chose it; besides, it could not investigate, anyway. Investigating was a judicial, not a legislative, act. So said the Supreme Court also.

Still, some good was done. Over $200,000 of secret interest was refunded to Cincinnati, and its income from that source increased from $75,000 to $100,000 a year for the future. A Grand Jury took up the matter, and the bankers of the

city, including Cox, were called before it. It brought forth no indictments, however. It was seriously embarrassed by the fact that, if general prosecution were once set under way, about ninety per cent of the bank presidents in the city might be liable to go to jail, and about ninety per cent of the banks to be wrecked by the penalties incurred for being accessories to the embezzlement of the county treasurer.

Back to the legislature went the eccentric and unterrified reformers; a new committee was appointed, this time by both houses of the legislature. It started hearings, opened another little glimpse of Cox in his dark office, gathering in his packages of secret interest. Then the local courts shut down again. The committee was sitting after the legislature had adjourned. It had no powers, said the local court. Besides, it was exercising judicial powers. So said the Supreme Court also.

"What's the use?" said the experienced reform politicians. The reform administration elected in 1905 had not been a popular success; the city was back again under Cox. "The best thing to do is not to nominate anybody at all. If everybody wants him, let them have him."

Hunt, the Judges, and Room 6

Yet the fighting lawyers kept on their crazy hunt, round and round the vicious circle of local politics, on the trail of the Thing Above the Law. To any of them, to Pendleton in particular, it meant money loss and social unpleasantness. They held upon their hazardous way. The courts had instructed that the proper instrument for the investigation of their local affairs was a Grand Jury. All right; the next thing was a Grand Jury. To get that, they must have a county prosecutor. So they nominated young Henry T. Hunt.

Hunt was a fighter, a quiet, indifferent-looking youth with a pleasant, boyish smile and an obstinate jaw. He was a member of the delegation of young independent Democrats elected to the State legislature in 1905; he was a belligerent champion of their bills. He had some property of his own, and was able to give his time to the work. So the county elected him prosecutor in 1908. He had fifteen hundred majority for the legislature in 1905; in 1908 he had three thousand.

He was elected, but what of it? As soon as he entered the court-house he was surrounded and overpowered. He wanted his own man for the intimate work of his personal detective; he was forced to keep Cox's man, watching all his movements. He started to clear the center of the city of the more flagrant of its vicious resorts; his detectives were industriously arrested by the city police force for being without visible means of support. He was ruled out of the Grand Jury room — contrary to all previous practice — while the jury was balloting. But, worst of all, he could not get the particular Grand Jury investigation that his election had been aimed at, for he could not get a judge outside of Cox's organization into Room 6.

Room 6 was the criminal court-room where alone grand juries could come together. One judge out of the nine in the Court of Common Pleas had finally been elected by the independents in 1908. And, immediately after his election and Hunt's, the sequence of judges was so established that Gorman, the independent judge, should not reach Room 6 until one session after Hunt's two years' term of service had expired. So there was nothing more to do but let Hunt fight as savagely as he could on minor matters for his two years — which he did, with pleasure — and then renominate him. The county, continuously waking up, elected him in 1910 by six thousand instead of three thousand majority.

Roosevelt, Longworth, and Cox

This was excellent, but it was done entirely by the people of Cincinnati themselves. There was no more assistance from the great powers higher up after 1905 — though there was, not unnaturally, some hope of it. A Roosevelt Club had been created by the reformers in 1906, based upon the non-partizan idea in city politics; and both the President and Secretary Taft accepted honorary membership, with warm approval of its principle. But, unfortunately, the enthusiastic relations between Mr. Roosevelt and the club that bore his name were discouraged at the outset by an embarrassing development in the fall of 1906. In the campaign of that year the Roosevelt Club swallowed the nomination of Roosevelt's new son-in-law for Congress with exceedingly bad grace, finally passing a resolution which announced that they were constrained to indorse his nomination. And warmth of feeling on the part of the reformers was not increased by the fact that the local enthusiasm over the running of a President's son-in-law on the Republican ticket undoubtedly swept with it the defeat of several of the reform nominees for judgeships.

In its future relations with Mr. Roosevelt, in fact, the cause of reform in Cincinnati was doomed to be particularly unfortunate. In the fall of 1910, when his son-in-law was again a candidate for Congress, Mr. Roosevelt visited Cincinnati for one day. The night before, he

had refused to sit at dinner in Chicago with the notorious Senator Lorimer; the night after, he eulogized independence in local politics in his ringing address at Pittsburgh. But, in the day between, he was the guest of honor at a public reception at Longworth's residence, where he met and grasped the hands of the Old Boy of Cincinnati and his chief lieutenants. It was an unpleasant situation, which Cincinnati attributed to his son-in-law's ambition. As it proved, Longworth's judgment as to his need of Cox was correct. The better residence sections in his district went against him; it was only the strong slum districts of Cox which gave the margin that elected him.

Cox's Unpleasant Attentions to Taft in 1908

Now, with the Taft family the situation was different. After the Akron speech and their defeat in 1905, Cox and his men were savagely against William Taft. And when the name of Taft was mentioned for the presidency in 1908, the Old Boy and his people would have none of him. Far too many good men were out selling industrial insurance on the streets of Cincinnati. But public sentiment was too strong for them. Cox finally came over to the candidate, after Charles P. Taft had nominated him chairman of the Hamilton County delegation to the State convention in these words:

"I have come here to nominate a gentleman who has led the Republican party to many a glorious victory. We should select some one who has the confidence of us all — the respect of loyal Republicans. I name as chairman of the Hamilton County delegation, George B. Cox."

Urged on, no doubt, somewhat by this tempered eulogy, Cox and his lieutenants earnestly and continuously offered their services to the Taft family in conducting the campaign of William Taft for the presidency in 1908. It was distressing attention to the candidate. It had previously been planned to conduct a "front-porch campaign" — like those of McKinley — at the home of Charles Taft. The plan was later suddenly changed for the general cross-country railroad campaign which followed. And there was small doubt in the mind of local politicians that Cox's unappreciated attention had driven William Taft out of town.

But, at any rate, it was clear then, and long before, that there was to be no further aid from the powers at the head of the nation. But by this time the academic reformers were not alone. In 1905 the workingman's chief newspaper, the *Post*, had ranged itself actively on their side, and was a power. The whole city was rousing itself. It is a place of thrifty small householders, divided into residence sections which were formerly small towns. The citizens organized in these local districts and began to demand reasonable service from the city. At the head of the movement were still the fighting lawyers, now better versed in practical politics; and, most conspicuous of them all, young Hunt, on his wild and adventurous chase through the courts on the trail of the power above the law which still held Cincinnati.

The Indictment of Cox for Perjury

In January, a year ago, another step was taken. Hunt and Gorman, the independent judge, came together in Room 6. A Grand Jury of independent citizens was called, indicted several minor officials, and seemed to have come to the end of their journey. The chase of Hunt, after all, seemed futile and ridiculous. How could the power that carefully made and manipulated the law be reached through any court?

Cox had taken for himself the secret interest on the public funds; that much Hunt knew he could prove. But that, as the law was framed, was no crime. The act of placing the money at interest was embezzlement by special statute, but not the handling afterward of the interest which was received. And so the courts decided. Back of the law, the power they were pursuing was seen clearly at his daily work of operating Cincinnati for his own large profit, but always safely protected by the law itself.

Then, unexpectedly, Hunt discovered a real chance for prosecution. Cox, as president of his Cincinnati Trust Company, had testified before the Grand Jury of 1906 that he had never in any way received the secret interest money from the public funds. He was at once indicted for perjury.

It was a shock not to be appreciated outside of Cincinnati. The Thing Above the Law had been dragged before the law itself and indicted. The silence of twenty years was broken; Cox himself came out and appealed through the newspapers to the public. All he desired, he said, was suspension of public judgment and a fair trial. Then his courts closed in again around him, and he disappeared into his old cover.

The indictment was toward the last of February; there was little margin of time, at best, for getting the case before the independent judge for trial before his session in Room 6 closed. There was no chance whatever of getting there, as it developed. On motion of the defendant, the presiding judge of the court removed the case entirely from Gorman's hands,

on the ground that he was prejudiced against Cox. The request of the prosecuting attorney that the case be taken into another court, outside the county entirely, was then refused; and the local judge ruled at once that Cox was free. Any false statements which he made before the Grand Jury in 1906 could not be perjury, it was held, because the Constitution of the United States had been violated by compelling him to testify at all before the jury on matters which might incriminate him.

It was quick work. Not more than three months from the indictment, the local courts had turned Cox loose. He was still the Thing Above the Law. But he was a different Cox. The man from Dead Man's Corner was afraid! He was growing old fast, he was drinking whisky as well as beer, he was sick: a little stroke of paralysis, the rumor said that ran through the secret news channels of the town — the policemen and the street-car conductors and the politicians. And now — a local miracle — Cox started in to talk aloud, for public sympathy. His nerves seemed broken. While his trial was before the court, he delegated a city detective to shadow him carefully everywhere, to protect him from being kidnapped by the reformers into courts of another county.

Cox was breaking down, it seemed. He formally retired — an embarrassing action to express in words; for what known office in the party or city was he retiring from? There were loud claims by the machine that Cox was done with politics. But every one in Cincinnati knew he was not. He had "retired" in exactly the same way twice before, and immediately come back again. His machinery remained intact and in complete action; his two chief men, Herrmann and Hynicka, commanded the city affairs and the political body, as they always had done. And so the campaign of 1911 came in the city of Cincinnati.

Cox, Taft, and Hunt

It was a grim, dramatic fight, full of the elements of a big tragedy. For the gray Boss it was life or death: the accustomed power which keeps men living, or the breakdown of unoccupied old age. For many of the fighting reformers, it meant a last crisis. They had sacrificed much, in many cases; there is an end some time of everything. They nominated young Hunt for Mayor, and the fight was on.

There were advantages on both sides. Cox had the city administration, the office-holders, a normal Republican majority of seven or eight thousand — nearly ten per cent of the usual vote. On the other side there were gains obtained, during Democratic ascendancy in Ohio, by new laws — civil-service legislation, a corrupt practices act for elections, improvements in the ballot favoring independent nominations and demanding for some offices the ability of the voter to read and write. Every change of this kind meant more chance for independence.

The division was clear-cut and perfectly well known. On the one side, the respectable population of the city, slowly rousing to independence. On the other, the population which holds a city as a thing to be fed upon, the old-time partizan organization, and the evil slums.

And now it was seen that more and more it was the slums which must be depended on by Cox. He had ruled there first, as he had ruled the city generally, with an iron hand. But, more and more, they were furnishing him the chief power by which he held the place. In 1897 the three slum wards had turned the balance of their votes against him; now they were giving him more than half the majority which controlled the city. It was no wavering, undependable thing, but the strong, steadying backbone of his rule. And gradually the slums were feeling their own power, and rising up to take it.

Election time was always a period of license — the influx of the criminal and semi-criminal class for fraudulent voting. There were highway robberies and burglaries. This particular fall the rougher class of negroes seemed unruly. One of them slashed three white men almost to death with a razor in a crowded street-car, one evening not long before the election, and escaped. It was a spectacular thing which stirred the whole city.

The rule of the man from Dead Man's Corner was reaching its logical conclusion. The slums from which he had risen were rising after him, and there was fear of it throughout Cincinnati.

Meanwhile, Hunt, the fighting prosecuting attorney, was working through a warm campaign, growing warmer every minute. He spoke everywhere, appealing to the voters face to face. Against him, the gray Old Boy was fighting for his life, dragging into service every man, high and low, susceptible to the pressure of his great recruiting system.

Nicholas Longworth sided with him, as always, and was out actively working; Julius Fleischmann, Cox's ex-Mayor, was doing likewise. And then, upon the very last day of the active campaign, the Saturday morning before election, the national head of the Republican party suddenly and unexpectedly threw its power for Cox. William H. Taft, the President from Cincinnati, had ranged himself with Cox in the following letter to Julius Fleischmann, published in the morning newspapers:

I expect to be in Cincinnati on election day, and, unless my registration is defective, to cast my vote for the Republican municipal ticket, because I believe the candidates thereon to be competent and worthy.

I shall vote the Republican ticket because I think the conditions under which I made my Akron speech have substantially changed.

The campaign was practically over when Hunt and the fighting reformers were dealt this sudden and dangerous blow. A committee of prominent Republicans, headed by the chairman of the County Bar Association, telegraphed the President, asking for a reconsideration of his decision. There was none. There was nothing to be done but to fight on alone. Young Hunt, roused, as always, by opposition, finished the day in an outburst of aggressive oratory and confidence.

"We are going to win," he said in his speeches that night. "The people of Cincinnati have made up their minds. Ten thousand Tafts can't change them."

Cox's Last Review

While he was still saying this, the last and most dramatic scene of the fight had come — the final recognition of the secret ruler of Cincinnati.

It was his only public recognition. Always, upon the eve of election, Cox stood outside the door of his official beer saloon, and the Blaine Club — his organization of local office-holders — and the chief officials of the city passed in review before him. It was a ceremony as regular and expected in Cincinnati as the inauguration of the city government. Would Cox review this year, after all the definite announcements of his retirement, culminating with that of the President of the United States?

The big parade approached — the snarl and rumble of the bands, the bobbing banners, and the yellow lights. There stood Cox, as always, at the entrance of the beer saloon — older, flabbier, greatly changed in the last year, but still waiting for his tribute.

The marching infantry yelled, and Cox saluted. The carriages approached, with the city officials — among them the Mayor of the city, candidate for renomination, guaranteed independent by every voice in the Republican party, from ward worker to President of the United States. The man from Dead Man's Corner stood there waiting, his cold and menacing eyes upon them as they came. As the carriages passed, one after another, the silk hats all rose respectfully. The candidate for Mayor bowed deeply, and rode by.

It was a memorable event in the history of the United States. It marked the passing of one of the most striking characters in the country: that strange, sinister figure, rising from the slums, who ruled with his grunt three hundred thousand people for twenty years. It was, in all human probability, the last of Cox.

Hunt was elected by a fair margin Mayor of Cincinnati, and with him the whole elective government of the city. They should govern Cincinnati well, and, with their influence in the State legislature, they should easily enact the laws that will throw about the city and its citizens the protection of the modern laws of election and administration which have been held back there for twenty years. And every modern law enacted draws away just so much farther the control of Cincinnati from an autocratic ruling politician.

But, more than this, Cox is through. He is a broken man physically, flabby, hoarse, with a suspicious hitch and dragging of one foot when he walks. By a curious treachery of fortune, on the very day of the election when he was beaten, State examiners were going through the business of his trust company, and made demands for financial readjustments, which brought about his retirement and sale of its control. The bank had come to be a great factor in his life; for the past few years he had transferred his morning office there. And now he lost at once his strongest grip on both the political and the business life of the city.

Cox is still a millionaire, probably several times, and interested in enterprises throughout the country. He still makes money — though in more hazardous ways than in ruling Cincinnati. And still, on late afternoons and early evenings, he sits and stares across his round table, at his old station in the beer saloon. He smokes, chews his tobacco, and drinks his beer reflectively. The men with the cocked derby hats come in and talk to him. He grunts his brief responses; his hard eyes travel back and forth, examining the room. It may be that he still believes that he is considering the future. But he is, in fact, remembering the past. And so are all his black-hatted court around him.

A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVIL

BY

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CHAPTER V. SOCIAL CONTROL

WHEN certain groups in a community, to whom a social wrong has become intolerable, prepare for definite action against it, they almost invariably discover unexpected help from contemporaneous social movements with which they later find themselves allied. The most immediate help in this new campaign against the social evil will probably come thus indirectly from those streams of humanitarian effort which are ever widening and which will in time slowly engulf into their rising tide of enthusiasm for human betterment even the victims of the white slave traffic.

Public Boards of Health Might Deal with Commercialized Vice as They Deal with Sources of Epidemic

Foremost among them is the world-wide movement to preserve and prolong the term of human life, coupled with the determination of the medical profession to eliminate all forms of germ diseases. The same physicians and sanitarians who have practically rid the modern city of smallpox and cholera, and are eliminating tuberculosis, well know that the social evil is directly responsible for germ diseases more prevalent than any of the others and also communicable. Over and over again in the history of large cities, Vienna, Paris, St. Louis, has the medical profession been urged to control the diseases resulting from the commercialized vice which the municipal authorities themselves permitted. But the experiments in official segregation, in licensed systems and certifications, have not been considered successful. The medical profession, hitherto divided in opinion as to the feasibility of such undertakings, is virtually united in the conclusion that, so long as commercialized vice exists, physicians can not guarantee a city against the spread of the contagious poison generated by a vicious life, which is fatal alike to the individual and to his offspring. The medical profession agrees that as the victims of the social evil inevitably become the purveyors of germ diseases of a very persistent and incurable type, safety in this regard lies only in the extinction of commercialized vice. They point out the indirect ways in which this contagion can spread exactly as any other can, and that its control is enormously complicated by the fact that the victims of these diseases are most unwilling to be designated and quarantined. The medical profession is at last taking the position that the community wishing to protect itself against this contagion will in the end be driven to the extermination of the very source itself.

We can imagine, after a dozen years of vigorous and able propaganda of this opinion on the part of public-spirited physicians and sanitarians, that a city might well appeal to the medical profession to exterminate commercialized vice on the ground that it is a source of constant danger to the health and future of the community. Such a city might readily give to the board of health, ordered to undertake this extermination, more absolute authority than is now accorded to it in a smallpox epidemic. Of course no city could reach such a view unless the education of the public proceeded much more rapidly than at present, although the newly established custom of careful medical examination of school children and of employees in factories and commercial establishments results in the discovery of many such cases, and in the end adequate provision must be made for their isolation.

Public Care of Infectious Cases

A child was recently discovered in a Chicago school with an open sore upon her lip, which made her a most dangerous source of infection.

She was just fourteen years of age, too old to be admitted into that most pathetic and most unlovely of all children's wards, where children must suffer for "the sins of their fathers," and too young and innocent to be put into the women's ward, in which the public takes care of those wrecks of dissolute living who are no longer valuable to the commerce which once secured them and have become merely worthless stock which pay no dividend. The disease of the little girl was in too virulent a stage to admit her to that convalescent home lately established in Chicago for those infected children who are dismissed from the county hospital but whom it is impossible to return to their old surroundings. A philanthropic association was finally obliged to pay her board for many weeks to a woman who carefully followed instructions as to her treatment. This is but one example of a child who was discovered and provided for; but it is evident that the public can not long remain indifferent to the care of such cases, when it has already established the means for detecting them.

Crusades against other infectious diseases, such as smallpox and cholera, imply well-considered sanitary precautions, dependent upon widespread education and an aroused public opinion. To establish education and to arouse the public in regard to this present menace apparently presents insuperable difficulties. Many newspapers, so ready to deal with all other forms of vice and misery, never allow these diseases to be mentioned in their columns, except in the advertisements of quack remedies; the clergy, unlike the founder of the Christian religion and the early apostles, seldom preach against the sin of which these contagions are an inevitable consequence; the physicians, bound by a rigorous medical etiquette, tell nothing of the prevalence of these maladies, use a confusing nomenclature in the hospitals, and write only contributory causes upon the very death certificates of the victims.

Yet it is easy to predict that a society committed to the abolition of infectious germs, to a higher degree of public health, and to a better standard of sanitation, will not forever permit these highly communicable diseases to spread unchecked in its midst; and that a public convinced that sanitary science, properly supported, might rid our cities of this type of disease will at length insist upon its accomplishment.

Alcohol the "Indispensable Vehicle" of the White Slave Traffic

Another humanitarian movement from which assistance will doubtless come to the crusade against the social evil, is the great movement against alcoholism, with its recent revival in every civilized country of the world. A careful scientist has called alcohol the indispensable vehicle of the business transacted by the white slave traders and has asserted that without its use this trade could not long continue.

Whoever has tried to help a girl making an effort to leave the irregular life she has been leading, must have been discouraged by the victim's attempt to overcome the habit of using alcohol and drugs. Such a girl has commonly been drawn into the life in the first place when under the influence of liquor, and has continued to drink to enable herself to live through each day. Furthermore, the drinking habit grows upon her because she is constantly required to sell liquor and to be "treated."

It is estimated that the liquor sold by such girls nets a profit to the trade of two hundred and fifty per cent over and above the girl's own commission. Chicago made at least one honest effort to divorce the sale of liquor from the social evil when the Superintendent of Police last year ruled that no liquor should be sold in any disreputable house. The difficulty of enforcing such an order is greatly increased because such houses, as well as the questionable dance-halls, commonly sell liquor under a federal license, which is not only cheaper than the saloon license obtained from the city but has the added advantage to the holder that he can sell after one o'clock in the morning, at which time the city saloons are closed.

The aggregate annual profit of the two hundred and thirty-six disorderly saloons recently investigated in Chicago by the Vice Commission was $4,307,000. This profit on the sale of liquor can be traced all along the line in connection with the white slave traffic and is no less disastrous from the point of view of young men than of the girls. Even a slight exhilaration from alcohol relaxes the moral sense and throws a sentimental or adventurous glamour over an aspect of life from which a decent young man would ordinarily recoil, and its continued use stimulates the senses at the very moment when the intellectual and moral inhibitions are lessened. May we not conclude that both chastity and self-restraint are more firmly established in the modern city than we realize, when the white slave traders find it necessary both forcibly to detain their victims and to ply young men with alcohol that they may profit thereby? General Bingham, who as Police Commissioner of New York certainly knew whereof he spoke, says: "There is not enough depravity in human nature to keep alive this very large business. The immorality of women and the brutishness

of men have to be persuaded, coaxed, and constantly stimulated in order to keep the social evil in its present state of business prosperity."

May we not hope that some of the experiments made by governmental and municipal authorities to control and regulate the sale of liquor, will at last meet with such a measure of success that the existence of the social evil will be imperiled because deprived of its artificial stimulus of alcohol? The Chicago Vice Commission has made a series of valuable suggestions for the regulation of saloons and for the separation of the sale of liquor from dance-halls and from all other places known as recruiting grounds for the white slave traffic. There is still need for a much wider and more thorough education of the public in regard to the historic connection between commercialized vice and alcoholism, of the close relation between politics and the liquor interests, behind which the social evil so often intrenches itself.

Women Use the Franchise to Defend Women

In addition to the movement against germ diseases and the suppression of alcoholism, both of which are mitigating the hard fate of the victims of the white slave traffic, other public movements mysteriously affecting all parts of the social order will in time threaten the very existence of commercialized vice. First among these, perhaps, is the equal suffrage movement. On the horizon everywhere are signs that woman will soon receive the right to exercise political power, and it is believed that she will show her efficiency most conspicuously in finding means for enhancing and preserving human life, if only as the result of her age-long experiences. The primitive maternal instinct which has always been as ready to defend as it has been to nurture will doubtless promptly grapple with certain crimes connected with the white slave traffic; women with political power would not brook that men should live upon the wages of captured victims, should openly hire youths to ruin and debase young girls, should be permitted to transmit poison to unborn children. Life is full of hidden remedial powers which society has not yet utilized, but perhaps nowhere is the waste more flagrant than in the matured deductions and judgments of the women who are constantly forced to share social injustices which they have no recognized power to alter. If political rights were once given to women, if the situation were theirs to deal with as a matter of civic responsibility, one can not imagine that the social evil would remain unchallenged in its semi-legal protection. Women with political power have in many ways registered their conscience in regard to it. The Norwegian women have guaranteed to every illegitimate child the right of inheritance to its father's name and property by a law which also provides for the care of its mother. This is in marked contrast to the usual treatment of the mother of an illegitimate child, who, even when the paternity of her child is acknowledged, receives from the father but a pitiful sum for its support; moreover, if the child dies before birth and the mother conceals this fact, although perfectly guiltless of its death, she can be sent to jail for a year.

Equal-suffrage Wyoming is the only state where the age of consent is twenty-one, although the remaining states in which women have had the ballot have made eighteen the age of consent, while in only eight of the other states is it so high. In the majority of the latter the age of consent is between fourteen and sixteen, and in several as low as ten. These legal regulations persist in spite of the well-known fact that the mass of girls enter a disreputable life below the age of eighteen, usually at the instigation of adults.

In equal-suffrage states important issues regarding women and children, whether of the sweat-shop or of the brothel, have always brought out the women voters in great numbers.

Juries of Women Specially Chosen in Scandinavia for Certain Cases

Certainly franchised women would offer some protection to the white slaves themselves, who are tolerated and segregated, but who, because their very existence is illegal, may be arrested whenever any police captain chooses, may be brought before a magistrate, fined and imprisoned. A woman so arrested may be obliged to answer the most harassing questions put to her by a city attorney, with no other woman near to protect her from insult. She may be subjected to the most trying examinations in the presence of policemen, with no matron to whom to appeal. At least, these things constantly happen everywhere save in Scandinavian countries, where juries of women sit upon such cases and offer the protection of their presence to the prisoners. Without such protection even an innocent woman made to appear a member of this despised class receives no consideration. A girl of fifteen, recently playing in a South Chicago theater, attracted the attention of a milkman who gradually convinced her that he was respectable. Walking with him one evening to the door of her lodging-house, the girl told him of her difficulties and quite innocently accepted money for the

payment of her room rent. The following morning as she was leaving the house, the milkman met her at the door and asked her for the five dollars he had given her the night before. When she said that she had used it to pay her debt to the landlady, the milkman roughly replied that unless she returned the money at once he would call a policeman and arrest her on a charge of theft. The girl was taken to court, where, frightened and confused, she was unable to give a convincing account of the interview of the night before, and, except for the prompt intervention on the part of a woman, would have been sent to the city prison, not because the proof of her guilt was conclusive but because her connection with a cheap theater and the hour of the so-called offense had convinced the court that she belonged to a class of women who are regarded as no longer entitled to legal protection.

Voting Women Would Break through the Secrecy Protecting Commercialized Vice

The very fact that the conditions and results of the social evil lie so far away from the knowledge of good women is largely responsible for the secrecy and hypocrisy upon which it thrives. Most good women will probably never consent to break through their ignorance, save under a sense of duty which has ever been the one incentive to action to which even timid women have responded.

Several years ago, in Colorado, the disreputable women of Denver appealed to a large political club of women against the action of the police, who were forcing them to register, under threat of arrest, in order later to secure their votes for a corrupt politician. The disreputable women, wishing to conceal their real names and addresses, did not want to be registered — in this respect, at least, differing from the lodging-house men whose venal votes play such an important part in every municipal election. The woman's political club responded to this appeal and not only stopped the coercion but finally turned out the chief of police responsible for it.

At least a promising beginning would be made to more effective social control if the mass of conscientious women were once thoroughly convinced that a knowledge of local vice conditions was a matter of civic obligation; if the entire body of conventional women, simply because they held the franchise, felt constrained to inform themselves concerning the social evil throughout the cities of America. Perhaps the most immediate result would be a change in the attitude toward the social evil on the part of elected officials, responding to that of their constituency. Although good and bad men alike prize chastity in women, and although good men require it of themselves, almost all men are convinced that it is impossible to require it of thousands of their fellow citizens. Because women are much more exigent, every movement which tends to increase woman's share of civic responsibility in regard to commercialized vice undoubtedly forecasts the time when a social control will be extended over men similar to the historic one so long established over women.

After all, why should it be assumed that a great city will either set aside well-known districts for the accommodation of the social evil, as Chicago does, or continually permit it to flourish in tenement- and apartment-houses, as is done in New York? Smaller communities and towns throughout the land are free from at least this semi-legal organization of it, and why should it be accepted as a permanent aspect of city life? The valuable report of the Chicago Vice Commission estimates that twenty thousand of the men daily responsible for this evil in Chicago live outside of the city. They are the men who come from other towns to Chicago in order to "see the sights." They are supposedly moral at home, where they are well known and subjected to the constant control of public opinion. The report goes on to state that during conventions or "show" occasions the business of commercialized vice is enormously increased.

The village gossip, with her vituperative tongue, after all performs a valuable function both of castigation and retribution; but her fellow townsman, coming into a city hotel, often experiences a great sense of relief which easily rises to a mood of exhilaration. In addition to this he sometimes holds an exaggerated notion of the wickedness of the city. A countryman visiting the city is often shown museums and questionable sights reserved primarily for his patronage, just as tourists are conducted to lurid Parisian revels and indecencies sustained expressly for their horrified contemplation. Such a situation would indicate that, because control is much more difficult in a large city than in a small town, the city deliberately provides for its own inability in this direction.

A Menace of Militarism

During a recent military encampment in Chicago large numbers of young girls were attracted to it by that glamour which ever surrounds the soldier. On the complaint of several mothers, investigators discovered that many of

the girls were there without the knowledge of their parents, some of them having literally climbed out of windows after their parents had supposed them asleep. A thorough investigation disclosed not only an enormous increase of business in the restricted districts but the downfall of many young girls who had hitherto been thoroughly respectable and able to resist the ordinary temptations of city life, but who had completely lost their heads over the glitter of a military camp. One young girl was seen by an investigator in the late evening hurrying away from the camp. She was so absorbed in her trouble and so blinded by her tears that she fairly ran against him, and he heard her praying, as she frantically clutched the beads around her neck, "Oh, Mother of God, what have I done! What have I done!" The Chicago encampment was finally brought under control through the combined efforts of the Park Commissioners, the city police, and the military authorities, but not without a certain resentment from the last toward "civilian interference." Such an encampment may be regarded as an historic survival representing the standing armies sustained in Europe since the days of the Roman Empire. These large bodies of men, deprived of domestic life, have always afforded centers in which contempt or at least indifference to the chastity of "the women of the lower classes" has been fostered. The older centers of militarism have established prophylactic measures designed to protect the health of the soldiers, but evince no concern for the fate of the ruined women. The primary difficulty adheres in the withdrawal of such large numbers of men from normal family life and hence from the domestic restraints and social checks which are operative upon the mass of men.

The great peace propagandas have emphasized the unjustifiable expense involved in the maintenance of the standing armies of Europe, the social waste in the withdrawal of thousands of young men from industrial, commercial, and professional pursuits into the barren negative life of the barracks. They might go further and lay stress upon the loss of moral sensibility, the destruction of romantic love, the perversion of the longing for wife and child, all so necessary to the stability and refinement of the social order.

Social customs are instituted so slowly and even imperceptibly, so far as the conforming individual is concerned, that the mass of men submit to control in spite of themselves, and it is therefore always difficult to determine how far the average upright living is the result of external props until these props are suddenly withdrawn. This is especially true of domestic life. Even the sordid marriages in which the senses have forestalled the heart, almost always end in some form of family affection. The young couple who may have been brought together in marriage upon the most primitive plane, after twenty years of hard work in meager, unlovely surroundings, in spite of stupidity and many mistakes, in the face of failure and even wrong-doing, will have unfolded lives of unassuming affection and family devotion to a group of children. They will have faithfully fulfilled that obligation which falls to the lot of the majority of men and women, with its high rewards and painful sacrifices. These rewards, as well as the restraints of domestic life, are denied to the soldier. A somewhat similar situation is found in every large construction camp, and in the crowded city tenements occupied by thousands of immigrant men who have preceded their families to America.

Would Commercialized Vice Disappear Under Socialism?

In addition to the large social movements for the betterment of public health, for the establishment of temperance, for the promotion of equal suffrage, and for the hastening of peace and arbitration, is the world-wide organization and active propaganda of international socialism. It has always included the abolition of this ancient evil in its program of social reconstruction, and since the publication of Bebel's great book, nearly thirty years ago, the leaders of the Socialist party have never ceased to discuss the economics of prostitution with its psychological and moral resultants. The Socialists contend that commercialized vice is fundamentally a question of poverty, a by-product of despair, which will disappear only with the abolition of poverty itself; that it persists not primarily from inherent weakness in human nature, but is a vice arising from a defective organization of social life; that, with a reorganization of society, at least all of prostitution which is founded upon the hunger of the victims and upon the profits of the traffickers, will disappear.

Whether we are Socialists or not, we will all admit that every level of culture breeds its own particular brand of vice and uncovers new human weakness as well as new nobilities in human nature; that a given social development — such, for instance, as the conditions of life for thousands of young people in crowded city quarters — may produce such temptations and present such snares to virtue, that average human nature can not withstand them. The very fact that the existence of the social evil is semi-legal in large cities is an admission that our

individual morality is so uncertain that it breaks down when social control is withdrawn and the opportunity for secrecy is offered. The situation indicates either that the best conscience of the community fails to translate itself into civic action or that our cities are too large to be civilized in a social sense. These difficulties have been enormously augmented during the past century, so marked by the rapid growth of cities, because the great principle of liberty has not only been translated into the unlovely doctrine of commercial competition, but also has fostered in many men the belief that personal development necessitates a rebellion against existing social law. To the opportunity for secrecy which the modern city offers, such men are able to add a high-sounding justification for their immoralities. Fortunately, however, for our moral progress, the specious and illegitimate theories of freedom are constantly challenged, and a new form of social control is slowly reëstablished on the principle, so widespread in contemporary government, that the state has a responsibility for conditions which determine the health and welfare of its own members; that in the interest of social progress even hard-won liberties must be restrained by the demonstrable needs of society.

This new and more vigorous development of social control, while reflecting something of that wholesome fear of public opinion which the intimacies of a small community maintain, is much more closely allied to the old communal restraints and mutual protection to which the human will first yielded. Although this new control is based upon the voluntary coöperation of self-directed individuals, in contrast to the forced submission that characterized the older form of social restraint, nevertheless, in predicting the establishment of adequate social control over the instinct which the modern novelist so oftens describes as "uncontrollable," there is a certain sanction in this old and well-nigh forgotten history.

Public Opinion Has Always Regulated Marriage to a Practically Unlimited Extent

The most superficial student of social customs quickly discovers the practically unlimited extent to which public opinion has always regulated marriage. If the traditions of one tribe were endogamous, all the men dutifully married within it, but if the customs of another decreed that wives must be secured by capture or purchase, all the men of that tribe fared forth in order to secure their mates. From the primitive Australian who obtains his wives in exchange for his sisters or daughters, and never dreams of obtaining them in any other way, to the sophisticated young Frenchman who, without objection, marries the girl his careful parents select for him; from the ancient Hebrew who contentedly married the widow of his deceased brother because it was according to the law, to the modern Englishman who refused to marry his deceased wife's sister because the law forbade it — the entire pathway of the so-called uncontrollable instinct has been gradually confined between carefully clipped hedges and has steadily led up to a house of conventional domesticity.

Men have fallen in love with their cousins or declined to fall in love with them, very much as custom declared marriages between cousins to be desirable or undesirable, as they formerly married their sisters and later absolutely ceased to desire to marry them. In fact, regulation of this great primitive instinct goes back of the human race itself. All the higher tribes of monkeys are strictly monogamous and many species of birds are faithful to one mate season after season. According to the great authority Forel, prostitution never became established among primitive peoples. Even savage tribes designated the age at which their young men were permitted to assume paternity, because feeble children were a drag upon their communal resources. As primitive control lessened with the disappearance of tribal organization, a social control, not less binding, was slowly established until throughout the centuries, in spite of many rebellious individuals, the mass of men have lived according to the dictates of the church, the legal requirements of the state, and the surveillance of the community, if only because they feared social ostracism. It is easy, however, to forget these men and their prosaic virtues because history has so long busied herself in recording the court amours and gentle dalliances of the overlord.

How the Secrecy of Life in a Great City Breaks Down Social Control

The great primitive instinct, so responsive to social control as to be almost an example of social docility, has apparently broken with all the restraints and decencies under two conditions: first, when the individual has felt that he was above social control, and, second, when the individual has been isolated, or has had an opportunity to hide his daily living. Prostitution upon a commercial basis becomes possible only in a society so highly complicated that social control may be successfully evaded. When a city is so large that it is extremely difficult to

fix individual responsibility, that which was for centuries considered the luxury of the king comes within the reach of every office-boy, and that lack of community control which belonged only to the overlord, who felt himself superior to the standards of the people, may be seized upon by any city dweller. Against such moral aggression the old types of social control are powerless.

Fortunately, crowded city conditions which make moral isolation possible constantly tend to develop a new restraint founded upon the mutual dependencies of city life and its daily necessities. The city itself socializes the very instruments that constitute the apparatus of social control, law, publicity, literature, education, and religion. The desirability of chastity, which has hitherto been a matter of individual opinion and decision, under this socialization comes to be regarded not only as a personal virtue indispensable in women and desirable in men, but as a great basic requirement which society has learned to demand because it has been proved necessary for human welfare. To the individual restraints is added the conviction of social responsibility, and the whole determination of chastity is shifted to social grounds.

Certainly we are safe in predicting that, when the solidarity of human interest is actually realized, it will become unthinkable that one class of human beings should be sacrificed to the supposed needs of another; that when the rights of men have successfully asserted themselves in contrast to the rights of property, it will be impossible to sell the young and heedless into degradation. An age characterized by a new tenderness for the losers in life's race certainly will not persist in denying forgiveness to the woman who has lost all; nor will an age marked by its vigorous protests against slavery and class tyranny continue to ignore the multitude of women who are held in literal bondage. A generation which has gone through so many successive revolts against commercial aggression and lawlessness will at last lead one more revolt in behalf of the young girls who are the victims of the basest and vilest commercialism. As that consciousness of human suffering which already hangs like a black cloud over thousands of our more sensitive contemporaries increases in poignancy, it must finally include the women who for so many generations have received neither pity nor consideration. As the sense of justice fast widens to encircle all human relations, it must at length reach the women who have so long been judged without a hearing.

Secure in the knowledge of evolutionary processes, our age has learned to talk glibly of the obligations of race progress and of the possibility of racial degeneration. In this respect certainly we have a wider outlook than that possessed by our fathers, who so valiantly grappled with chattel slavery and secured its overthrow. May the new conscience gather force until men and women, acting under its sway, shall be constrained to eradicate this ancient evil.

THE SILENCE OF UNLABORED FIELDS

BY JOSEPH CAMPBELL

THE silence of unlabored fields
Lies like a judgment on the air:
A human voice is never heard;
The sighing grass is everywhere —
The sighing grass, the shadowed sky,
The cattle crying wearily!

Where are the lowland people gone?
Where are the sun-dark faces now?
The love that kept the quiet hearth,
The strength that held the speeding plow?
Grass-lands and lowing herds are good,
But better human flesh and blood!

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

THE DOWNFALL OF AMERICAN DYNASTIES

THE "Dead Hand" lies across the face of England, gripping the land, and still fastening upon present generations, to a great extent, the gross inequalities of power and fortune born in the time of feudalism.

From the earliest days of the American Republic, the fear of the establishment of a similar condition here has always been acute. Our laws against the entailment of property have prevented the establishment of great hereditary fortunes founded upon the land, and, as a matter of fact, the huge and sudden fortunes in America — outside of a few founded on the extraordinary conditions in New York City — have almost always been piled up in another form, that is, in the securities of corporations.

There has been a lively fear for many years that the accumulations of these great masses of corporate holdings might found permanent family fortunes, which would continue to dominate and take toll from the business of the country for an indefinite time. In fact, the aggressive campaign of the present national administration against the trusts has had as one chief impulse the strong belief of the Attorney-General of the United States that, by breaking up the various corporate holding devices, the possibility of the Dead Hand keeping an hereditary control of an industry would be obviated, and their corporations would in a generation or two slip inevitably out of the hands of the family that might hold them.

THE LOOSING OF THE DEAD HAND

There will be general sympathy in America with the purpose. But it is already beginning to be clear that the American type of fortune — the control of great corporations — does not lend itself, like land, to hereditary transmission. No better example of this fact could be shown than is given in the article in the present McClure's on the decline and dissipation of the Gould railroad power. Exactly the same process is taking place in all of the great corporate fortunes in America.

The pioneers who built up these great structures were men of extraordinary force or craft. They held and increased, while they lived, their dominion over the transportation or natural resources of the country. In some cases, sons of considerable ability have succeeded them. But it is very clear now that, in twenty-five or at most fifty years, there will be no Goulds, or Vanderbilts, or Harrimans, or Hills, or Rockefellers, or Morgans dominating the industries of this country. The men who will govern them are yet to be named by the future. There are to be no permanent railroad and oil and iron "dynasties" in the United States.

THE CHANGING RULERS OF INDUSTRY

The sudden and tremendous growth of American fortunes has been a great national menace. But their lack of permanency is a matter of congratulation not to be overlooked in our general reckoning. They have been made in the active business of life; they can never become a permanent hereditary control because their very nature requires the successful moving of great affairs — an active and powerful brain directing ever greater and greater enterprises. The Vanderbilts and the Goulds and the Harrimans will become a fixed underlying charge on the busi-

ness of the country, until, one way or another, they dissipate their holdings. But the active managers of the huge corporate enterprises of this country are chosen by the processes of the survival of the most fit, which sooner or later crush the inefficient and throw the burden of the continent's work on the shoulders of the few daring and able men who are competent to bear it.

THE REBELLION OF THE IDEALISTS

THE story of the rise, power, and overthrow of George B. Cox, of Cincinnati, given in this number of McCLURE's, is one of the most extraordinary of the many strange histories of the usurpers who have taken and held American cities.

His origin was rather typical than unusual; but the intelligence and ingenuity and masterfulness of the man, and the chain of circumstances on which he climbed, are unique. He did not find his roots, as do most of his kind, in existing political organizations; he had no clan which bred him and which he must feed. He was his own man; he created his own rule by a kind of *coup d'état* in ward politics; and he held it by right of will power, intelligence, and an almost military organization.

But, if this one sinister figure was remarkable, the uprising which defeated him was still more so. At the very height of his rule, this grim and ugly power was attacked and overthrown by a rebellion of idealists. It was a revolution that has taken place in many American cities; if it had not been for the idealists, most of the reforms in our great towns would have been unled and unwon. But nowhere has such a movement been led with more aggressive and obstinate disinterestedness than by the reformers of Cincinnati, nor won against greater odds.

THE SOLID LINE OF "PRACTICAL" MEN

The greater figures of "practical" politics came in and out of their fight; helped them with all the good will in the world, when it was reasonable, normal, "practical" politics to do so. But these men alone held through, and drew with them the great uprising of Cincinnati which finally came. In their last and successful fight they had every influence of "practical" politics, from the ward worker to the President of the United States, against them. By force or by deception, Cox had made his line complete.

It was a clean-cut issue: idealism against corruption and expediency. And the revolt of the idealists won. They deserve a credit, peculiar to themselves among the reformers of the cities of the United States, for their long, hard, disinterested fight for Cincinnati. May the administration of young Mayor Hunt over the city show that they retain, as a majority, the same aggressive fighting idealism which was their driving power as a minority.

WILL CONFLAGRATION DESTROY NEW YORK?

IN October, Battalion Chief William J. Walsh of the New York fire department was among those who aided Mr. Arthur E. McFarlane, the representative of McCLURE's MAGAZINE, in the preparation of his article on "The Conflagration Hazard in New York," which appeared in our December number. As this is written, Chief Walsh's body has just been taken from the ruins of the Equitable Life Assurance Building — one of the seven dead who were offered up in this last tribute to the barbaric danger from fire in the greatest city on the continent — the same danger against which he and many others have for so long been giving warning.

For years, experts in city fires have been protesting in vain against the criminal imbecility of heaping up New York City into a great pile of inflammable materials. The article in McCLURE's collected and presented the warnings of the fire experts of the country concerning this — concerning the likelihood of conflagration in New York, and the general financial disaster it would bring upon the United States. The fire in the Equitable Building presents again exactly the same warning, in a more concrete form.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM NATIONAL DISASTER

It was a considerable fire, even for an American city, involving the loss of seven lives and between $5,000,000 and $10,000,000 of property, and the suspension of business in the Wall

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